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WITH THE CHURCH IN AN EARLY DAY

BY FRANCES L

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Re-organized Church of Jesus Christ
of Latter Day Saints

PREFACE.

To ALL who love right and the cause of truth this modest little volume is dedicated.

It contains a simple narrative of some of the incidents in the history of a family, identified with the Church in its rise, and from that time until the year after the death of Joseph and Hyrum Smith.

Inseparably connected with the events of these lives is an outline of the faith so precious to them that it became the power that shaped those lives; so precious to them that while the hardships they endured were a result of adherence to it, they were by it made strong to stand the storms of opposition because they had dug down deep and the foundation of that faith was laid upon the rock of eternal truth.

It is said that every wise man builds his house upon a firm foundation, that when the winds rage and the floods beat upon it, it may not be moved.

Was it wise for men to rise and with brute strength to seek to shake the deep principles of human souls? Was it wise for men to resort to extermination to crush out a religion of the teachings of which they were ignorant? We do not ask, Was it right? We ask, Was it wise?

Did they succeed? If the body of the church was destroyed when he was taken who had been called to bring it into organization, if persecution from without and dissension within succeeded in the work of disintegration, if the misguided remnant turned into paths leading to darkness more profound than that from which they had been brought by the gospel, still did the Spirit of Truth live and still does it live to-day, and again does an organized church stand animated and quickened by it.

And we ask again, Is it wise *now* that any should rise to condemn that which they do not understand? Will not a wise man dig deep and find where the foundation is laid? And if, perchance, he find it to be founded upon Truth, will he be wise to turn away and build his life-structure upon shifting sand?

At the close of the narrative are given Others With the Church, and He That Believeth. The former is written by one of established veracity, and the latter is full of strength and power. The privilege of presenting them in connection with this book is appreciated.

If this little volume shall aid any to begin this search for unchanging and unchangeable truth it will have accomplished the design of its author.

FRANCES.

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WITH THE CHURCH IN AN EARLY DAY

CHAPTER I

WERE ANGELS THERE

O weary ones! ye may not see
Your helpers in their downward flight;
Nor hear the sound of silver wings
Slow beating through the hush of night.
—*Whittier.*

THE sons and daughters of Zion, in the Reorganized Church, whose parents dwell in peace and safety, and who have the privilege of meeting together and worshiping God with none to molest or make them afraid, can not very well realize what it meant to be a Latter Day Saint fifty years ago; and, in order that they may know something about it, we are going to tell them a true story, which we hope will prove both instructive and interesting.

In the western part of the state of New York, as early as the year 1831, lived a family by the name of Clark. They had removed there from the state of Vermont when the country was almost a dense forest, had built a log house and gone to work to clear a farm. Getting a farm ready to cultivate in

that country was not a matter so easy of accomplishment as it is in this western country, where a strong team with a good plow and a driver will accomplish all the work in a few weeks, which there would require the work of many men for years. There were great trees to be cut down, and after they were lying on the ground they had to have all the limbs or branches cut off before they were ready to saw into short pieces of such a length that strong men would be able to roll them together into a big pile ready to burn them. When this was done the branches must be cut up in the same way, and the brush also gathered and piled with the rest. When all this had been attended to, there was still the stump of the tree which had to be dug out of the ground by the roots, and all the small trees and bushes which must be cut off and have their roots dug up in the same way. There would follow a big bonfire, large enough to do honor to any presidential election of modern times, when all that would remain of those monarchs of the forest, beneath whose branches the Indians had lain in ambush, or the deer had sought shelter from the chase, would be a smouldering heap of ashes to be spread by the free winds of heaven over the land, giving back in fertility the strength which had been taken from it.

The family of which we have spoken consisted at that time of father, mother, and seven children,—the three older ones being boys, who proved of

great help to Mr. Clark in clearing up the land; but with the best effort of the father and three sons, they could not clear more than an acre and a half in two months; and as Mr. Clark was a man of energy, he persevered, looking forward in hope to the time when he should plant his grain and gather in his harvest and reap a reward for all his labors.

Sometimes, because of the trees being larger, the logs would be heavier than at others, and they would go a distance of four or five miles to obtain the help of a neighbor. To most of our readers this would seem a long distance for a neighbor to live, but it did not seem far to these early pioneers, and they were always ready to lend a helping hand to each other, for they knew that when it came their turn to need help, it would be cheerfully repaid. Thus it happened that one time a perilous adventure befell one of Mr. Clark's sons, which we will here relate, for the sake of showing what the boys of that time were likely to encounter, and which very few in these days know anything about.

Mr. Clark had called upon a neighbor at one time for help in the manner we have spoken of, and when it became necessary to return this help he sent his oldest son, Daniel, instead of going himself, as he could not very well be spared from home. Daniel was a strong, light-hearted lad, and hailing anything in the shape of change, he gladly

obeyed the summons; and early in the morning set out with a heart as light as his limbs were strong, and before the sun was up presented himself at the door of the settler who needed his help, as fresh and strong after his walk of five miles through the leafy woods, as though he had just left his bed.

The task which required his help being completed, as he was not to return home until the next day, Mr. Ashton (the man he was helping) proposed to him to walk into the village, which was some miles beyond, in order to get a wolf-trap repaired, as the wolves were very troublesome—coming sometimes right to the door of their cabins and destroying whatever in the way of lambs, calves, or poultry, were found unprotected; but he said nothing to Daniel of any traps in the woods beyond his house.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when Daniel started, and as the little town was only four miles distant, there would be ample time for him to get the trap mended and be back before dark. Dark, however, came, but no Daniel, and as an hour slipped by Mr. Ashton felt some uneasiness at his nonarrival; but not being able to think of any cause of danger to the boy, he finally came to the conclusion that he must have been disappointed in getting the trap mended as soon as he had calculated, and so had concluded to stay in the village until morning. Having made up his mind

to this, he made the yards about his house secure for the night, and stretching his tired limbs upon the bed, was soon fast asleep. Let us follow Daniel and see if Mr. Ashton was correct in his conclusion.

When he started for the village his steps were not quite so buoyant as they had been in the morning, but still he went bravely along, and as he expected to meet some young friends upon his arrival there, he did not mind the walk in the least; but whistling as he went and scampering after any timid squirrel which he chanced to see, he hastened on the shady, lonely road until nearly three miles of the distance had been passed, and but for the heavy timber shutting out the view, the smoke from the village smithy might have been seen. Just then two mischievous squirrels ran across the road in front of him, and climbing nimbly into the lower branches of a hemlock-tree, chattered at him as much as to say, "Whatever are you doing here, and what right have you in this leafy wilderness?" Tempted by the fun it would be to see them raise their bushy tails and scamper away, Daniel sprang to one side of the road, and with a bound or two was almost beneath the branch from which they were making a rapid retreat, when a foot sank in a loose bed of leaves and his ankle was clasped as in a vise. For a moment all his faculties were benumbed and he was conscious only of an intense, stinging pain, as

though at one stroke his foot had been severed from his limb; and it was not until he recovered himself sufficiently to rise on his elbow, (for he had fallen down on his face when his foot was caught,) that he discovered the nature and extent of his misfortune. A huge, strong wolf-trap had been set, and covered over with leaves to prevent the cunning animals from discovering or smelling it; and Daniel found himself a prisoner without the least hope of being able to escape until help should come to him, for the trap, which had been made strong and secure enough to resist the strength of any wild animal which might be entrapped therein, repelled all his efforts to liberate himself; and despairing of escape he tried to collect his thoughts and look the situation squarely in the face. If he could have wrenched the trap from its fastenings, he thought it might have been possible for him to have dragged himself toward the village, and perchance some one might be coming towards the woods whose attention he might have attracted by his cries; but this hope was vain, for the trap was chained to a strong stake, driven into the ground, and resisted every effort he was able to make to move it. The pain in his foot was intense, his limb began swelling, and he felt faint, sick, and very much inclined to cry; but he was a brave-hearted lad and would not suffer his tears to fall, even though he knew he was alone and no one could see him, as long as it

was in his power to keep them back. He called loudly for help in hopes that he might be heard by some chance passer-by, but no help came and the hours wore slowly on.

The sun was sinking slowly out of sight, and in the woods twilight had already established itself; Daniel had ceased to call for help except at long intervals, but he was sustained by the hope that, as night came on and he did not return, Mr. Ashton would surely come to look for him. He listened intently to every sound, hoping to hear the gallop of horses' feet; but none came. The little gray squirrels who, unknowingly, were the cause of the misfortune, came down to the lower branches of the tree and looked intently at him, as if striving to decide in their own minds whether it would be entirely safe to venture down; then, seeing him so still, they gave a quick bound to the other side of the tree, and running down its branches were soon lost to sight in the dark woods. Poor Daniel, lying there helpless and chained in his bondage, seemed to realize for the first time in his life what a blessed thing it was to be free, and he envied even the little squirrels their liberty. The shadows grew darker, and now only a few faint beams of light could be seen struggling down through the tallest branches of the giant trees, whose tops seemed almost to come in contact with the blue of the sky; and presently even these rays vanished, and darkness almost impenetrable settled down

over the wood. Hope did not die out of the brave boy's heart, for he said, "Surely Mr. Ashton will come to look for me, now that night has come and I am not there." The lonely hoot of the owl came from the branches over his head and was answered back from other parts of the wood, but these and the rustling of the leaves by the night wind were the only sounds which fell upon his strained ear. From time to time he called loudly for help, lest any chance of help should pass by him in the darkness and he not know it, but echo was the only answer which came back to him; and, as the moments lengthened out, a terrible fear took possession of him, and tears for the first time rolled slowly down his cheek.

"I shall never see mother nor home again," he sobbed. "I am chained here, and before morning the wolves will find me and I shall never be able to keep them at bay. Oh, if I only had a strong stick I might perhaps drive them away, but I have none and can not move a step from here!"

Again he thought of his bondage with bitterness. What would he care for the long and lonely road if only he were free. Then the pain of his foot and limb reminded him that he was a cripple, and if he were free he would not be able to walk. "I could at least climb into a tree and be safe from wild beasts, but now I am helpless;" and unable longer to control his feelings he sobbed aloud, and called upon the names of his brothers and sisters

without knowing himself that he felt as though he was telling them good-by for the last time on earth.

When his passion of grief had expended itself, in a measure at least, he leaned his head against the trunk of the tree near which he was chained, and closing his eyes to shut out the dense darkness, he forgot to think about himself or the possibility of any help reaching him, and gave himself up to thinking of home and what they were doing there. He knew that by this time his little brothers and sisters were all in bed, and he tried to fancy which one had first knelt down by his mother to say his prayers. He saw his little curly-haired, blue-eyed sister Lucy, folding her tiny hands, and as he recalled her little prayer a calmness seemed to steal over his soul and he softly repeated:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake
I ask the Lord my soul to take."

"Amen," he added, with that emphasis which made the prayer and language his own. "I wonder if I shall be alive in the morning, and if I am not"—will the Lord receive my soul to himself,—he wanted to say, but an undefined fear prevented his giving utterance to the thought, and he forced his mind again to return to his home. He saw his

mother bending over her work, and he wondered if perchance some angel might not be whispering to her spirit even then, how sorely her absent boy was in need of help. Of one thing he felt very sure, his mother would never close her eyes in sleep before she commended each one of her children to the care of her heavenly Father. He knew just what book his father was reading at that moment, and the leaves rustling above him seemed to shape themselves into his father's voice, and he fancied he heard again the words which the night before were the last sounds that had fallen upon his waking senses; and, as they came now to his memory, a great lump rose up in his throat and threatened to choke him—"I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord."

Then, for the first time, tears, which were quiet, like the drops of a gentle shower, rolled over his cheeks, and the poor boy, though he could not kneel, bowed his head upon his hands and prayed to God for help and strength. He prayed as never before in his life, for he realized fully that if God did not help him, there was no help for him; and in the darkness he seemed to feel the presence of a power which was able to save even to the uttermost, and he repeated to himself, "I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord." Peace and a sense of security, which during the rest of that terrible night never left him, came to him with the words; nor did it come any too soon.

Exhausted with fatigue and pain of body, but especially with his emotions, Daniel would have slept, but the pain of his imprisoned foot drove sleep away and he found himself wondering what time of night it might be, and wishing, oh! so earnestly, for the morning, when suddenly his quick ear detected the sound of pattering feet coming over the road he had traveled, and his heart almost ceased beating as he listened. Steadily they came on; not the feet of one, but of many; and soon a low howl, taken up and repeated by others, confirmed his worst fears, and he knew that he was at the mercy of a pack of hungry wolves. The fact that he had been caught in a trap set for them had told him that he must be in a place they were in the habit of visiting, and now his worst fears were confirmed, and he knew if God did not protect him, there was no hope for him.

Daniel was the child of praying parents, and he had been early taught the great principles of Christianity; but until this night they had been as abstract truths to him, the full force of which he had never realized. He knew that all the ways of his father's house were committed to the watch-care of God, and that whatever his parents did, they invoked the blessing of God upon it; but then he had seen them work just as earnestly to answer their own prayers as they had prayed that God would hear them; and somehow he had come to think that works had just as much, if not a little

more, than faith, to do with it. But how was it now? He was helpless, chained a prisoner, nothing to defend himself with, and his strength fast ebbing away. Should he believe and trust God, or should he despair and resign himself to die?

He was young, and life had never seemed sweeter to him than it did then. Thought crowded upon thought, like silver bells of memory ringing in undertones, and above the howling of the angry, blood-thirsty pack, he heard the voices of the loved ones at home, and clearly, distinctly, he heard the voice of his father as he read: "I shall not die, but live and declare the works of the Lord." Then he lifted up his hands and heart to heaven, and there in his captivity and helplessness realized, for the first time in his life, that God was a reality and had power to save to the uttermost all who trusted in him.

All night long the wolves howled around him. He could see the fierce gleam of their eyes in the darkness, and hear them snap their teeth in anger as if they would fall upon and devour each other; but though he was in their power and helpless as Daniel of old in the den of lions, not one of them touched him; and as the light of morning came and the rays of the sun penetrated the branches here and there, they slunk back to their hiding-places in the wood, and Daniel was left to his own thoughts and hopes.

"I never heard such a howling in my life as the

wolves kept up last night," said Mrs. Newcomb to her husband that morning. "It came from the direction of your trap, and you may think me foolish, but I fancied that one time I heard some one calling for help. Don't you think you had better go over there before you go to work and see what it means?"

"Yes, let us have breakfast and then I will go; but why did you not tell me last night?"

"I listened to see if I could hear anything but the howling of the wolves, and as I heard nothing more I thought I must have been mistaken and did not wake you."

Mr. Newcomb lived near the village, and his farm extended almost to the woods, and just the day before he had concealed the trap, hoping to ensnare some of the pack and frighten away the rest; what was his horror and astonishment therefore upon going to the place to find Daniel imprisoned, and as he thought at the first glance, dead; for the poor boy, worn out with his long night of the pain and watching, had fallen into a fitful sleep. He awoke with a glad cry of joy at the sight of human help, and soon told the history of his mishap to Mr. Newcomb, whom he remembered to have seen once or twice at his father's house.

Daniel was soon liberated, but he could not stand alone, and Mr. Newcomb was just starting to the village for help when Mr. Ashton rode up. In the morning when Daniel did not return he had

become uneasy, fearing that he ought to have looked for him the night before, and as soon as he ate breakfast had saddled his horse and started for the village. Together they lifted Daniel upon the horse, both men feeling that they were more or less to blame for the sad accident. They took him first to the village, where his wounded foot was dressed; and after he had taken some refreshment, they procured a team and took him to his own home. The cheeks of his mother paled when she saw them drive up and lift him out; and after they had laid him on the bed, and were telling his father how it happened, she asked: "What prevented the wolves from devouring him?"

"It must have been the smell of the traps, for you know we have to cover them with leaves or we could never catch one," said Mr. Ashton.

Mrs. Clark made no answer to this, but tenderly pressed the hand of her boy and smoothed back his soft hair with a gentle touch. The little ones crowded around the bed, all anxious for a look or smile from brother Dan, as they called him. Oh, how sweet it seemed to the poor boy to be at home again, and in spite of every effort the tears would come to his eyes. After the men were gone he pulled his mother's face down to his and whispered in her ear:

"It was the power of God, mother, which kept the wolves from devouring me. If God had not preserved me, I should not be here now."

"I know it, my boy, I know it;" and kneeling down by his bedside, the little ones kneeling with her, she returned thanks to God for his wonderful deliverance.

CHAPTER II

WHY NOT

It fortifies my soul to know,
That, though I perish, Truth is so
That howsoe'er I stray and range,
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.
I steadier step when I recall
That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.

—Arthur Hugh Clough.

LATER in the day, when Daniel and his mother were alone, he told his experience of the night before more fully than he had told it to any one else, especially how he had remembered the verse in Psalms which he had heard his father read the night before he left home. "I can not tell you, mother," he said, "what courage it gave me; and I felt as though the angels might be near me in the darkness. Do you think the angels ever do come to the earth?"

"Oh, yes, they have many, many times visited the earth. You remember how they came to protect Daniel of old when he was thrown into the lions'

den? And then they have many times announced to men, and women, too, things which were going to happen."

"I know that, mother, but I do not mean long ago, hundreds of years before we were born, but I mean now, in the time in which we are living."

"You, my son, were protected by the power of God, but I do not think that any one sees angels in these days. You did not see any, did you?"

"No, mother, but I did feel that some one was with me, and I thought then, and have been thinking ever since, of a story I once read in the Bible."

"What story do you mean?"

"It was a story about God having forbidden a prophet to go to a certain place, and when the prophet started to go there, an angel of the Lord met him in the way, and would have killed him only that the ass on which the prophet was riding saw the angel and jumped to one side, out of the way of the drawn sword the angel carried."

"That was the prophet Balaam, when he was going with the king of Moab to curse the children of Israel. But why have you been thinking of this?"

"Because, mother, if the ass saw the angel when the prophet did not, might not those wolves have seen what I could not see? I felt so sure that some one was near me that I thought when daylight came I should see them."

His mother did not make any immediate answer

to this, but smoothed his brown hair away from his temples with a gentle touch, and her eyes took in the pretty picture framed by the window of the room in which he was lying. The sun was low in the west and the tall trees cast their shadows far toward the east. Through an opening in the woods she saw the clear waters of the Genesee River flowing softly along the shady banks, and at a spot where they sloped gently down she saw the cows stooping to drink; and the distant tinkle of the bell could just be heard as it mingled with the first notes of the whip-poor-will's song, in the branches near by.

Wild vines were swinging from the boughs of the trees as the wind crept among their branches; and the little chipmunks came from their hiding-places, peeping slyly out from the bushes growing quite near the house. Presently the tinkle of the bell came nearer and nearer, mingling with the merry voices of the younger children as they came trooping behind the cows in happy forgetfulness of all save the perfect enjoyment of their youth, health and freedom. Slowly as from a dream her mind came back, and seeing that Daniel had fallen asleep she went quietly out, closing the door after her; and, moving about softly, she hastened the preparations for the evening meal.

But while her hands were thus employed her mind was busy with thoughts called up by her conversation with her boy. She had not answered his

question directly, in regard to the possibility of the angels having been so near to him in those hours of darkness and danger; but it was not because she had not thought about it, nor because the question was a new one to her. True it had never presented itself in just that light before, never had come quite so near her heart; but it had for many years been present with her, and she had often wondered why it was that people who now live upon the earth might not be visited by the angels, and even have instruction direct from God, as they used to have in other days.

When she read the Bible there was scarcely a page of its history, from the first chapter of Genesis to the last chapter of Revelation, which did not give an account of some messenger being sent to the earth, or of God making known his will, either by his own voice, by the visitation of angels, or by revealing himself to righteous men called prophets.

But now for nearly eighteen hundred years there had been no messenger sent, and no prophet had declared to the people the way of life and salvation. She had many times put this question away from her, saying, "We have the Bible now; in almost every house it is to be found. It contains the full and complete word of God, and there is a woe pronounced upon any one who shall add to, or take from, the words of it." But for some cause, this was not very satisfying to her mind, for

she would find the same question from time to time coming back to her to be answered again, very much like Banquo's Ghost, which would not down, but was always rising when least expected. She had often talked with her husband about this, and at one time he had astonished her by saying, "I do not believe God ever intended it should be so, for he is no respecter of persons."

"If he did not intend it to be so, why then does it remain so?"

"I can only answer that by saying, I do not know; but at the same time I can not see how it can be that God is unchangeable and yet after having for thousands of years made known his will to man by angels and through the prophets, he should now, for nearly eighteen hundred years, have been as silent as the Sphinx or the pyramids of Egypt. And moreover, I do believe that it will not always be so, but that you and I may live to see the time when God will reveal himself again to the children of men, and then we shall know why he has been silent so long."

She had ever found her husband to be in advance of her upon all serious thoughts of this kind, and she knew that his mind was ofttimes busy with problems that seemed to present themselves for solution. It was his constant habit to read aloud at night, after the work of the day was finished; and while her needle flew busily, she would listen attentively; and frequently they

would both pause to discuss some passage, and exchange views upon what was being read.

Books and newspapers being scarce in those days, their reading was almost altogether confined to the Bible and such histories as Rollin, Josephus, Eusebius, and some others, together with some volumes of works standard among the Methodists; of which church they were both members, having been raised in that faith.

Their cabin consisted of one living-room, which served as kitchen, dining-room, and sitting-room and two large bedrooms opening out of this. Luxuries in those early days, especially upon the frontiers and among those who were subduing the soil, were unknown, even in the shape of house-room. The first settlers usually erected a log cabin out of the material furnished by the forest, and this primitive building was planned simply to meet the present needs of the family.

As the farm was cleared and the family increased in size, this was either enlarged or made to give place to a more pretentious one; and conveniences were from time to time added, as the wealth of the occupant increased. But even at that early date the tide of civilization was beginning to flow toward the West, and many times when Mr. Clark was toiling to bring his large tract of land under cultivation, indefinite longings would float through his mind of a home on the far western prairies.

These, however, took no definite shape at first, and might never have led to actual removal but for circumstances we are about to relate. And we want the children who read this little book to remember that what they read is true. It is written for you by one who knows, and who expects to have to answer before God for everything she teaches the young, and who has no earthly object in writing it but to make the truth more real and familiar to you.

After the frugal evening meal had been partaken of, the dishes washed and put away and everything arranged, the table was drawn out and all the family, except Daniel, gathered around it, and each in turn took part in reading from the word of God. The younger ones, who were not yet old enough to read, listened, with folded hands; and then the father kneeling with his family commended them all to the watchcare of him who all through life had been their protector and friend. Then the little ones were put to bed, and the others amused themselves or listened to their father's reading until they grew sleepy and retired. Shortly after this Mrs. Clark went into Daniel's room, and finding him sleeping with the rest, worn out with the pain and excitement of the previous night, she knelt by his bedside and poured out her thankfulness for his preservation, in silent prayer; and when she resumed her seat she told her husband in regard to the boy's experience of the night

before, and asked his opinion of it. "I did not answer his question," she added, "but I have thought that he may be right. Why should it be more wonderful for those hungry wolves to have been kept at bay by seeing what was invisible to him, than that the ass should have seen the angel? Why should that be more wonderful than the fact of his preservation? It was by the power of God, and we read that the angels are all ministering spirits. This fact, though it has impressed him deeply, seems not to have left such a strong impression as the one connected with it. He feels that he was not only preserved by the power of God, but was preserved because God has something special for him to do—'I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord.'"

"Let it be even so," said his father, reverently; and after this he did not resume his reading, but closed his book and placed it on its accustomed shelf, and putting on his hat went out of doors.

Absorbed in her own thoughts, Mrs. Clark worked on diligently, not noticing how long her husband remained away; for it was nothing unusual for him to spend a half-hour or even an hour's time in passing about from one place to another, in order to see that all was safe before retiring.

This night, however, had her thoughts not been preoccupied, she would have noticed that his stay was much longer than usual, and when he came in he went directly to bed. Midnight, however,

found her still busily employed with her needle; and even then she might have remained longer at her work, but the candle, which had burnt low, gave one or two flickering gleams, as if threatening soon to be extinguished, and rising hastily she made preparations for bed. Before retiring, however, she visited her boy's bed again, and finding him still asleep she sought her own and soon slept calmly by her husband's side.

CHAPTER III

THE TRAVELER'S STORY

But truth, they say, will out.
It is not like a word
Which comes and goes in uttering.
—*Tennyson.*

. . . . .

Truth is one;
And in all lands beneath the sun,
Whoso hath eyes to see may see
The tokens of its unity.
—*Whittier.*

IT HAD long been known to Mrs. Clark that her husband, though a faithful member of the Methodist Church, was not satisfied with their doctrines, nor with his Christian experience; but she was not prepared to hear him say

to her as he did the next evening, after the children had all retired for the night, "Mother" (this is the way in which he always addressed her), "I am thinking of withdrawing my name from the church."

"Why, Father, you surely are not in earnest," said Mrs. Clark, as her hands fell into her lap and she quickly looked up to his face.

"Yes, I am very much in earnest, and I have been thinking that as you feel very much as I do, it might be best for both of us to withdraw at the same time."

"I had not thought it would ever come to this," she answered. "I know we do not believe in many things as they do, but it will be a very hard matter to sever our connection with them. We have both been in the church ever since we were children, and if we leave it now, where shall we go?"

There was a tremor in her voice as she asked the question, and a tear rolled slowly, though unnoticed, down her cheek as she resumed her sewing and waited his reply.

He did not answer immediately, for in addition to being naturally deliberate in speech, he seemed even in his thoughts very reluctant to move hastily in a matter of such vast moment, not only to himself, but also to his wife and family, to say nothing of the influence which he knew he possessed in the church.

He too had asked the question, "Where shall we

go?" and yet no definite answer had formed itself; but a vague, unsatisfied longing had taken possession of his soul for something more, something better, something more fully declaring the ways and purposes of God than the doctrine taught by the followers of John Wesley; and, not being able to divest himself of these feelings, to him it seemed little short of hypocrisy to meet with them from time to time, to partake with them of the emblems of the broken body and shed blood of the Savior, and yet feel that they were not teaching the same gospel Jesus had suffered so much to bring to the children of men. So many plain passages of the word of God he was required to pass silently over or take in a spiritual sense; a sense so different from what he honestly believed to be the true meaning, that he felt as though it was changing the word of God and bringing it to suit the views or belief of men, instead of men believing that God has the right, because of his infinite justice and mercy, to say upon what terms sinners shall be saved. These feelings had become like a chain of bondage, and he had at last resolved to break loose from them and seek God for himself.

"Where shall we go if we separate from the church?" he repeated slowly. "I have asked the question many times in the last few months, without being able to answer it to my own satisfaction, but I have come to the conclusion at last, to follow the dictates of my conscience, do what I believe to

be right, and leave the result with God. I do not believe as I once did, in all the doctrines taught by John and Charles Wesley, and I have made up my mind fully to the belief that God is unchangeable; and if he is unchangeable, so must his gospel be. I believe that just what would save a man in the days of Christ will save him now, and not one whit more or less; and the story you told me of Daniel leads me to believe more firmly than ever that it is our own fault that we do not have the same gifts and blessings God bestowed upon his people anciently. I do not believe God ever intended that the gifts of the gospel should cease with the apostles and early Christians, because the promise is that he will be with them to the end of time.

"It may be hard for us to stand alone, but my faith is that we will not be alone. I believe that God is leading us by the power of his Spirit, and when we sever ourselves from the fellowship of those who are blind to his truth he will lead us, if we are earnest and prayerful, into the truth. I am going to sever my connection with the Methodist Church this coming Sabbath, and I believe it your duty to do the same, but will not urge you."

"Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God," said Mrs. Clark as she looked up at her tall, manly husband, who in answer to her glance of perfect confidence, stooped down and imprinted a kiss upon her lips. The next Sabbath their resolution was carried out, and no amount of persua-

sion upon the part of their friends availed to change their minds.

After this, Mr. Clark, especially, gave himself more earnestly to prayer than ever before; praying God that if he had a people on the face of the earth, he would direct him to them; and asking him to make known his will to him that he might walk in light and not grope in darkness and uncertainty. Many times he would seek the stillness of the forest and for hours pour out his soul before God in prayer.

One afternoon, while praying earnestly, the forest around him was suddenly illuminated with a bright cloud which descended from above, and while he covered his eyes to shut out its intense brightness, a voice out of the cloud spoke to him, giving him much instruction, and showing him many things which God intended shortly to bring to pass.

He was told that God had not upon the face of the earth a people whom he recognized as his own, but that he was about to bring to pass a strange work to establish his church again upon the earth; and promised him that if he would study the Scriptures faithfully he should receive great light upon them, and exhorted him to "stand still and see the salvation of God."

He was also shown the man whom God would choose as his instrument to begin this work; and we want our readers to bear this in mind, for as

our story progresses we shall come to the time when it was literally fulfilled, as was all the rest which the voice that day declared to him would soon come to pass.

When the light faded away, in the fullness of his gratitude to God, Mr. Clark fell upon his face and poured out his soul in prayer and praise. So light was his heart that he sang aloud until the woods took up the echo, and from tree-top and hillside came back, "Glory to God in the highest."

The talk which followed the children's retiring that night was long and earnest, and the joy of their hearts was almost boundless. Night after night the word of God was read aloud, while in accordance with the promise which had been given him, light accompanied the reading of every page, and the great plan of God's redemption was made plain to their minds.

In time, the clearing of the farm approached completion, and still the promise in regard to the church remained unfulfilled. It had indeed been organized, but the news of it had not yet reached our waiting friends. A strong desire, however, had arisen in their minds to sell the farm and move farther west, and when a buyer presented himself with a liberal offer, they accepted it and were soon on their way to Pennsylvania. Here a farm was rented; and, still waiting for the fulfillment of the promise, they remained until the year 1832.

One evening a traveler asked for the privilege

of staying over night, and while at supper among other things he asked:

"Have you heard of Joe Smith and his golden Bible?" And upon Mr. Clark's answering him that they had not, he proceeded to tell them that a boy, by the name of Smith (Joe Smith, he called him), professed to have found a book with leaves of gold, which he had translated by the help of angels, and had now set himself up as a prophet and leader of a church.

"Where is he now?" asked Mr. Clark, scarcely able to restrain his eagerness as he waited for the answer.

"They are scattered in many places, and, strange as it may seem, many believe his silly story; but the main body of them, I hear, are now at a place called Kirtland, Ohio, about seventy miles from here."

"How do they differ from other churches?"

"Oh, they claim to heal the sick and perform miracles and do things in general about as they did in Christ's time."

"Do you know whether or not they really do these things?"

"No, I can not say that I personally know anything about them; I hear they are regarded as impostors and a bad set of men, but I have never met any of them."

"Have you seen the book you spoke about?"

"No; but it is said to have been a novel, stolen

from a Presbyterian clergyman who wrote it merely to pass away time, and by some means it has fallen into their hands and they expect to make money out of it."

"If it is a novel, how can they call it a bible?"

"Oh, they do not call it a bible, but the Book of Mormon; and it professes to tell about some Jews who came to this country before the time when they were taken to Babylon after Jerusalem was destroyed. You see the novel was in the style of a sacred history, and this is what they claim for it, and call it the Book of Mormon, after a great prophet of that name whose history is in the book."

Seeing that no further information could be obtained from their guest, the next morning, after he had departed, they consulted together and made preparations for going to Kirtland, that they might ascertain whether what they had heard was true or not; and as they could accomplish the journey in two days, Mrs. Clark resolved to go with her husband. Accordingly, after making hurried arrangements for their departure and probably a week's stay, they started that very morning.

"I wonder if this is the way the news was carried in the days of Christ," said Mrs. Clark. "I have often pictured to myself the scene on the banks of the Jordan where John was baptizing, and have wondered if there were not scoffers and

unbelievers there as well as those who went to be baptized."

"Do you remember, Mother, what is said about the scribes and Pharisees rejecting the counsel of God against themselves, not being baptized by John? I have no doubt they said many wicked things about those who were baptized."

"Do you really think, Father, that you will know Joseph Smith when you see him?"

"If he is the man God has raised up to lead his people, I surely shall know him, just as well as I know the face of any friend I have."

"But John did not know Jesus except by the sign that had been given him by the angel."

"I saw this man in my vision, and when I see him again I shall know him, and I shall know if he is sent of God."

"Of course you will know, if you see him, and he is the same one you saw before, that the Lord has sent him."

"I shall know by the doctrine he teaches as well as by the other. If he is sent of God he will preach repentance and baptism for the remission of sins and the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost."

"Why do you think this?"

"Because it is what Christ sent his disciples to teach, and it is what they taught; and Peter, on the day of Pentecost, told the people that the promise was unto them and their children and

unto all who were afar off; and I believe the promise is to us to-day just as much as it was to them."

"They claim to have the Holy Ghost now, as they did in those days."

"I know that, but they deny nearly everything which the Holy Spirit gave them power to do. They have the 'form of godliness,' but deny 'the power thereof.'"

"They say that we do not need it in this day."

"Strange if we do not; and if it be so, why was the promise made 'to all who are afar off?'"

"Do you believe that if they have the true faith, they will have the gifts Paul speaks of in Corinthians?"

"Certainly I do."

"Well, it will be a glorious day for the world; and if it really is as you think, how can men reject them or deny the truth of what they teach?"

"They will do it because they are evil. Did they not accuse the Son of God of casting out devils through the prince of devils? Who, do you suppose, would believe me, if I were to tell them what I have seen and heard?"

"Not many, perhaps, but our own case proves that there will be found some willing to believe and obey the truth when they have found it."

"Yes, there will be many, and in going up to Kirtland I believe we will find many such, for something tells me that we are not going in vain."

"It will not be long before we shall know. We will be at the end of our journey by to-morrow evening, will we not?"

"Yes; if we meet with no accident we will reach Kirtland about five o'clock to-morrow."

"I have been thinking how strange it is that we should be going on this journey, hunting up, as it were, a chance to be deceived. John was 'preaching in the wilderness of Judea,' and they came out to him; he did not go to them, they sought him. Do you suppose that they were led as we are being led now?"

"I believe that many of them were; and if history were more complete, we would be told many such circumstances. Some, you remember, are recorded. It was shown to Simeon that he should not die until he had seen Christ."

"Yes, I have often wondered in my mind why Simeon did not make this known to the Jews, that they might have been expecting the Savior. Perhaps it might have led more of them to believe on Him."

"If I had told our Methodist brethren of the vision I had, do you think many of them would be going up to Kirtland with us to-day?"

"Some perhaps would have believed; and I confess that my mind has been troubled sometimes because you did not make it known."

"Do you remember the command that was given me by the voice out of the cloud, 'Stand still and

see the salvation of God'? Had I disregarded the divine command, we might not be where we are to-day. I recall what the prophet Samuel said to the king of Israel: 'Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice; to hearken, than the fat of rams.' My faith is that the time will soon come when the command will be reversed, and I shall be called upon to be a witness to the world of these things. Have you ever thought, Mother, that the time may come when we will be called to sacrifice everything which we have, even life itself, in following Christ?"

"You do not think that in this age of the world men would reject the gospel, and persecute its followers as they did in ancient times?"

"We do not have to go back very far in the history of the world to find out that men have not changed very materially. When the government of Switzerland passed sentence of death upon Servetus for differing from Calvin, Calvin could have had the sentence revoked, but would not, and calmly saw him bound to the stake, and the flames consumed him. Later still, after the Pilgrim Fathers had forsaken home and country, enduring all manner of hardships and facing danger and death in almost every form, that they might have the privilege of worshiping God as their consciences told them was right, they in their turn banished Roger Williams from their midst because he could not believe as they did. Ann Hutchinson

and John Wheelright shared the same fate. But further than this, you remember that they passed a law in the Massachusetts Bay Colony, banishing all Quakers from their midst, and imposing the penalty of death upon all who returned; and four persons were executed under this law before it was repealed. If men have done this in opposing men, what may we not expect Satan will put into their hearts to do in opposing the work of God?"

This was a thought that had never occurred to her; and as they drove along the shaded road, with the blue sky showing above them, the birds singing in the branches of the forest-trees and the cool breeze of the evening rustling the leaves, the mother-heart flew quickly toward the home nest, and she thought, "If I knew the way of truth was to lead me through scenes of trial, and even bloodshed, have I courage enough to enter upon it and take my little ones with me to share the same fate?"

Thinking earnestly of this, she lapsed into silence, and shortly stopping for the night, the conversation was not renewed until they resumed their journey next day.

CHAPTER IV

THE VISIT TO KIRTLAND

They went where duty seemed to call,
They scarcely asked the reason why.
—Whittier.

. . . . . .

And evermore beside him on the way
The unseen Christ shall move,
That he may lean upon his arm and say,
Dost thou, dear Lord, approve?
—Longfellow.

EARLY the next morning, long before the sun had risen, while the dew lay fresh and sparkling upon the bushes by the roadside and the forest was vocal with the song of birds, our travelers resumed their journey.

As the day advanced the road occasionally led them where from an eminence the blue waters of Lake Erie could be seen in the distance, with here and there a vessel showing like a speck upon its surface. As the miles grew less which separated them from the end of their journey, the intensity of their feelings increased, and an unspoken anxiety took possession of their hearts. They had undertaken this journey wholly upon the

information obtained from a stranger, and what if they had been misled? Even if this information should prove to be correct, they still had no assurance that they should find what they were seeking.

It had now been some four years since they had left the Methodist Church, and though they had never regretted what they had done, yet at times they had been lonely, and they longed for church privileges and fellowship. Were they to be disappointed, and if so, how much longer might they have to wait?

They were near the village now, and a turn in the road soon disclosed it. Quiet, unassuming, with nothing to especially distinguish it from other villages of its size, could it be that in this place God had a prophet and a people? And yet why should this seem so strange? A prophet was but as any other man unto whom God made known his will, and the Jews had never been wont to treat them with any great respect while they were alive, though as soon as they had killed them, they would garnish their sepulchers and show great respect to their bones.

But these people were not Jews, and such a thing as a prophet among the Gentiles had never been heard of. Once it had crossed the mind of Mrs. Clark to wonder if her husband could possibly have been deceived, but the time had come to test this.

The village was built upon the hill overlooking the little river Chagrin, which wound its quiet way along like a thread of silver between its verdant banks. Driving along the principal street Mr. Clark stopped in front of the tavern, and assisting his wife out, he gave his team in charge of the hostler, while they went within to seek a few moments of rest and refreshment, before searching further for the object of their visit. Leaving his wife in the sitting-room, Mr. Clark joined a number of men who were in the main room, in order to make inquiries, and found to his satisfaction that he had not been misinformed, but that there was a large number of people here called "Mormons," and they did believe "Joe Smith" to be a prophet.

Mr. Clark was scrutinized closely by these men, but they were too polite to ask his business with this people, and thanking them for their information, he rejoined his wife. After partaking of an early supper, they left the tavern and proceeded towards the house which had been pointed out to them as the one in which Mr. Smith lived. As they came near enough to observe what was taking place around it, they saw many groups scattered here and there under the shade of trees, while teams and horses hitched outside the yard indicated that many others, like themselves, were in quest of information. The building was a plain wooden one, and upon rapping at the door they

were admitted by an elderly man whose hair was sprinkled with gray, but whose mild, dark eyes beamed with intelligence and kindness. Perceiving them to be strangers, after the customary salutation he invited them to walk in.

"Is your name Smith?" said Mr. Clark.

"It is, Joseph Smith," was the answer.

"My name is Clark, and this is my wife. We have come from Pennsylvania purposely to see you."

"Perhaps you mean my son, whose name also is Joseph. He is not at home now, but is in New York on business, and will not be back for some two or three weeks."

"I am sorry to learn this, as I can not remain from home so long, and am very anxious to see him."

"It is possible that if I knew your business I might be of service to you."

"My business has reference entirely to things of religion. I have heard that your son claims to be a prophet, and is propagating a new faith. Is it correct?"

"It is correct that he claims to be a prophet, but as to propagating a new faith, that is a mistake, for the doctrine he preaches is very old."

"Does he not claim to have found and translated a new Bible?"

"No, not a Bible, but simply a record of the people who once inhabited this continent. This record

contains the history of the prophets and kings who lived among them, and also tells of the visit of Christ to this continent, after his crucifixion at Jerusalem. It is called the Book of Mormon, and we hold it sacred."

"Do you believe the Bible?"

"Certainly we do, which is more than other Christians can honestly claim; and the Book of Mormon is a strong testimony to the Bible."

"What do you mean by saying, 'This is more than other Christians can honestly claim'? All Christians believe the Bible."

"That depends upon how you present it to them," said Mr. Smith, with a quiet smile. "If it is closed they believe it, but if it is open, they not only repudiate it, but cry delusion, imposture, and yet harder names, of those who do believe it."

"I am not sure that I understand you," said Mr. Clark, not feeling willing to renounce all his old faith and belief in the church of which he had for years been a member, and which of course was included in the term Christians. For a moment he suffered a spirit of antagonism to master him, forgetting what the voice had told him, and the declaration that instead of preaching his gospel they were teaching the commandments of men. This, however, lasted but a moment, and he was ready to receive any message which might come to him from God.

"May I ask," said Mr. Smith, continuing the

conversation, "if you are a church member?"

"I am not now, but have been a Methodist from my childhood until a few years since."

"Very good; did you ever hear them explain the last chapter of Mark, where Christ gave commission to his disciples and sent them out to preach?" and opening the Bible he read:

"And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned. And these signs shall follow them that believe; in my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover. So then, after the Lord had spoken unto them, he was received up into heaven, and sat on the right hand of God. And they went forth, and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them, and confirming the word with signs following. Amen."—Mark 26: 15–20.

Mr. Clark remembered that upon more than one occasion when he had asked to have these same passages explained to him, he had been told that such things were not needed now and were therefore done away, and he answered accordingly.

"But what did Christ call these things?"

"Signs which should follow the believer."

"The believer in what?"

"In the gospel, of course."

"Pardon me, Mr. Clark, but in whose gospel?"

"The gospel of Jesus Christ; there can be no other."

"You are right; there can be no other, for 'there is no other name given under heaven or among men . . . neither is there salvation in any other.' Now, admitting this, let us reason together about this parting commission of Christ to his disciples. First, he sent them to preach his gospel unto every creature, and as a sign or a witness that it was his gospel, those who believed and obeyed it were to have power to do certain things, among which were casting out devils, speaking with new tongues, laying hands on the sick for their recovery, etc. Was this, or was it not a part of the gospel?"

"It must have been a part of it."

"Yes; and it was the confirmatory part, given for that purpose and having that effect, for we read, 'They went forth and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them and confirming the word with signs following.' Does it not appear to you that to have any message which we are called upon to deliver confirmed, is a very important matter?"

"It leaves those who reject it without any excuse for doing so."

"That is just the important factor in the case; for instance, not long since an infidel came to me,

and he was well versed in the Scriptures. Like yourself, he was ignorant of the fact that it is not every one who professes to believe the Bible who does believe it, and not knowing anything about our peculiar faith, only having been told that I was a minister of the gospel, he in the course of our conversation said to me, 'Mr. Smith, one of two things is evident; either that Christ was a base impostor and his religion a fraud, or that no one believes and obeys his gospel.'"

"Why do you come to a conclusion like that?" I asked.

"Because he sent you into the world to teach the people certain things, and promised that those who obeyed your teachings should do certain works, or certain signs should follow them; but when I have asked in regard to these things, I have been called a seeker after signs, etc. Now, if a friend of mine were to go back on me after that fashion, I would have nothing whatever to do with him afterwards, and yet this is just what your Jesus is doing with you."

"Hold, sir," I answered, "for I will not hear that name profaned; and moreover I tell you that your assertion is false, for I have seen the words of Jesus verified in hundreds of instances; have seen all the signs which he promised should follow the believer, follow him; and you, sir, may see the same if you will go where there are those who believe on his word."

"Yes," he answered scornfully, "you will doubtless tell me that every soul which is converted to God, is in itself a stupendous miracle; but I would remind you that I am not speaking of conversions, as you are pleased to term them, but I am asking for the fulfillment of a certain promise, and I tell you your religion is a fraud and a humbug, and your Master promises you things he never intended to perform."

"Did I mention conversion to you, sir?"

"No, but that was what you meant."

"I do not know, sir, who gave you the right to interpret my meaning, and if you will excuse me I will tell you plainly, I meant no such thing. I have no authority to, nor do I wish to cast pearls before swine; we as a people preach the gospel of Christ, and know that the signs Christ spoke of do follow the believers in that gospel, and I invite you to repent of your sins and be baptized for the remission of them, and see whether Jesus is not able to verify his word to the uttermost."

"How did he answer that?" said Mr. Clark, so absorbed in the thought as to forget his personal interest in the same controversy.

"He professed utter disbelief, but he asked where our people held their meetings, and I have seen him once or twice among the congregation."

Mr. Clark refrained from asking if he had seen the power of God when there, for the Spirit was reminding him of what the promise had been, and

he knew that in time, if he had found the people of God, he would find these things with them; but now he was more anxious to know of the doctrine they believed, that he might test it by the light God had given in his study of the word.

As our object, however, in writing this brief sketch is to present a simple narrative of circumstances as they really happened, we pass over the hours which that night and the following day were given to conversation, and in which Mr. Clark learned to his entire satisfaction that he had found what he had been seeking for, simply remarking that he had been directed to the word of God, not only directed to it, but held there, and in all things required to go according to it. He found no creed but God's unchanging law; no spiritualizing of the word of God, but a simple following out in the most direct manner of all the requirements of the gospel, and as this was what he had been seeking, he knew it when found and stood ready to obey.

Their arrival attracted no great attention, for it was a thing of constant occurrence; and even then the house was filled with people, some from a greater distance even than they had come, hungering for the bread of life. In groups and in companies they were being instructed by Father and Hyrum Smith, and by other elders who lived in the place. They were entertained free of charge, and when baptized, were sent on

their way rejoicing. Many of them having been ordained to preach the word, carried the glad news with them, and thus the circle enlarged, wave upon wave going out, bearing the glad tidings of great salvation.

The next day being the Sabbath, a large congregation gathered in the morning, and for the first time in his life Mr. Clark listened to a gospel sermon from one having authority to preach. In the afternoon the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered and then followed such testimonies as many had never heard before,—prophecy, unknown tongues, interpretation of tongues, with the melting influence of the Holy Spirit until it seemed a tangible presence felt by all.

After meeting they adjourned to the water, where the ordinance of baptism was administered to a large number, among whom was Mr. Clark; Mrs. Clark, however, could not quite make up her mind, and was not baptized until the following morning; and the same morning a little babe was born in the house of Joseph Smith, who was also named Joseph, after father and grandfather; so if our young friends want to know the date of what we are telling them, they can find it out by asking Brother Joseph how old he is.

The mother-heart of Mrs. Clark was already longing for her children, and early on Monday morning they prepared to return home. It was a disappointment to Mr. Clark that he had not seen

Joseph Smith, but apart from that his mind was fully satisfied that he had found the Church of Christ, and above all the Spirit of God had borne witness to his spirit of the truth of the gospel of Christ as restored by the angel in the latter days; still it would have been a satisfaction not only to have seen Brother Joseph, but to have tested his ability to recognize him when he saw him. He was standing by the front window which overlooked the street, waiting for Mrs. Clark to come down as their team was ready and waiting. While standing there, absorbed in thought, his attention was arrested by a man who rode up on horse-back, and jumping from his saddle, proceeded to fasten his horse. As he turned to enter the gate, Mr. Clark recognized him immediately, and turning to Father Smith, who was in the room, said,

"There is your son Joseph."

"You must be mistaken, he will not be here for three weeks yet;" but as he spoke he rose and walked towards the window.

"I can not be mistaken, that is Joseph Smith."

"You are right; it is Joseph, but what brings him home now?" and he turned towards the door just as his son came in.

So you see, my young friends, that God showed to one man, at least, the servant he had chosen for the purpose of establishing his church in the last days, and many others have testified to the same thing. Joseph Smith did not in the beginning of

the work, go out to seek and persuade men to become his disciples, but God himself moved upon the hearts of many who sought for his servants, and in their turn, when authority from God had been given them, they carried the glad tidings of life and salvation to their friends and neighbors.

CHAPTER V

THE HOME CIRCLE

"'Tis a mother's large affection
Hears with a mysterious sense,—
Breathings that evade detection;
Whisper faint and fine inflection,
Thrill in her with power intense.
Childhood's honeyed words untaught
Hiveth she in loving thought,
Tones that never thence depart;
For she listens—with her heart."

—Laman Blanchard.

OUR readers must not suppose that we have forgotten Daniel, for such is not the case, neither had Daniel forgotten his experience of the night in the woods; but with the exception of his mother, he had rarely spoken of it to any one. His parents, but especially his mother, had noticed a great change in him from

that time. He was just as lively with his younger brothers and sisters, but when they did not make demands upon his time, he was seldom found, when not at work, without a book in his hand, and most frequently that book was the Bible. And many times, when his mother, before retiring for the night, went into the room where her boys slept, she found him still awake, and knew that he had been listening to his father's reading.

Like Mary of old, she hid these things in her heart, and sometimes when they chanced to be alone, he spoke to her about the future and the thoughts which entered his mind.

"I heard father tell you his vision," he said to her one day, "and I believe it is true, and do you know, mother, that I sometimes feel as though the Lord would let me have a part in the work, for I so often seem to hear again the words, 'I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord.'"

"I hope and trust you are right, my son, and if God calls you to do any work for him, that you will be very faithful in it."

Daniel did not make any answer, but in his heart he was firmly resolved to give his life to the service of God. He knew that God had sent his angels to protect him the night he was a prisoner in the forest, and when he thought about it he felt that all he could do would be little, indeed, in comparison with what God had done for him. Having been near unto death, and expecting nothing but

to be torn to pieces, limb by limb, he could realize, as he never had before, what it meant for Christ to lay down his life for his enemies. Life is very sweet to the young, and Daniel felt unspeakable gratitude for the preservation of his, and never could tell any one how real, how near God had seemed to him since that time.

It had now been six days since the young people had been left alone, and to-day they expected father and mother to come back to them. Everything in and about the house was made to look as neat as possible, and as the afternoon grew towards evening, the children all gathered in a group under the trees in the yard to watch the first turn in the road which would reveal the travelers to them. Lucy, the little blue-eyed sister of whom Daniel had thought so tenderly that night in the woods, was standing by his side, and was the first one to catch a glimpse of the spirited bay horses as they came rapidly down the road towards home. Then there was a general rush for the gate, and no sooner had the carriage stopped than Mrs. Clark sprang to the ground and returned the embraces of her children with a will.

"I am so glad to be at home again," she said, as after embracing each one, she walked with her oldest daughter towards the house. "Have you all been well?"

"Yes, mother, quite well, but very lonesome. Did you have a pleasant time?"

"Yes, very pleasant, but I have missed my home and children very much, especially when night came, and I would have been much happier if I could have known that you were all well and happy. What a nice house-keeper you are, to be sure," said she, as she took in at a glance the tidy room and the neatly spread table in the room beyond, around which they were all soon gathered and partaking with a relish of the refreshments which their long drive made very acceptable.

The meal disposed of, amid many questions and answers on both sides, the little trunk which they had taken with them was opened and was found to contain some small present for each one of the children, together with quite a number of books and papers, among which was the Book of Mormon. This arrested the attention of Daniel, who asked his father if it was the book spoken of by the stranger who had stopped with them the other night.

"Yes, it is the same book."

"Why did he call it a 'Golden Bible'? It looks just like any other book."

"I presume it is given that name from the fact that it was first written upon plates of gold."

"Who wrote it, father?"

"Men who were inspired of God; and after they had written it, it was put into a very tight box and buried in the ground."

"Who found it, and how long had it been there?"

"One question at a time, boys, and, as the story is both long and interesting, let us first do our chores and then I will tell you all about it."

The boys moved slowly away as if reluctant to go, but they had been trained to habits of perfect obedience; and the girls, while busy with their work, questioned their mother from time to time about what she had seen and heard while away. At last the work was all completed, and an eager group of listeners gathered around the table, all anxious to know the history of this strange book which was lying so quietly upon the table.

And just here we are led to pause for a moment and ask if the children of Zion were all collected together, and called upon to rise one by one and tell the story of the finding of the plates from which the Book of Mormon was translated, how many would be able to respond to the call, and tell it in a straightforward, intelligent manner? And yet, is it not most natural to suppose that a story like this, a story at once fascinating and strange, but just as true as it is fascinating, would be told by fathers and mothers to their little ones; and not only this, but that the pure principles of righteousness which it contains would be taught to them in their youth, that they might grow up to love the word of God, and might know what their parents mean when they hear them bear a solemn testimony that they know it is God's work, and must triumph?

Said a western man to a stock-raiser, "It is a great mistake to brand the old cattle and not the calves." Do we see the philosophy of this? Let us tell you; the church of God to-day are feeling the effects of it, whether they see its philosophy or not; and sons and daughters who should have been ornaments in the church are bitter scoffers at the religion the truth of which their parents would lay down their lives rather than deny. Was there a time when they might have been "branded"?

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these, 'It might have been.'"

"I must first tell you, children," began Mr. Clark, "a little of the history of Joseph Smith, the man whom God chose to translate this book, and then I will tell you how he found it and translated it.

"He was a farmer's son, brought up to labor, very much like one of you boys, and lived in the state of New York, from which he moved when he came here. When he was in his fifteenth year, his parents were living in Wayne County, in a town called Manchester, and about this time there was a great excitement upon the subject of religion, and four members of his family united with the Presbyterian Church.

"At this time Joseph himself was much concerned in regard to his own condition, and attended the meetings with great regularity, but could not make up his mind which church

he ought to unite with, although he rather inclined to the Methodist. Being unable to decide, he was reading the Bible, hoping to gain light from that which might help him, when he came to the instruction given by James in his Epistle: 'If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God.'

"This came to his heart with such power that he felt as though it had been written expressly for him, and he determined to carry the matter to God. Accordingly he retired to the woods, but had no sooner knelt down to pray than he was seized by a power of darkness, seemingly bent upon destroying him. In his extremity, he called upon God for deliverance, and exerted all his faith to believe that his prayers would be heard. No sooner had he done this than he saw a pillar of light over his head, brighter than the sun, which descended upon him, and he found himself delivered from the power of darkness. While this pillar rested upon him, he saw two personages whose brightness and glory defy description. One personage called him by name and said to him as he pointed to the other, 'This is my beloved Son; hear ye him.'

"Joseph had gone to God in prayer, with the sincere desire to know which church was right, and which he should join; and as soon as he could speak he asked the question, 'Which of the sects is right, and which shall I join?'

"To his astonishment he was forbidden to join

any of them, and was told that they were all wrong, and that their creeds were an abomination in God's sight. 'They draw near me with their lips, but their hearts are far from me; they teach for doctrine the commandments of men, having a form of godliness but denying the power thereof.' When Joseph came to himself after having had his vision, he found himself lying on his back looking up toward heaven.

"A few days after this, he was talking with one of the Methodist preachers, when he innocently told him the vision, never suspecting that he was saying anything to make this man or any of the other preachers angry, but from that time they began to slander him, and told him his vision 'was all of the devil'; and they will shortly say the same to me," added Mr. Clark; "for God has told me the same thing, as I told your mother years ago, though I did not then think it best to tell you, my children."

"I heard you telling it to mother," spoke up Daniel, "as I was lying awake in my room, and I believe it."

The others looked at Daniel with surprise, wondering why he had never mentioned it to them; but quickly turned to their father, waiting for him to go on.

"Joseph received this first vision about the year 1819, and being now perfectly satisfied that none of the different sects were right or accepted of

God, he continued to labor with his father until 1823, all this time being subjected to persecution and slander. Being young, and just such a boy as many others are, he was not only tempted into folly and the doing of many things which were wrong, but unhappily he yielded to the temptation. Being very sorry for this, he repented, and again sought the Lord in prayer, asking earnestly to be forgiven for his sins.

"Again a heavenly messenger appeared to him, and Joseph thus describes his appearance: 'I discovered a light appearing in the room, which continued to increase until the room was brighter than noonday, when immediately a personage appeared at my bedside, standing in the air, for his feet did not touch the floor. He had on a loose robe of most exquisite whiteness. It was a whiteness beyond anything earthly I had ever seen; nor do I believe that any earthly thing could be made to appear so exceeding white and brilliant; his hands were naked, and his arms also, a little above the wrists; so also were his feet naked, as were his limbs, a little above the ankles, and his head and neck were bare. Not only was his robe exceeding white, but his whole person was glorious beyond description, and his countenance truly like lightning. He called me by name and said unto me that he was a messenger sent from God and that his name was Moroni.' This angel told Joseph about the gold plates upon which the Book of Mor-

mon was written, and he saw the place so plainly in this vision that he was able to go directly there afterwards. The angel told him that the fullness of the everlasting gospel was contained in this record, as it had been delivered to the people of this continent by the Savior when he visited them here. Also that there were two stones in silver bows hid up with the plates, which had been placed there for the purpose of translating the writing on these golden plates. The angel told him that the time had not yet come when he should obtain the plates, but when he did obtain them, if he showed them to any one, he would be destroyed. He told him, also, that his name should be known in all the world; that some should hold him in great esteem, and some in contempt, or that 'he should be both good and evil spoken of among all people.' When the angel had finished the message he had come to bring, the light in the room began to gather immediately around him, and Joseph saw a passage open, as it were, directly up into heaven, and the angel ascended up through this, until he entirely disappeared.

"While Joseph was meditating upon these things, the same heavenly messenger returned a second time, and after having repeated what he had said the first time without the least variation, he told him still further, that great judgments were coming upon the earth, with desolations by famine, sword, and pestilence, and that they would

come in this generation. After having related these things he again departed as he had done at the first.

"Again, the third time, the same messenger appeared, and after repeating what he had before said, he added a caution to Joseph, telling him that Satan would tempt him to think of using the plates (because they were of gold), for the benefit of his father's family, as they were poor and many times in need of money; but he warned him never to think of this, for he must have no object in getting the plates other than to glorify God and help to build up his kingdom; for, if he had any other motive, he would never get them. Again the angel departed, and shortly after this, Joseph heard the cock crow and saw that day was approaching, and knew then that these interviews had lasted the whole night."

"Was this a vision, father," asked Daniel, "or was he really awake and saw the angel?"

"He was awake, and saw the angel, and heard him."

"But if the angel was real and had a body, how could he enter the house without coming in as we do? Could he come right through the wall?"

"Do you remember how many times Jesus came to his disciples in this manner, after his resurrection?"

"No, father."

"If you will turn to the twentieth chapter of

John, and read the nineteenth verse, we will listen."

"Then the same day at evening, being the first day of the week, when the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews, came Jesus and stood in the midst, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you."

"Now read the verse 16 of the same chapter."

"Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto him, Rabboni; which is to say, Master."

The children listened attentively, but presently Mary said:

"Might he not have come through the door, father, by opening it just as we do?"

"Why had the disciples closed the door, daughter?"

"For fear of the Jews."

"When we close a door because of fear, what do we do besides?"

"Oh," said Mary, "we fasten or bolt it."

"If we did not, there would be no benefit in closing it; for wicked men would enter just as quickly with the door closed as they would with it open."

"Who was Moroni, father?"

"You will find his history told fully in the Book of Mormon. He was the son of Mormon, and the one who hid the plates in the place where Joseph found them."

"But, father," said Daniel, "do those who have once lived here on earth ever come back to visit men? I thought angels were beings who had always lived in heaven."

"The angel who appeared unto Zacharias told him his name was Gabriel, and that he stood in the presence of God. This was the angel that was sent unto the prophet, Daniel, to give him 'skill and understanding' concerning the things which should happen to his people. But can you tell me who it was that appeared to Jesus on the mount of transfiguration?"

"It was Moses and Elias," answered Mary.

"They had once lived upon earth, had they not?"

"Yes, father, but they are not called angels."

"No, but it is said, 'They appeared in glory,' and it is sure that they did appear unto him. Turn now to the nineteenth chapter of Revelation and read the tenth verse."

"And I fell at his feet to worship him. And he said unto me, See thou do it not. I am thy fellow servant, and of thy brethren that have the testimony of Jesus: worship God: for the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy."

"Here, my daughter, you see the angel who had been talking with John forbids John to worship him, and at the same time tells him he was one of his brethren that had been slain for the testimony of Jesus and was only a fellow servant."

"Yes, I see it now, father, but I never thought

of it before. It is good to have so much evidence of the life to come, and know that we shall live again."

"You are right, daughter, and these things confirm the words of the apostle when he tells us that our bodies, in the resurrection, shall be like the glorious body of Christ."

CHAPTER VI

TELLING THE STORY

The servant may through his deafness err,
And blind may be God's messenger;
But the errand is sure they go upon,—
The word is spoken, the deed is done.
—Whittier.

"HOW long was it after this before Joseph got the plates?" said Daniel.

"At first he thought that he would not tell the vision to any one," continued Mr. Clark; "but the angel, Moroni, appearing to him again, commanded him to tell his father of the vision and the commandment which he had received, and when he had done this, his father said, 'It is of God; go and do as commanded.' He left the field, where he had been working with his father, and went a distance of two or three miles to the hill Cumorah, where the angel was waiting for him. Now began

the struggle in his mind, and the temptation against which Moroni had warned him.

"As he recognized the place where the records were hid, there seemed to dawn upon his mind all at once the vastness and magnitude of what had been revealed to him. There, buried in the ground just at his feet, was the history of a people who had lived upon this continent long before the time when it had been discovered by Columbus. What an astonishment the publication of such a book would be to the world, and what wealth it would bring to its fortunate owner! If the plates were once in his possession, no one could doubt the truth of his story, for they themselves would be the proof of what he would tell.

"Thus whispered the power of darkness to him, but the still, small voice replied, 'Did not the angel warn you to beware of ambition and to remember that in getting the plates you must have no object in view but to glorify God? Moreover, were you not warned that if you showed the plates to any one, you would be destroyed?' Again the tempter whispered, 'Who will believe this strange story if you have nothing to show in proof that it is true? What harm can possibly come of your showing the plates?' 'Beware of disobeying the commandments of God, for if you are not faithful you can not obtain the plates,' again whispered the Spirit to him.

"Thus the conflict continued in his mind as he

stood on the west side of the hill Cumorah, where, not far from the top, under a stone of considerable size, the plates were lying, deposited in a stone box. Joseph removed the earth from the stone covering of the box, and taking a strong stick for a lever, he put it under the cover and raised it up. Upon looking into the box he saw the breastplate, the Urim and Thummim and also the gold plates upon which the history was engraved, but when he stretched out his hand to take possession of the record, he was restrained by an invisible power. This attempt he made three different times, each time with a like result, until he at last exclaimed aloud, 'Why can I not obtain this book?'

"'Because you have not kept the commandments of the Lord,' answered a voice seemingly very near him. Joseph looked, and to his astonishment beheld Moroni. Then he humbled himself in prayer, and the darkness began to melt away, and the power of God's Spirit was with him. The heavens were opened to his view, and the glory of the Lord shone round about and rested upon him. While he was looking in great wonder and awe upon this, the angel said, 'Look!' and he saw the Prince of Darkness, surrounded by a great train of associates, and as this passed before him, the angel said: 'This is shown you, the good and the evil, the holy and the impure, the glory of God and the power of darkness, that you may hereafter know the two powers, and never be influenced or over-

come by the wicked one. You now see why you could not obtain this record, that the commandment was strict, and if ever these sacred things are obtained, it must be by prayer and faithfulness in obeying the Lord.'

"Joseph was again told by Moroni that if he was faithful thereafter, he should obtain the plates, and translate them by the gift and power of God, and by them, the Lord would work a great and marvelous work. After this he returned home, and though disappointed, he was determined to be patient and overcome by faith and obedience. Joseph made yearly visits to Cumorah and each time he met with Moroni, and from him received instruction concerning the great work of the latter days and the kingdom which God was about to set up, as shown to the prophet, Daniel, never again to be thrown down nor given to another people. Four years these visits lasted, when on the 22d of September, 1827, Moroni delivered the plates into the hands of Joseph, telling him that he would come for them when he had done what was required at his hands. Joseph soon learned why the angel had given him such a strict charge in regard to them; for no sooner was it known that he had them, than every device was resorted to in order to take them from him, but the Lord watched over them until Joseph had translated the part of them which is contained in this book, and then the angel took them again."

"Father," said Daniel, "how is it that God did not have a church upon the earth? Did not Christ tell his disciples to go into all the world and preach his gospel to every creature? Where is the church they established?"

"Your question can not be answered without first telling you something about the plan of God's government and the laws by which his church must be governed. It may be a little difficult for you to understand, but I will try to make it plain to you.

"You will remember that when Christ was teaching his disciples, he told them at various times that he did nothing but what his Father had commanded him to do. He always spoke of his Father as being the one to exercise authority, just as obedient children regard their parents."

"I think I understand that, father."

"Very well; now let us read the twenty-ninth verse of the eighth chapter of John: 'And he that sent me is with me: the Father hath not left me alone; for I do always those things that please him.' Jesus here tells the Jews that his Father had not left him alone; what does he say was the reason?"

"For I do always the things that please him," read Mary.

"Here, my children, is the reason of the Son's not being left alone. He was sent by the Father with power and authority to do a certain work.

He was obedient and faithful in doing just what the Father sent him to do, and therefore the Father honored him and was always well pleased with him.

"When he sent his disciples into all the world to preach, he sent them to preach his gospel, and as his Father had given him power and authority to do certain things when he sent him to the earth, so Jesus gave his disciples power and authority. You must try to understand that neither Peter, James, nor John had any authority as men—the power and authority was not in them, but was in the gospel they were sent to preach. Do you think you understand what I mean?"

"You mean, Father, that if they had not told the people just what Jesus sent them to tell, he would not have been with them, and if he had not been with them, they would not have had power to do the things he promised they should do."

"That is what I mean, Daniel, for the power was not in them, but in the gospel they were sent to preach; so, in time, after the disciples were dead, men grew careless of what they taught, and did many evil things; and at last they no longer had any power, for they did not teach men what Christ had taught; neither did they study the word of God to know what he had told them to do. Indeed, the church became so corrupt that they hid the word of God, chained it to the desks in the convents and churches, and taught the people that it

was a sin for them to read it. Thus you see the people knew nothing about the teachings of Jesus, only as the priests told them, and the priests taught them many things which Jesus never had taught, and neglected to teach the things he had taught."

"That was before the days of Luther, was it not, father?"

"Yes, and you remember how zealously Luther contended against their wickedness and what great good he did; but he never claimed to have been sent of God, as Jesus did. After his time came other good men and great reformers, among whom were John and Charles Wesley; but none of them claimed to have direct authority from God; nor said that God had instructed them and told them how to organize a church; but they did the best that human wisdom could devise, and were great and good men."

"Were they not wiser than Joseph Smith, father?"

"Yes, far wiser, and while he was but a young and unlearned boy, they were men and had been well educated."

"It seems strange that God did not choose them, or send Moroni to some one older and wiser," said Daniel, thoughtfully.

"Do you remember the early history of King David?"

"Yes, father,"

"You remember that after Saul had transgressed the commandments of the Lord, the Lord said to the prophet, Samuel, 'Fill thine horn with oil and go, I will send thee to Jesse the Bethlehemite: for I have provided me a king among his sons.' The prophet feared that Saul would kill him if he heard that he had gone to anoint any one to be the king of Israel; for though he had transgressed against God, he was still king and had great power in his hands and could punish those who did not do to please him. Because of this, Samuel took a heifer and went to Bethlehem and told the people of the town that he had come peaceably to sacrifice to the Lord, and he sanctified Jesse and his sons and told them to come to the sacrifice.

"You must remember that among the sons of Jesse, Samuel knew there was the one he had been sent to anoint, but he did not know which one of them it was. When Eliab, a tall, noble-looking man, came to Samuel, the prophet, seeing his beauty and his strong, manly person, said in his heart, 'Surely the Lord's anointed is before him!' This was the natural wisdom of Samuel, and you must remember that from the hour when his mother, in agony of spirit, prayed to the Lord that he would give her a son, Samuel had been consecrated to God. The Lord had many times revealed himself to him, and he had never transgressed the commandments of God. If any man was capable of judging which of Jesse's sons was the one the

Lord had chosen, would it not be natural to suppose that Samuel was the man?"

"Certainly, father, and could he not really tell which one he had been sent to anoint?"

"Let us see what the Lord said: 'But the Lord said unto Samuel, Look not on his countenance nor on the height of his stature; because I have refused him: for the Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.' Then, in their turn, the eight sons of Jesse were brought to Samuel, but the Lord gave Samuel to understand that the one he was sent to anoint was not there, and Samuel said unto Jesse, 'Are here all thy children?' And Jesse said, 'There remaineth yet the youngest son, and behold he keepeth the sheep.' Samuel said unto Jesse, 'Send and fetch him, for we will not sit down till he come hither.'

"There was but one son left, and he was but a lad, keeping watch over his father's sheep; and so little was he esteemed that, perhaps, had not Samuel asked the direct question, 'Are here all thy children?' Jesse might never have mentioned him or thought of him in connection with the prophet's errand; but when his father had sent for him and had presented him to Samuel, the Lord said, 'Arise, anoint him: for this is he.'

"You must learn, my children, that God does his own choosing, and it will be easy for you to do this, if you remember that the wisdom of men is

foolishness in his sight. He chose Abraham to be the father of the faithful because he knew that he would command his children and his household after him that they should keep the way of the Lord to do justice and judgment. He chose David because of the integrity of his heart, and though David, in after-years, did many things which were wicked and for which God both reproved and punished him, just as you, my children, have done and may do again, yet he always repented and submitted himself meekly to the reproofs of the Lord, and confessed his sins in humility of spirit.

"You must bear in mind that David was a man, and all men are liable to sin against God; yet God chose David, and he will in time vindicate to all men the wisdom of his choosing, whether David of old, or Joseph Smith of our day, be the man selected for his work.

"A great work is to be accomplished in these last days; and while Luther, Knox, Calvin, and Wesley have all done their part, it remained for Joseph Smith, the last and the least, to step forward and say to the world, 'I have received my authority from God, and in his name I call upon every kindred, nation, tongue, and people to repent and obey the everlasting gospel of the Son of God.' Men, without examination even, may reject the message God has given him to declare to this generation, but that will not alter the truth. neither will it vindicate them in the day

of judgment to say, 'I truly believed it all an imposture,' because God is leaving them without any excuse whatever.

"Jesus, upon one occasion, said to the Jews, 'Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me; or else believe me for the very works' sake.' Not only is the truth of the work of the Lord, brought forth through Joseph Smith, confirmed by hundreds who have sought him, confessing like myself that they had been sent of God; but he challenges their belief by telling them fearlessly, even as Jesus did, that the gospel he preaches is a divine message from God, and assures them that upon their yielding obedience to it, God will give them a knowledge for themselves.

"How is this knowledge given, father?"

"It is given differently to different persons, but it is given by the power of the Holy Spirit. When Peter and the other apostles were brought before the council of the Jews for preaching Jesus and the resurrection, Peter told them boldly that God had raised up Jesus whom they slew and hanged on a tree, and then added, 'We are his witnesses of these things; and so is also the Holy Ghost, whom God hath given to them that obey him.' So do Joseph Smith and his elders tell the people boldly that they are witnesses of these things, and that the Holy Ghost will also bear witness to those who obey the truth. I can tell you, my children, that I, for one, know that this work is true and of God,

and your mother can tell you, for another, because the Holy Ghost was given to us under the hands of the elders, and thousands besides us can testify to the same thing. In addition to this, the signs which Christ promised to the believers in his gospel do follow them. It is possible for man to be mistaken and to think he is bearing witness to the truth when he is not, but it is not possible for God or his Holy Spirit to be mistaken, neither to lend themselves to build up a deceiver.

"Joseph Smith and his fellow laborers promise to the people that, if they will do the will of God, they shall know of the doctrine, and the people who have obeyed the will of God testify that they do receive the knowledge. How then can the world be left with any excuse for rejecting the servants of God?"

CHAPTER VII

THE STORY CONTINUED

Art builds on sand; the works of pride
And human passion change and fall;
But that which shares the life of God
With him surviveth all.

. . . . . .

We search the world for truth.

—*Whittier.*

"FATHER," said Daniel, as they were gathered about the table the next evening, "I have been reading to-day the in book of the prophet, Daniel, and he told Nebuchadnezzar about the time when the God of heaven would set up a kingdom. I wish I understood more about it and about the kingdoms which went before it."

"I think I shall be able to explain it to you, and as it is the greatest desire of my heart to see my children who are old enough to choose for themselves, choose the service of God, of course I want you to become subjects of this very kingdom; for your mother and myself are citizens of it, and we shall never be perfectly happy until you are all with us.

"You, of course, remember," continued Mr. Clark, "the very difficult thing which Nebuchadnezzar, the king of Babylon, had required of the wise men. He had dreamed about certain things but had entirely forgotten his dream, and so great was his anxiety to know the dream, and the meaning of it, that he told the wise men of Babylon they should all be put to death, if some one of them did not tell him what he had dreamed, and also the interpretation of the dream. This was more than any man could do, and they told the king that he had asked more of them than any king had ever done before. This, however, did not cause him to change his mind, and he issued a decree that, if they did not tell him his dream, they should be slain. Accordingly, as Daniel was among the wise men, they sought him with the rest that they might slay him in obedience to the command of the king. When they told Daniel, he quietly asked of the officer, 'Why is the decree so hasty from the king?' The officer told Daniel the reason, and Daniel went to the king and told him that, if he would give him time, he would tell him his dream and the interpretation.

"The king granted this and then Daniel went before God in prayer, not without first telling those who were in captivity with him, and asking them to beseech the Lord that he would make the thing known unto him. You remember how God revealed this to Daniel in a night vision; and,

after thanking the Lord for his goodness and mercy, Daniel presented himself before the king, and when the king demanded of Daniel if he was able to tell him the dream, Daniel answered, 'There is a God in heaven that revealeth secrets, and maketh known to the king Nebuchadnezzar what shall be in the latter days.' Then Daniel proceeded to tell the king what he had been thinking of when the dream came into his mind, and he told the king his dream. In this dream, the king saw an image. Will you, Mary, give me a description of the image which the king saw?"

"The head of the image was of fine gold, the breast and arms of silver, the belly and thighs of brass, the legs were of iron and the feet part of iron and part of clay."

"That is correct, but what do you understand it to have been the image of?"

"Of a man, was it not?"

"Yes, and will you now read from the thirty-seventh to forty-fifth verse of the second chapter of Daniel?"

Mary found the place and read aloud:

"Thou, O king, art a king of kings; for the God of heaven hath given thee a kingdom, power, and strength, and glory. And wheresoever the children of men dwell, the beasts of the field and the fowls of the heaven hath he given into thine hand, and hath made thee ruler over them all. Thou art this head of gold. And after thee shall arise

another kingdom inferior to thee, and another third kingdom of brass, which shall bear rule over all the earth. And the fourth kingdom shall be strong as iron: forasmuch as iron breaketh in pieces and subdueth all things: and as iron that breaketh all these, shall it break in pieces and bruise. And whereas thou sawest the feet and toes, part of potters' clay, and part of iron, the kingdom shall be divided; but there shall be in it of the strength of iron, forasmuch as thou sawest the iron mixed with miry clay. And as the toes of the feet were part of iron, and part of clay, so the kingdom shall be partly strong, and partly broken. And whereas thou sawest iron mixed with miry clay, they shall mingle themselves with the seed of men; but they shall not cleave one to another, even as iron is not mixed with clay. And in the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom, which shall never be destroyed: and the kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand for ever. Forasmuch as thou sawest that the stone was cut out of the mountain without hands, and that it brake in pieces the iron, the brass, the clay, the silver, and the gold; the great God hath made known to the king what shall come to pass hereafter; and the dream is certain, and the interpretation thereof sure."

"Daniel, who was this head of gold?"

"Nebuchadnezzar, the king of Babylon."

"What kingdom did the breast and arms of silver represent?"

"The Medes and Persians, who took Babylon from Belshazzar and reigned over most of the then known world."

"What kingdom did his belly and thighs of brass represent?"

"The Greeks under Alexander, who in their turn subdued the Medo-Persians, and reigned supreme."

"That is three universal kingdoms; what is the fourth, or the legs of iron?"

"The Roman Empire, which subdued the Grecian and was divided into the Eastern and Western empires, and finally was subdivided into the various kingdoms of Europe, represented by the feet and toes."

"Of what were these feet and toes composed?"

"Part of iron and part of clay."

"Now I am going to ask you a question, Daniel, and I want you to think carefully before you answer it. When was it that the prophet said the God of heaven would set up a kingdom which should never be destroyed?"

"In the days of these kings."

"What kings are meant?"

"The kings represented by the toes of the image, or the kingdoms into which the Roman Empire was finally divided."

"Do you remember about what time Christ established his kingdom in person?"

"I do not know just what you mean to ask."

"Was Christ upon the earth in the days of the Grecian or Roman power?"

"The Roman power, of course."

"Was it before or after the division of the Roman government into the Eastern and Western empires?"

"It was before."

"Then, as the ten kingdoms represented by the toes of the image were set up long after this, the kingdom or church established by Christ in person could not have been this kingdom which Daniel saw set up by the God of heaven, could it?"

"No, I think not."

"What did the prophet say this kingdom, set up by the God of heaven, was to do?"

"To break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and stand for ever."

"You must bear in mind, then, that the church or kingdom which Christ established when here in person, was not established at the time spoken of by Daniel, but the kingdom which Daniel saw was set up by the God of heaven and was to consume or break in pieces all these other kingdoms and stand for ever.

"Daniel, himself, saw the church established by Christ prevailed against and worn out by the horn in the head of the fourth beast which had eyes and

a mouth which spake very great things. 'I beheld,' says Daniel, 'and the same horn made war with the saints, and prevailed against them; until the Ancient of Days came, and judgment was given to the saints of the Most High; and the time came that the saints possessed the kingdom . . . and the kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and all dominions shall serve and obey him.'

"History records the fulfillment of many of these predictions, and if we will study it closely enough, we shall see how the Lord has been preparing the way for the setting up of his kingdom, which is to be possessed by the saints of the Most High. When the Lord inspired the heart of Columbus to penetrate the unknown realms of the mighty ocean, there was not upon the face of the whole earth a spot of ground where man might worship God according to the dictates of his conscience. America was discovered, and, in process of time, the Pilgrim Fathers came here for that very purpose, and though they themselves become intolerant, God moved upon the framers of our constitution, and not only civil but religious liberty was declared to be the inalienable right of man. This accomplished, and the war ended which secured our independence and freedom from the trammels of all other governments, and from the

dictation of all narrow prejudice, God then proceeds in fulfillment of prophecy to restore the gospel, send it back to the earth by an angel, and set up his kingdom which the saints shall possess; but as civil and religious liberty preceded its establishment here, so will it precede its establishment among the nations of the earth."

"What does it take to constitute a kingdom, father?"

"Four things at least are necessary to constitute a kingdom, either on earth or in heaven. First, a king; second, laws; third, officers who have power to execute those laws; and fourth, subjects who are governed by those laws. Christ is King by the appointment of his Father: 'But unto the Son he saith, Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever: a scepter of righteousness is the scepter of thy kingdom. Thou hast loved righteousness, and hated iniquity; therefore God, even thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows.'—Hebrews 1:8, 9.

"His subjects are the saints, who have been delivered from the power of darkness: 'Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of his dear Son.'—Colossians 1:13.

"His officers are those who have been called and sent of God: 'And no man taketh this honor unto himself, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron.'—Hebrews 5:4.

"The laws of his kingdom are in the gospel, which Paul calls the word of reconciliation which God had committed unto them and says, 'We are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God.'

"Let us see now how the claims of Joseph Smith will bear testing. Daniel said, 'In the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom.'—Daniel 2:44. Joseph Smith claims that in his first vision he saw the Father and the Son, and they assured him that there was not upon the earth a people or church which was accepted or owned of them, and they commanded him that he should not unite with any of them.

"John, the Revelator, saw 'Another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people.'—Revelation 14:6.

"Joseph Smith claims that the angel Moroni came to him at various times, and finally delivered to him, with his own hands, the plates upon which were contained the fullness of the everlasting gospel. John further declares the message of the angel to be, 'Fear God, and give glory to him; for the hour of his judgment is come.'—Revelation 14:7.

"Joseph Smith declares that upon the angel's return the second time, he added to his first mes-

sage the information that great judgments and desolations were about to come upon the earth. They would come by famine, pestilence, and the sword even in that generation.

"The word of God plainly teaches and declares that, in the church or kingdom of God, no one has any right to preach the word or administer the ordinances unless God gives him authority. If all the churches were wrong, and Joseph was forbidden to join any of them, where was he to get authority to preach the gospel? They could not give him what they did not have themselves; and if they could have done so, he was forbidden to have anything to do with them. Who was going to say to him, 'Go ye into all the world and preach my gospel'? The Lord had said through Joseph to Oliver Cowdery, 'Behold, the field is white already to the harvest, therefore, whoso desireth to reap, let him thrust in his sickle with his might, and reap while the day lasts, that he may treasure up for his soul everlasting salvation in the kingdom of God. Yea, whosoever will thrust in his sickle and reap, the same is called of God.' Do you not see how very easily Joseph might have taken this general call and commandment, as being a call with authority to the ministry?"

"It certainly reads very much like it, father, and is not that the way they go into the ministry in other churches?"

"I believe it is, but it is not God's way, and

Joseph would have made a fatal mistake if he had come to that conclusion or acted in that way; but he did not make such a mistake because he was being taught of God. You remember that Jesus went apart into a mountain, and, after he had called his twelve apostles, he ordained them that he might send them forth to preach and that they might have power to heal sicknesses and to cast out devils. His calling them to follow him did not give this power. Jesus called the twelve to follow him, long before he ordained them or gave them authority to act as officers in his kingdom."

"Did he ever give Joseph Smith this authority?"

"Yes, he did, but not until after he was baptized."

"Who baptized him?"

"A man by the name of Oliver Cowdery, who had heard of the plates from Joseph's family. I should have told you that Joseph had been married some time before he obtained the plates. When the persecution became so great that he could no longer remain at his father's, he went with his wife to Pennsylvania, taking the plates with him. At first his wife was his only scribe, but Joseph, becoming anxious to get on faster with the work, prayed to the Lord that he would send him help, which the Lord promised to do. After Joseph went to Pennsylvania, the teacher of the school where his father lived came to his father's to board, and, hearing from the family the strange

story, became very much interested, and prayed earnestly (though secretly) to the Lord that he might know if it was true.

"The Lord gave him to know that it was true, and his mind was filled with anxiety to go where Joseph was; and as soon as possible he set out with Samuel Smith, a brother of Joseph's, and when they arrived there, Joseph was expecting them, for the Lord had told him he would send him help. This teacher was Oliver Cowdery, and he became of great help to Joseph in writing down the translation of the plates; and he is one of the three men to whom the angel showed the plates, as you will remember that Joseph never showed them to but few, because God had forbidden him to do so.

"In translating the plates, they came to instruction concerning baptism, and went to the Lord in prayer, desiring to know more about it. While they were praying and calling upon the Lord, a messenger descended in a cloud of light, and laying his hands upon them, ordained them thus: 'Upon you, my fellow servants, in the name of Messiah, I confer the priesthood of Aaron, which holds the keys of the ministering of angels, and of the gospel of repentance and of baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; and this shall never be taken again from the earth until the sons of Levi do offer again an offering unto the Lord in righteousness.' The angel then commanded them to go and baptize each other, telling Joseph to first

baptize Oliver and then Oliver to baptize Joseph, and in the same manner to ordain each other to the Aaronic priesthood. The same messenger told them that he acted under the direction of Peter, James, and John, who held the keys of the Melchisedec priesthood, and promised that, in due time, this priesthood also should be conferred upon them. Accordingly, in obedience to the command received through this messenger (who was John the Baptist), they baptized and ordained each other; and after they came up out of the water, they experienced great and glorious blessings and prophesied many things concerning the church and the people of this generation. This occurred on the 15th of May, 1829. The full authority of the kingdom, however, had not yet been conferred upon any one, for no one held authority to lay on hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost. Afterwards, Peter, James, and John conferred the Melchisedec priesthood upon Joseph and Oliver. On the sixth day of April, 1830, the church or kingdom of God was organized with six members.

CHAPTER VIII

PREACHING THE GOSPEL

Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing.

Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is he,
Lord Sabaoth his name,
From age to age the same,
And he must win the battle.

—*F. H. Hedge.*

From the German of Martin Luther.

"DO YOU know the history of the way in which God qualified the men who were chosen to be witnesses to the Book of Mormon, to testify to its truth?" asked Daniel.

"This is one of the most interesting parts of the history," said Mr. Clark. "You will remember that the charge of the angel was very strict to Joseph; and no one was to see the plates unless God commanded him to show them. Here are the names of eight witnesses to whom Joseph was commanded to show the plates, and they testify that they saw them and handled them, and solemnly witness before God that what they testify to, is true."

"These were not the three special witnesses, were they?"

"No; and I want you to notice in what a special manner God guards the testimony in regard to the divine origin of this book. Had there been only these eight witnesses, men might have said, 'We do not doubt their testimony is honest enough, and that they have seen the plates, but how do they know that this book contains what was written on them? It is not likely that Smith found the plates by accident, just as many other strange things are found, and it has come into his head to build up a system of religion; and by putting himself at the head, he will become a great man. He has therefore drawn upon his imagination to translate the writing on the plates, and as no one can read it, his deception can not be discovered, and those who are silly enough believe that what he says is true.'

"But, my children, if the people of this generation reject the Book of Mormon, they will have no excuse left for doing it, because God has not left them any. The record itself told them that three special witnesses were to be provided by the Lord, to whom he would grant that they should see the plates; and when Joseph inquired through the Urim and Thummim who these were to be, he was told, as I mentioned before, that they should be Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, and Martin Harris. If he was a deceiver, he here placed himself in a strange position. Moroni had taken away the

plates and yet these men had never seen them. If Joseph Smith was to practice deception now, he must get the Lord to help him; and truly the Lord did help him, not to practice deceit, but to confirm the truth of what he had declared through him.

"Being anxious that these three men whom God had appointed should be qualified to become witnesses, Joseph in company with them retired to the woods to ask God for a fulfillment of the promise he had made. Kneeling down, they called upon God in earnest prayer, Joseph leading and followed by the others in turn. This they did twice in succession, observing the same order and each one praying.

"When at the close of their second prayer they received no manifestation of divine power, Martin Harris proposed to withdraw from the rest, as he felt that in some way the hindering cause was in him. A few moments after he had gone, while they were praying, they beheld a light above them in the air, of exceeding brightness, and an angel stood before them. In his hand he held the plates which they had been praying to see.

"Slowly he turned over the leaves one by one, so that they could see the engravings on them very distinctly. Then addressing himself to David Whitmer he said, 'David, blessed is the Lord and he that keeps his commandments,' and immediately afterwards they heard a voice from out of

the bright light saying: 'These plates have been revealed by the power of God and have been translated by the power of God. The translation which you have seen of them is correct, and I command you to bear record of what you now see and hear.'

"Joseph then joined Martin Harris, and, uniting their faith and prayers together, he also heard and saw the same things and rejoiced exceedingly, praising God for his mercy. After this, the three witnesses drew up their testimony as they had been commanded, 'To all nations, kindred, tongues, and people.'"

"Father," said Mary, "I do not see how it will be possible for people to disbelieve this, when so many witness that God has shown them that it is true. I am anxious to know what is in the book. When will you begin to read it to us?"

"In a few days, I think; but I want to tell you, Mary, that you must not expect to see people willing to give up their old systems of religion without a desperate effort to uphold them. It always has been so, and always will be to the end of time. You know that they refused to hear Christ, and not only rejected his message, but crucified him, and persecuted those who believed on him. The Savior told them that it would be so, that the time would come when those who killed them would think they were pleasing God in doing so."

"Do you think, father, that the time will ever

come again when people will be killed because they do not believe as others do?"

"I do not know, daughter, but it would not be strange. As far as we know the history of the world, it always has been so, and men are very much the same now that they were in the past. Indeed they have already manifested great hatred toward Joseph and his followers, and have circulated all manner of falsehoods about them, even arresting them upon the most trivial charges."

Again the heart of Mrs. Clark throbbed painfully for a moment as she looked at her group of little ones, but it was only for a moment; then the calm assurance of faith came to her, and lifting up her heart to God she prayed earnestly that if the covenant into which she had entered led unto death she might have grace given her to endure to the end—even to the end—and that all her children might be gathered into the fold. She had made her choice, and for life or death, through evil as well as through good report, she would follow the Lord. Then how thankful she felt that God had given her a knowledge of the truth of what she had embraced. It was not a belief, but a knowledge. She had believed before she was baptized, but when she had been confirmed a member of the church, the Holy Ghost had descended in power, witnessing to her that she was a child of God. It was the seal of her adoption into his family, and she needed no one to assure her that

what she had obeyed was the gospel of Christ, for the witness of God was greater to her than the witness of man.

When the elders had said, "Receive thou the Holy Ghost," she had felt it come upon her, baptizing her from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet, and from that time no shadow of wavering crossed her soul, and she felt that it would never be possible for her to doubt. Never!

"To-morrow," said Mr. Clark, "is the Lord's Day, and I have invited as many of our neighbors as I could see, in so short a time, to meet with us here at ten o'clock for the purpose of holding a religious meeting. We will retire early in order that we may be up early and have everything in readiness."

The children looked inquiringly at each other, but they did not ask the question which was in their minds, "Who will preach?" Neither did their father tell them, but they soon went to bed, thinking there would be great excitement the next day, if half the wonderful things which they had heard of should be told. They knew that some of the neighbors had learned already the object of the recent visit to Kirtland, and they knew that as many as could get there would be there.

It must not be forgotten that Daniel was now several years older than when he passed that terrible night in the woods, and that he was no longer a youth, but a man in stature and in feeling, and there had come to his heart the blissful knowledge

which sooner or later knocks for admission at the heart of every boy or girl.

He knew that there was one whose smile he valued above all others, and the lightest touch of whose hand had power to thrill him with such a sense of bliss as nothing besides could do. From all others his heart singled out this one, and without measure or reservation gave to her the first, truest, and best love of his manhood.

Not a dream, not an aspiration of his soul which did not include her; and he had resolved that very soon he would ask her to be his wife, to share with him the journey of life, making its joys dearer and its cares lighter, but now his mind was troubled. He had felt that she understood the nature of his feelings and hoped that she loved him; but this was before his father had brought home this strange news. Now many a doubt arose in his mind as to how it might terminate.

He believed fully all which his father had said, and he knew that the time was very near when he would be called upon to act. Would she believe as he did, or would action upon his part build up a barrier between them? That he could ever give up the truth did not once present itself to his mind, neither did it enter his heart that he could ever resign Margery; but notwithstanding this, a vague uneasiness took possession of him, and he longed yet dreaded to see the morrow. He felt

sure that she would come, for they lived near and she and Mary were friends.

For years he had felt that he would yet be called upon to preach the gospel of Christ, and his studies had all been entered upon with direct reference to this. True, they consisted mostly of sacred and profane history (not very much towards qualifying a young man to preach in these days); but he found that Jesus was familiar with the Old Testament Scriptures, and Paul exhorted Timothy to search the Scriptures, and a doubt never entered his mind that when the time came for him to "declare the works of the Lord," the Lord would enable him to do it.

He almost wished that he had asked Margery sooner and put it beyond her power to reject him because of his religion; but no, he was glad he had not done so, for he knew that he would never have held her to the fulfillment of any promise which her heart did not fully ratify, and now he would never ask her to be his wife until he had decided fully on his future course.

The day dawned clear and bright and promised to be one of the loveliest of a late Indian summer. Rude benches had been constructed under the large forest-trees in front of the house, and as early as half past nine the people began to assemble, and by ten o'clock the audience numbered over fifty grown people, besides children of every age. As Daniel had expected, Margery was there; but

being detained in assisting his father to manage a restless team, he had not been there when she came, and he quietly seated himself at some distance from her, and found himself speculating as to who was going to preach.

He had never heard his father address an audience; but for some reason did not feel very much surprised when he arose and announced a familiar hymn, and after the singing offered up a short but fervent prayer. Then the congregation sang another hymn, after which Mr. Clark arose and read the second chapter of Acts. He told them he should confine what he had that day to say to them to a brief review of Peter's answer to those Jews who had cried out, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?"

He then went back in the history of this same apostle to the time when he had denied the Savior with cursing, trembling to acknowledge him before even a servant-maid; but here, upon the day of Pentecost, boldly and fearlessly he stands up before the assembled thousands of the Jews, gathered from every nation under heaven, and without a tremor in his voice or the slightest hesitation, charges upon them the crucifixion of Christ, and declares his resurrection by the power of God, no stammering tongue now betraying his Galilean origin, but an irresistible tide of eloquence, until pricked to their hearts, unable to bear it longer, they cry out, "What shall we do?"

Whence this great change, wonderful in its nature and effects? Searching for its cause, he called their attention to the last interview between Christ and his apostles and the strict injunction he had given them. "John," said he, "truly baptized with water, but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence. Tarry at Jerusalem; depart not, but wait for the promise of the Father. I have told you of it; told you that it was necessary for me to leave you, for if I did not the Comforter would not come. You are to be witnesses unto me in all the world, but there is another whose witness is greater, even the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of truth, therefore abide in Jerusalem until ye receive power from on high."

"Here, then," said Mr. Clark, "we obtain the key to unravel the mystery of this strange transformation. In the baptism of the Holy Ghost, then, resided this wonderful power which even the presence of the Master had failed to confer upon his disciples. Wonderful, not only in the boldness conferred, but in its convincing power. The number added to the church in one day vastly outnumbered the church previously at Jerusalem, for we read that the number of names together were about one hundred and twenty, but upon this day about three thousand were added unto them.

"Before this they had prayed to God to direct, and had then chosen by lot one to take the place of Judas in the ministry; but after this we read of no

more casting of lots in matters like this, but find the Spirit taking up the office work assigned it in the church and speaking with authority, as when they were ministering and fasting at Antioch 'The Holy Ghost said, Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them.'—Acts 13:2. And again, when they had, in obedience to this direction, sent them away, after going to various places, they would have continued their journey to Asia, but the Holy Ghost forbade their going there. (See Acts 16:6.)

"But going back and taking up again the cry of the three thousand Jews, 'Men and brethren, what shall we do?' let us hear the answer; hear it, while we bear the fact well in mind that Peter, who answers this question, was one of the number upon whom the Holy Ghost had been poured out and was therefore doubly qualified to answer it. Qualified, because he had been with Jesus during all his earthly ministry, and was one of those to whom the Master had said, 'Ye shall be witnesses unto me'; and now by the baptism of the Holy Ghost he had, as the future companion of his life journey, the Spirit which should guide into all truth, and which was the other witness to the truth of all things taught by Jesus.

"The words are not mine, neither the doctrine. Christ commanded them to teach to all men just what he had taught to them; and is there any one under the sound of my voice who believes that

Peter was disobedient to this command? 'Then Peter said unto them, Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all who are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call.'—Acts 2: 38, 39.

"Repentance, then, was required of them as the first requisite after faith. They had shown their faith in God when they cried out, 'What shall we do?' and the question evidently implied, 'What must we do if we would be saved?' But further than this there was a command, and the object of the command was most distinctly stated, 'Be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins,' and then follows a promise, positive, unconditional, broad, deep, and far-reaching as the gospel itself: 'Ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost,' because Christ has promised it, and to-day God has ratified the promise of his Son.

"Turn with me to John 7: 17, and we hear Jesus saying, 'If any man will do his will, (that is, the Father's will,) he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself.' Peter in very few words told them the will of the Father, and finished by saying, 'Ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost.'

"I see here to-day many of my friends who, I

know, belong to different churches, and I want to ask them how it was with them in the years gone by when they inquired of their preachers the same thing; put to them the same question asked by these alarmed and convicted Jews on the day of Pentecost, 'What shall I do to be saved?' I remember how it was with me, and I doubt not my own experience is similar to yours.

"I was told to come forward, and they would pray to God to convert my soul; and when I could give sufficient evidence of being converted, then, if I had not been baptized in infancy, they would baptize me and the church would receive me as a member. But Peter had not so learned Christ. The will of the Father was that they should believe on the Son whom he had sent, and having believed on Jesus, they should be baptized in his name, not as a form or a sign, but for a specific purpose; namely, the remission of their sins, and then they had a promise.

"Before this they had no promise whatever, and the apostle tells us elsewhere that the 'Spirit of God dwelleth not in unholy temples.' If there remains any doubt in regard to this matter, let us go on a little farther with Saul (or Paul) in his journey upon which he had been sent by the Holy Ghost, and we overtake him while he is sojourning at Ephesus.

"Here he finds disciples—'certain disciples,' the narrative calls them, but it is evident that they

believed themselves to be disciples of Jesus. Paul asks of them a very plain, straightforward question, 'Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?' They answer in astonishment, 'We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost.'

"It is Paul's turn now to be astonished, and he quickly asks, 'Unto what then were ye baptized?' They answer, 'Unto John's baptism.' 'Some mistake here,' reasons Paul, 'John verily baptized with the baptism of repentance, saying unto the people, that they should believe on him which should come after him'; and it is recorded of John that he told the people, 'He is mightier than I . . . he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire.' What was the result of this brief dialogue with Paul? 'When they heard this, they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus.'

"Thank God, the record does not close here, for we need all the way-marks we can find to point us to the straight and narrow way which leads to life everlasting. Jesus said of this way, 'Few there be that find it'; and, my friends, when we consider how this way has been hedged up by the teachers men have heaped to themselves, how they have taught their own commandments instead of the pure gospel of the Son of God; when we consider this, I say, it is not, or should not be surprising to us that it became necessary for God to restore the gospel to the earth by the hands of an angel.

"But let us go back to Paul, and see what transpired after he had baptized the disciples he found at Ephesus. The record says, 'And when Paul had laid his hands upon them, the Holy Ghost came upon them; and they spake with tongues and prophesied.' Think you that after this Paul would have found it necessary to ask them, 'Have ye received the Holy Ghost?' Paul had not been with the apostles when Jesus said to them, 'These signs shall follow them that believe,' but he tells us that Jesus was his teacher.

"Man had not taught him the gospel, and, dear friends, let us bear this one thing in mind, when Christ teaches, perfect harmony will always be found. He will not declare to the messenger he sends to-day, that which he will to-morrow send another to take back, for he himself came from God, who changes not. He was with the Father when the plan of human redemption was framed; and that redemption is in the gospel which was preached in the beginning, as well as in these latter days, and to which 'the law' was afterwards added because of transgression.

"But let us call your attention to another part of God's word as proof of the way in which Christ intended his gospel should be confirmed to those who obeyed it. This takes us back to the time when Paul was himself a bitter enemy of the church. Indeed he was foremost among those who were persecuting the Saints, and most active

in haling men and women and casting them into prison; and because of the fierceness of those wicked persecutors, the saints were scattered everywhere.

"Among them was one, Philip by name, who went down to Samaria and preached Christ to the people, and many of them believed and were baptized by him. When news of this came to Jerusalem they sent Peter and John; and the record says, 'When they were come down, [they] prayed for them, that they might receive the Holy Ghost: (for as yet he was fallen upon none of them: only they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus). Then laid they their hands on them; and they received the Holy Ghost.'—Acts 8: 15–17.

"This again we see is not in harmony with what is taught by teachers sent of men, having only the authority which man can confer; but Peter assured those who mocked upon the day of Pentecost, that Jesus, having received of the Father what he had promised, even the Holy Ghost, had shed forth what they saw and heard."

Mr. Clark then proceeded: "I come to you to-day with this same gospel, alike in its origin, its ordinances, and its promises; come to tell you that the Lord has restored again to earth, by the hand of an angel, the authority of his priesthood, or the right to administer in all the ordinances of the gospel, and not only to offer it upon the same terms, but with the same promise associated, that

if any man or woman will do the will of the Father, he shall know of the doctrine, 'whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself.'

"It is a thing unknown in the history of the past that ever a deceiver called upon God to witness to the truth of his words and received an answer to his call confirming that which was spoken. But it is not a thing unknown that the Father promised the Son to confirm his gospel by signs, neither are these signs of an indefinite character, as you will see by reading the last verses of the last chapter of Mark. Jesus there says to his disciples, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned. And these signs shall follow them that believe; in my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.'

"This was just before Jesus was received up into heaven, it was his parting command to those who had been with him, and the promise was not only to them, but to those who should believe the gospel; and Mark adds further, that 'they went forth, and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them, and confirming the word with signs following.'

"Jesus commanded them to teach the people to

observe all things whatsoever he had commanded them, and he would be with them to the end of the world. I come now to ask of you, my friends, if you have ever heard this gospel presented to you, the gospel which Paul declares came unto the Saints in that day not 'in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance.' Many of you have asked the way of life and salvation; have any of you ever been answered as Peter answered the three thousand upon the day of Pentecost? If you have not, would it not be well to inquire the reason? Has the gospel been changed, or have we been hearing that which is not the gospel? Paul pronounced a curse upon man or angel who should preach any other, and declared there was no other. If, then, there is no other, why this change?

"In writing to the church at Corinth, Paul speaks at length upon the spiritual gifts, and assures them that 'no man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost.' He understood very well that it was the Holy Spirit which was to bear witness of Christ. The apostles were his witnesses also, but the witness of the Holy Spirit was greater than theirs, because one was human testimony, the other divine; but while the Holy Spirit was to bear witness to men that Jesus was the Son of God and that the doctrine he taught was the truth of God, it was at the same time to confer certain gifts upon the church, and Paul is

laboring to instruct the Corinthian church that they may be able to understand these things, and tells them that a manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man, but that these are not all alike. To one is given the word of wisdom, to another the word of knowledge, to another faith, to another the gifts of healing, to another working of miracles, to another prophecy, to another discerning of spirits, to another divers kinds of tongues, to another the interpretation of tongues, but no matter what one of these gifts the follower of Christ may possess, it is bestowed by the same Spirit. (See 1 Corinthians 12: 7–11.)

"I see before me some of my friends who are Methodist, and as I was a Methodist for years, I find myself wondering if their experience corresponds to my own. I often inquired why it was that gifts of the Spirit were not now in the church, and I would receive for answer, 'They were only given to establish the church, and not being needed any longer, God had removed them.' This, however, did not satisfy me, and I never read of the wonderful works, done by the early followers of Christ, without believing in my soul that they were intended to be in the church to the end of the world.

"Reading in a volume of Wesley's sermons, I one day, to my astonishment, came across this passage: 'It does not appear that these extraordinary gifts of the Holy Ghost were common in the church for

more than two or three centuries; we seldom hear of them after that fatal period when the emperor Constantine called himself a Christian; and from a vain imagination of promoting the Christian cause thereby, heaped riches, honor, and power upon the Christians in general, but in particular upon the clergy.

"'From this time they almost totally ceased, very few instances of the kind being found. The cause of this was not, as has been vulgarly supposed, because there was no more occasion for them, by reason of all the world becoming Christian, for this is a miserable mistake, as not one twentieth part was at that time even nominally Christian. The real cause was that "The love of many waxed cold," and the Christians had no more of the Spirit than the heathen.

"'The Son of Man, when he came to examine his church, could hardly "find faith on the earth." This was the real cause why the gifts of the Holy Spirit were no longer to be found in the Christian church; because the Christians were turned heathen again and had only a dead form left.'

"After reading this, another thought troubled me. If God had called Wesley to organize his church and preach his gospel, why did he not say to him as he said to his disciples, 'These signs shall follow them that believe'; especially, why did he not confirm his work as he confirmed theirs? Wesley was a great and a good man, and he did a

grand work in his day; but I tell you, my friends, he was not able to restore the gospel. The power and authority had been taken from the earth, and if ever it should be upon the earth again, one would have to be sent from heaven to restore it.

"Reading still further, we come to his sermon upon the signs of the times: 'The times that we have reason to believe are at hand, if they are not already begun, are what many pious men have termed the time of the latter-day glory; meaning the time wherein God would gloriously display his power and grace in the fulfillment of the promise that "the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea." The generality of Christians can see no signs of the glorious day that is approaching; yet how is this to be accounted for? How is it that men who can now discern the hue of the sky, who are not only great philosophers but great divines, as eminent as ever the Saducees or Pharisees were, do not discern the signs of the glorious times which, if not begun, are nigh—even at the door? . . . And yet the wise men of the world, men of learning and renown, can not understand what we mean by talking extraordinarily of God. They can not discern the signs of these times. They see no signs at all of God's arising to maintain his own cause and set up his kingdom over all the earth. . . . What could God have done that he has not done to convince you that the day is coming, that the time is at

hand, when he will fulfill his glorious promise, and will arise to maintain his own cause and set up his kingdom?'

"From this it will be plainly seen that Wesley did not regard himself as being called of God to establish Christ's kingdom, but he looked forward to the time when God would establish it; and, doubtless, if we had a fuller expression of his views, he knew that when God should do this, there would be a restoration to the earth of the power of the gospel. From the time of my reading this, I have been looking for God to arise and maintain his own cause; and I thank God he has at last done this; and to-day I stand before you to declare in your hearing the wonderful things which have lately come to pass in our midst."

Then Mr. Clark proceeded to give a brief account of the history of the Book of Mormon and of the work God had set his hand to do in the latter days, and concluded by extending to any who might wish, the privilege of being adopted into the household and kingdom of God upon the same terms offered by Peter upon the day of Pentecost; and as it is not our purpose to lengthen this part of our story, we will just say that the services were continued from time to time, and in a few weeks a branch of seventy-five members was organized, and the gifts and blessings of the gospel were with them in power.

CHAPTER IX

MARGERY

She hath a natural, wise sincerity,
A simple truthfulness, and these have lent her
A dignity as moveless as the center;
So that no influence of earth can stir
Her steadfast courage, nor can take away
The holy peacefulness, which, night and day,
Unto her queenly soul doth minister.

—*J. R. Lowell.*

ONE of the most attentive listeners that day to the sermon of Mr. Clark had been his son, Daniel, and long before his father closed, his mind was fully made up that if God would accept him, he would preach his gospel. New light dawned upon his soul and a burning zeal took possession of him to be numbered with those who should bear these glad tidings abroad to the world.

Once or twice he glanced where Margery was sitting, anxious to see if he could judge the effect it was having upon her, but save an earnest attention to the speaker, he could discover nothing to indicate the workings of her mind; but knowing that she was truthfulness itself, he knew that she would tell him frankly what she thought of it, and

his heart offered one earnest prayer to God that the power of his Holy Spirit might convince her heart.

When the meeting was dismissed the people gathered in groups to talk over the strange things they had heard. Many questions were asked and answered, and Mr. Clark was solicited to give out other appointments, which he did.

Margery had gone in with Mary and both were busy preparing dinner, for some of their friends were going to stay with them until evening, and Daniel had no chance to speak with her privately until she started for home, when, saddling his own horse, he prepared to accompany her.

For some time they rode silently along the shady road, each absorbed in his own thoughts; then Margery called his attention to the beauty of the woods, robed in the varied tints of autumn. "But, after all, it is only the preparation nature is making for their decay and death," said she; "even now they are falling, and the ground is strewn with them like a carpet. How beautiful they were in the early springtime, and how eagerly we watched their budding, so tired we were of seeing the leafless branches where neither fruit nor flower was growing. I am always glad when the spring comes back, but the autumn days make me sad."

"We must look beyond them for the return of the gladness nature is even now at work in her

storehouse to create for us," said Daniel. "See those rich clusters of goldenrod among the purple and white asters. One knows not which to admire most, the early flowers of spring, or autumn's richer treasures. The works of God are all perfect, and even the decay which we deplore, causes us to look forward to the renewal we know will surely spring from it, with a zest we never should know, if it were always with us in its beauty. I always loved my home; but its light never shone for me with a halo so soft, its voices were never so dear to me and its sheltering care never so grateful as it has been since I once faced a terrible death, through the long and lonely hours of a night never to be forgotten."

"When was that?" asked Margery, with a scarcely perceptible tremor in her voice.

"It was years ago, before we came here."

"Is the story too long to tell?"

"Oh no, not if you would care to hear it."

"Tell it to me then, for the evening is so fine I feel like lingering by the way."

So while their horses walked slowly along he told her the scrap of history with which our readers are already familiar; told her all even as he had told his mother, and then said, "Margery, for more than a year I have known that you were more to me than any one upon the earth. I love you without any reservation of heart or soul, and I would gladly make you my wife; but before I win

a word from you in answer, a word which would in any way commit your future to be affected by mine, I must tell you that I know my lot will be cast in with the people of God, and if God is willing to accept me, I shall offer myself as one of his servants to carry this gospel to the ends of the earth.

"I now feel that the Lord sent the message to me, when my life was preserved by the presence of his angels, and I feel sure that it will soon be made known to me. I do not know, but I intuitively feel that the life of an elder's wife will be one of sacrifice from first to last; but if your faith was strong, if you knew that it was a cross, taken up daily through love of God and in his service, I feel that I know you well enough to know that you would take it up with a light heart and a firm hand.

"I will not ask you to answer me now, for all this must be new to you, and as it is a question which will affect our lives for all time, if not for eternity, it ought to receive your most careful attention. I will not even ask you if my love is returned, but leave you free to reject my suit upon any grounds, for that is your privilege; and your happiness is more to me than my own. It will be to you like the choice of Ruth; for I know that this people are to be a peculiar people, and it may be that the time will come when life itself will be demanded of those who will not deny the truth."

"Why do you think this, Daniel?"

There was in the tone of Margery's voice, as she asked the question, a subtle tenderness which made the heart of Daniel throb more quickly; and he remembered that in all their former acquaintance she had never called him Daniel before; but he steadied his voice as he replied to her question, though one swift glance at her slightly averted face betrayed the joy he felt; and though Margery did not lift her eyes, she felt the glance, and trembled even after it was withdrawn.

"I think it," he replied, "because it always has been so. Joseph Smith is a prophet and he has been sent to declare repentance to all people alike, to say to saint and sinner that none are accepted before God. Stephen, in talking to the Jews just before they stoned him, told them that they were doing just what their fathers had always done, and that was resisting the Holy Ghost.

"Jesus told them that if one should come in his own name they would receive him; but, because he had come in his Father's name, they rejected him. Do you not see that there is the same difference between Joseph Smith and all who have gone before? Luther, Calvin, the Wesleys, and a host of others who from time to time have undertaken reforms in the church and in the world, have never claimed to have any direct revelation from God, but have only contended against the wickedness of the church and people, as men

imbued with a deep sense of justice and love of God.

"Not so, however, with Joseph Smith. The very first claim which he puts forth is to being called of God and commissioned with authority from heaven. Not only this, but he is commanded to tell the world that God acknowledges none of their creeds, but that all their systems of religion are abominable in his sight; not to say that their works of justice and mercy are not acceptable, but that their creeds of religion are hateful to him, for they are not the gospel he sent his Son to deliver, which is the power of God unto salvation, and in which the righteousness of God is revealed.

"Think for a moment of the righteousness of God being manifested by his choosing some to be eternally saved and others to be eternally damned; not because he foreknew that one would believe on his Son and so have eternal life, while the other would not believe and so come under condemnation, but just because having all power, it pleased him to make one to be saved and the other to be damned. Yet this, you know, is the creed of more than one church.

"Is it any wonder that God is weary of being so misrepresented? Jesus said the 'truth should make us free,' and it is this truth, which is finally to banish from the earth such abominable doctrines as this, that men will (strange as it may seem) hate and contend against."

"You may be right, but it seems to me so strange that such things can be reconciled with love. It was love which led God to send his Son into the world, but what love is there in that, or what nature could God be possessed of to take pleasure in such things? Why not hope and believe that the time of which Wesley spoke has come, 'when God will arise to maintain his own cause and set up his kingdom?' "

"That time has indeed come, but the powers of hell will engage in a desperate struggle to defeat it, and the contest may be long and bitter. I learn from my father that some are already making preparation to go to the West, and it is my intention to go to Kirtland very soon and learn if I am needed. But you have not told me yet how you were pleased with what you heard this morning."

"Perhaps because you have not asked me. I do not know whether it is necessary for anything to please us or not; if it is the truth, it ought to be enough for us to know that it is so, and I think no one could doubt the perfect agreement of what your father said with the word of God. I shall search the Bible more diligently than I have done in the past, and will attend the meetings for further instruction; and if I be convinced of the truth, believe me, nothing will prevent my obeying it."

"I can not tell you what pleasure it gives me to hear you say this, for I believe that you will be led

by the power of God's Spirit; and when the time comes that you shall have decided this, then may I come to you for an answer in regard to myself?"

"If I unite with your church, I will be your wife, if you still wish it, for I have long known that I love you; but unless I can believe as you believe and know for myself that I am right, I will never marry you, for I would not hinder you from what your heart is set upon doing; neither could I, without faith in the work, take upon myself a responsibility so grave, and one which, like yourself, I feel will demand not only courage, but abiding faith in God."

"Margery, you will yet be my wife, then," said Daniel; "for I know that God will lead you into his truth. He will confirm it to you, and we will rejoice in it together."

"I trust we may, Daniel," said Margery, and then there fell a silence between them, as their hearts were too full of joy to admit of talking longer upon topics foreign to this; and the one shadow of uncertainty resting upon the future, the possibility that she might not believe as he believed, sealed their lips from speaking of the future as "ours."

The sun was low in the horizon and the shadows were long upon the grass. The birds were not singing gaily as in the morning, but in low, chirping notes, or little, twittering songs, as though hushing their nestlings to rest, being themselves

tired with the songs of the day, and glad of the coming night when they might rest from song. The hush of approaching evening lay like a benediction upon all nature, and nothing disturbed the Sabbath stillness of the woods. The feet of their horses fell softly among the leaves which strewed the road, and the rustling sound was like the murmur of the wind among them; the quiet peace of Nature entered their hearts; and, for a time, they asked no questions of present or future. It was enough for each to feel the other's presence and know himself beloved.

At her father's gate Daniel bade Margery goodbye, asking the privilege of coming for her on the next Sabbath; and then, mounting his horse, was soon far on the road home. Margery stood for some time leaning upon the gate, listening to the sound of his horse's feet, and then turning to the house she went quickly in; and after sending her brother to care for the horse, changed her dress, and busied herself in preparations for supper.

Margery Boyd was the oldest of her father's family. They had become acquainted with Mr. Clark's family shortly after the latter came to the neighborhood, and a constant, friendly intercourse had been maintained between them. They had been at the meeting to-day, and Margery thought that her father had been pleased with what he had heard, but of her mother's opinion she dared not guess. They had stopped at a neighbor's on the

way, but would soon be home now, and she hastened that the evening meal might be waiting when they came. Like Mary Clark, she had been brought up to assist her mother in the care of the family, and no part of housekeeping was any mystery to her.

Our little friends must remember that in those days the good housewife not only fashioned and made the various garments needed by her household, but spun and wove the cloth from which the garments were made.

Could any of the fashionable girls of our day have looked in upon Margery that evening, they might have envied the snow-white apron worn over the neat, plaid dress, the smooth, brown curls tied back from her forehead and fastened with a knot of blue ribbon; but if not these, they surely would the rosy cheeks, bright but thoughtful eyes, and the buoyant tread which spoken of health, contentment, and a happy heart.

Everything which she touched seemed to be transformed by her deft fingers from the ordinary thing of every-day use to a thing of beauty which should be a joy for ever. The snowy cloth which covered the table was the work of her own hands, as was the yellow butter, the crisp, white loaf, and the golden-brown pumpkin pie, placed ready for the frugal supper. Cake and tea were luxuries reserved for rare occasions; but with cool water from the spring near by and rich, sweet milk, espe-

cially with appetites sharpened by healthful labor, they were never missed.

The last touch was given to the table, and then Margery went to the window to see if her father was coming. The carriage was not in sight and she sat down to wait. Folding her small, brown hands in her lap, she soon fell into a deep reverie over the events of the past two weeks.

Mary Clark had told her more in regard to her father's visit to Kirtland and his own experience before going there than he had made public that day; and being naturally quiet and thoughtful, she was now reflecting upon it and trying to analyze her own feelings, to know if her preference for Daniel was not blinding her eyes, and leading her to believe things which in themselves were improbable. Her father and mother were members of the Methodist Church, and she had been brought up a Methodist.

"I was baptized when I was a baby," she said, "and it was not possible for me to believe then, neither to repent. Mary says that they do not baptize children until they are old enough to be instructed and know what they are being baptized for, but the elders of the church take them in their arms and bless them as Christ did when his disciples wanted him to send them away because they were troublesome. I remember, when reading the Bible last winter, I often wondered why it was that the angels never come to the earth now

as they so often did in those days. Why it really seemed lonesome to me to think of so many hundreds of years going by without a single messenger or message from the land where Jesus has gone to dwell with his Father.

"It has been so long that one could almost doubt whether they were remembered or not. How real it makes the word of God seem, to believe as they do that Jesus promised to give to every one who obeyed him a testimony, a witness for himself, that the doctrine he taught them was just what God sent him to teach.

"I never thought before about the promise Christ made to his disciples, that by certain works which he gave them power to do, they should be distinguished from all others. I wonder that the world has ever believed those to be his disciples who deny the need of such things. If there had been no need of them, why did God give them? I wonder what father will say about Wesley's views. How strange that Wesley did not ask God to give the 'spiritual gifts' to his church. If they are a part of the church of Christ, can the church be his without them?

"The church is compared to a body, and these different gifts to the different members of the body; and Paul says that when one member of the body suffers, all the others suffer with it. I can see now how the church of Christ must have suffered as, one after another, these different mem-

bers or gifts were taken from it; and when it turned heathen, of course it was no longer the church of Christ, but a heathen church. Daniel says that wicked men wore out the church by their persecutions, and God took from those who pretended to be his followers all authority or power to act for him, and that the Father himself, in a vision, told Joseph Smith that what they taught was an abomination in his sight.

"I wish I had a Book of Mormon, but they have only one at Mr. Clark's. Daniel is going to bring more when he goes to Kirtland, and then perhaps father will get one. Mary says an angel brought the plates and showed them to three men when they were in the woods praying that God would fulfill the promise he had made. Surely God is able to let me know whether this be true or not, and I will seek to know for myself. Faith in God and his Son and the gospel is required. I believe all this. Repentance for sin and forsaking it is next, and baptism for the remission of it comes before I have any promise of the Holy Ghost, which is to confirm the truth of all I believe. I wonder if Mr. Clark has a right to baptize? I will ask Mary the next time I go there; and now there is father, and I shall soon know how they feel about this strange thing, for despite all I can think about it, it is strange."

CHAPTER X

QUESTIONS

If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O, teach my heart
To find that better way!

—Alexander Pope.

MARGERY'S father did not come immediately to the house, but going to the barn, attended to putting up his team, and when he came in, he appeared to be absorbed in his own thoughts so deeply that little was said concerning the events of the day; and her parents remaining silent, Margery's thoughts became absorbed in her own affairs, and most of the conversation was left to the younger members of the family; consequently the subject upon which she most anxiously desired an expression of opinion was not broached, and after the evening meal was cleared away she retired to her own room, wishing to be alone with her thoughts.

Once there, she reviewed carefully the subject of the morning's sermon, and taking her Bible, sat down to read. Turning to the sixteenth chapter of Mark, she read it very slowly, between long pauses of thought, from the beginning to the end.

Her heart was deeply touched as there rose before her mental vision the picture of the weeping women, as, in the dim light of that first-day morning, they hastened to the sepulcher, bearing sweet spices to embalm the body of Jesus. Long before the sun had risen, they had started upon their lonely way, and when his beams first fell upon the hillside, they were standing in front of the sepulcher, questioning with themselves, "Who shall roll us away the stone from the door?"

Margery found herself in thought standing beside the women in the garden beneath the bending olive-trees, upon the topmost branches of which the rays of sunlight were resting, but penetrating scarcely half the distance to the dense shade in front of the tomb. "Whom do they seek?" was the mental question that rose in her mind.

"A man who lately was crucified by the Romans, upon a cross, between two thieves," was the answer.

"Who was this man, and why did these women love him so?"

"He was a malefactor, an impostor, condemned to death by Pilate the governor; but this rich man, being a friend of his, brought his body, and, after wrapping it in clean linen, laid it in his own new tomb. In life they knew him, and love is stronger than death."

"But what is this; what means that open sepul-

cher? Do you see the women entering in? And now they come forth quickly, and, trembling in every limb, hasten from the garden. What have they seen, and whither do they flee so swiftly?"

"It is known that this impostor told his followers that he would rise from the dead, therefore the Jews demanded from the governor to set a guard over the tomb, and he gave them a band of soldiers, and sealed the rock in front of the tomb with his own seal; but, during the night, these soldiers slept, and while they slept, his disciples came and stole his body. They made haste away with it, for death is the penalty of what they have done, as no one can with impunity break the governor's seal.

"But these women say they have seen two angels sitting upon the stone, who bade them hasten to his disciples and tell them that this man has risen. Of course this is a delusion, but they believe their fancy to be a reality, and for this cause they are hastening away, poor dupes of an impostor and a deluded fancy!"

Thus spake the voice of Infidelity and Doubt to the heart of Margery, and she shuddered as the cold, calculating thoughts entered her mind. "What if this should be true?" she questioned. "It is believed unto this day by the Jews, and may it not be true? What, indeed, if Christ be not risen? 'Then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain; you are yet in your sins.' "

But Infidelity vanished, and Faith stood by her side, and this was the soul-inspiring answer she brought: " 'But the angels said unto them, Be not affrighted; ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, who was crucified; he is risen, he is not here; behold the place where they laid him, and go your way; tell his disciples and Peter, that he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall you see him as he said unto you.' See them enter the sepulcher, and mark how they gaze upon the place where Jesus had lain. They find him not; and now their feet are winged with joy, and they hasten to his disciples with their message; for they know they shall see him. He told them that he would go before them into Galilee; he never deceived them, and they know they shall see him there, and hail him as their King, their Redeemer."

"If he was indeed Christ, how could they ever have doubted?" said the Tempter.

"But his disciples did doubt, and they believed not the women," said Faith. "Afterward he appeared unto two others, and when they told it unto the rest, they would not believe, and did not believe until he appeared unto them."

"I do not wonder," thought Margery, "that Jesus upbraided them with their hardness of heart and unbelief; and yet, had he not promised them when he spake unto the women and sent word for them to go into Galilee saying, 'There shall they see me'? Certainly he had, and therefore they expected it,

and had a right to look for its fulfillment; but because of this they ought not to have doubted the witness of those who had seen him. This truly was unbelief, and deprived them of much comfort."

But all thought of the perplexity and unbelief of the disciples vanished from Margery's mind as her whole attention became absorbed with the similar condition in which she found herself: "I have but the testimony of others to the truth of these strange things. This record, this sacred book which I hold in my hand, was written by men long since dead, men whom I never saw, and how can I know of a certainty that there is no mistake about it?

"They did not believe the women, neither the two who first saw Jesus. Can they then enter into judgment with me, and condemn me because I do do not believe them? What was it Mr. Clark said about the witness of God being greater than the witness of men? The disciples who knew Jesus, who saw him die on the cross, and knew that his dead body was laid away in the sepulcher, never could doubt the fact of his being alive, his resurrection from the dead, after they saw him and talked with him, therefore it was not only good for them to see him, but it was good also for the generations unborn. Was it enough? It was not enough for them to depend upon the testimony of others; is it enough for me?

"Perhaps such thoughts never would have come into my mind," she added, rather impatiently, "if I had not heard Mr. Clark this morning; but then I surely ought not to blame any one for presenting to the consideration of others that which is contained in God's word.

"This Bible which I hold in my hand is the same book that I have used from childhood, and here, even in this chapter, is the authorized message of life and salvation to man, 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be condemned.' Yes," she added, as the color rose in her cheeks, "there is here also a promise for me, even as he promised the disciples that they should see him, and this promise is: 'These signs shall follow them that believe;' and St. Mark says that the Lord worked with them, confirming the word with signs following. 'Confirming it with signs,'" she repeated slowly: "this word which Jesus calls the gospel, and which the angels declare was 'peace on earth, good will to men'; this message which the risen Savior sent them to declare, he promised should be accompanied, or followed, by signs, and it was the believer in the gospel whom these signs were to follow, or be with. Do I believe that gospel? I fear I do not even know what the gospel is—do not know what I am to believe. Truly there is need that I search the Scriptures, and from this day I am resolved that I will.

"When the risen Redeemer appeared unto Thomas, and held forth his wounded hands, and took the hand of the doubting one and put it in his side, immediately he called out to him, 'My Lord and my God!' It may not be in this way that I shall be convinced, but in his own way he will convince me; and I am resolved that I will seek this knowledge of him, and him only."

With these thoughts she closed the book, and kneeling by the bedside, offered her evening prayer, asking for guidance and light, that she might be led into truth and saved from error. When she arose the stars were shining in the heavens, and through her window came the hum of insect life, and mingling with this, the notes of the whip-poor-will sounded from a branch bending close above; but she started as the sharp, low howl of a wolf from a neighboring thicket came borne upon the breeze.

Then there came over her the memory of what Daniel had that day told her, and she knew why this matter was one of paramount interest to her, for her heart told her that her future happiness, both for time and eternity, was at stake, and dependent upon the way in which she answered it. From the first she had intuitively known that unless her faith assimilated to his, she could never be his wife. There was that in her earnest nature which responded to the earnestness of his, and she knew that it was only a matter of conviction upon

her part and she would be as earnest, as zealous in the faith as he himself was; but, strange anomaly! strange contradiction of human nature, and one hard to understand! she resolved to contend the more earnestly against this conviction, and not to yield an inch of ground until certain that she was yielding to the convictions of conscience, and not to the persuasions of love.

If the words of Ruth were ever spoken by her, they would but echo the conviction that his God was the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, that his people were a chosen people of the lowly Jesus, and a people who could say with Job, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

It is not our intention at this time to follow the mental struggle of Margery in her effort to arrive at a solution of the problem presented to her mind; but, having glanced at the commencement of the struggle, we leave her alone to battle with her own heart, and the opposition met with from her parents, whose silence upon that evening she rightly conjectured did not have its origin in acquiescence or indifference. The fact of her having refrained from inquiring what the opinion of her parents was, led them to suspect that hers was favorable, and intrenched them more closely in their previous silence.

They had long guessed that Daniel had a preference for Margery, but had no clue to guide them with reference to her feelings. That she was

warmly attached to Mary they knew; but they had not the slightest idea in what light she regarded him. As the future chapters of our story will lead us away from these quiet forest scenes, and will constrain us to follow the events of Daniel's life in rapid transition, our readers will pardon us for lingering to delineate the scenes recorded in the next chapters before bidding them farewell for ever. It will be as the quiet sunset which precedes a night of tempest and storm.

It is related of Epictetus, the great heathen philosopher, whose own life is said to have been an example of moderation and other virtues, that he again and again reminded his disciples, "that we might have many, if not all, the advantages the world has, if we were willing to pay the price by which they are obtained. But if that price be a mean or wicked one, and if we should have to scorn ourselves, were we ever induced to pay it, then we must not cast one longing look of regret towards things which can only be got by that which we deliberately refuse to give."

"Every good and just man," says Archdeacon Farrar, "may gain, if not happiness, then something higher than happiness. Let no one regard this as a mere phrase, for it is capable of a most distinct and definite meaning. There are certain things which all men desire, and which all men would gladly, if they could lawfully and innocently, obtain. These things are health, wealth,

ease, comfort, influence, honor, freedom from opposition and pain; and yet if you were to place all these blessings on one side, and on the other side to place poverty and disease and trouble and contempt, yet, if on this side also you were to place truth and justice and a sense that however densely the clouds may gather about our life, the light of God will be visible beyond them, all the noblest men who ever lived would choose, as without hesitation they always have chosen, the latter destiny.

"It is not that any like failure, but they prefer failure to falsity; it is not that they love persecution, but they prefer persecution to meanness; it is not that they relish opposition, but they welcome opposition, rather than guilty acquiescence; it is not that they do not shrink from agony, but they would not escape agony by crime. The selfishness of Dives in his purple is to them less enviable than the innocence of Lazarus in rags. They would be chained with John in prison rather than loll with Herod at the feast; they would fight the wild beast with Paul in the arena, rather than be steeped in the foul luxury of Nero on the throne. It is not happiness, but it is something higher than happiness; it is stillness, it is assurance, it is satisfaction, it is peace; the world can neither understand it, nor give it, nor take it away—it is indescribable —it is the gift of God."

We earnestly trust our young friends who have

followed the fortunes of Daniel, will read with attentive care the above paragraph; for we wish to impress upon the minds of our young readers that happiness is not the chief good, neither the highest aim to be striven for by man; and in a false estimate of the importance which should be attached thereto, lies one of the most objectionable features of modern fiction in general. In it the good are always rewarded and happy, while the bad are always punished and miserable. This is true as a finale, but the finale is not always reached in this life. It is true as a fact, but not when measured by the false standard raised for our approval. Truth, honor, and virtue are their own reward; but truth often goes clothed in rags, while falsehood rides in a chariot; honor sits in sackcloth and ashes, while villainy wears the purple robe of kings; virtue begs for a crust to sustain life, while vice riots in wanton luxury and fares sumptuously every day. Can you afford to buy the chariot and trappings of falsehood, by giving truth in exchange? Can you afford to barter honor for the purple robes of villainy; or would you exchange the crust eaten by virtue, for the sumptuous fare of vice? Never! never! Let your highest aspirations be for the right; let your strong right arm be palsied rather than that it should ever be lifted in defense of wrong, and let your tongue cleave to the roof of your mouth rather than be smeared by the vile slime of falsehood!

If our story lead you through tempest and storm; if it present to you scenes of suffering and sorrow endured for the truth's sake, let it make that truth more precious to your soul; and let it cause you to resolve anew to love and cherish the gospel of Jesus Christ, to manifest in your own life its pure and life-giving power, and to be faithful unto God even if it lead you into the valley and the shadow of death. The Christian is doubly rewarded; for he has, every day, every hour of his life, that which is dearer than life, the peace which comes from a conscience void of offense, and, when faithful unto the end, life everlasting, "an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away."

CHAPTER XI

WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT?

In having all things and not thee, what have I?
Not having thee, what have my labors got?
Let me enjoy but thee, what further crave I?
And having thee alone, what have I not?
I wish not sea nor land; nor would I be
Possessed of heaven, heaven unpossessed by thee.

—*Francis Quarles.*

What is eloquence but truth in earnest?

—*Cuyler.*

WE MENTIONED in a previous chapter that Mr. Clark gave out an appointment for the following Sabbath; and when Daniel rode over to accompany Margery to the meeting, he told her that his father intended to extend an invitation to any who might wish to unite with the church to come forward and present themselves for baptism, and added that it was his intention to be baptized.

Margery made no immediate reply to this, but the color wavered in her cheeks, and her heart gave a quick bound as if beating against the walls of its imprisonment; for she longed to cry out: "Why should you do this? Why place this barrier between us?" But she controlled her emotion by a powerful effort, and, steadying her voice, said:

"I did not expect that you would act so soon; but then I am forgetting that this matter is not new to you as it is to me."

"True it is not, and I have great reason to be thankful for the manner in which God has led me, and for the light he has given me in regard to his gospel. I have made my arrangements to start for Kirtland to-morrow, and I earnestly trust that long before my return your mind will be fully made up with reference to the truth of this work; and when it is, I am sure you will not hesitate to covenant with God, as I expect to covenant to-day."

"The hour which witnesses my conviction of the truth of the work will find me ready to become obedient to all its requirements," said Margery; "but are you not starting for Kirtland sooner than you expected?"

"Yes, by a few days; but there is a friend of mine going to start to-morrow, and I prefer going in his company to traveling alone."

"How long will you remain?"

"That will depend upon circumstances. I am going with the intention of offering myself to the church; and if God so directs that the offering be accepted, then I am no longer my own master, but the servant of Christ and his church."

"Do you mean that without any preparation for such a work, you will enter at once upon the ministry?"

"Not without preparation, but I trust I shall have the same preparation which was given Paul. In writing to the Galatian saints with relation to his conversation, he says: 'When it pleased God, who separated me from my mother's womb and called me by his grace, to reveal his Son in me, that I might preach him among the heathen, immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood.' Luke, in giving an account of the same thing, says: 'And straightway he preached Christ in the synagogue, that he is the Son of God.' No wonder there was amazement when the Jews heard him."

"But was not Paul's case exceptional?"

"Not so much as the others whose history is recorded in the New Testament. Paul had been trained for a religious teacher; but Christ chose fishermen and publicans, and sent them out to preach. I would never dare go in my own strength; but if he calls me, he will give me his Spirit to teach me, and he promises that it shall guide into all truth."

"We have been told that Paul was taught in Arabia, before he went up to Damascus."

"Doubtless he was, but not by man; for upon this point he speaks very plainly: 'I certify you, brethren, that the gospel which was preached of me is not after man, for I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it but by the revelation of Jesus Christ.' This declaration is so positive

that all controversy upon that point should be for ever silenced."

"I find many prejudices lying in my way, and many doubtful questionings, arising constantly," said Margery; "but I believe that I love truth well enough to seek for it, and embrace it, if I find it. Father will be at the meeting to-day, but I do not think he regards what he has heard with favor: although he has expressed no definite opinion to me, he has warned me to be careful and not to be deceived. I do not think he objected so much to the doctrine, as to the Book of Mormon and the idea of a prophet."

"I am not surprised at this, for it always has been so. There seems to be a strange antipathy in the minds of most men towards living prophets. You remember Jesus told the Jews that their fathers killed the prophets whose sepulchers they themselves garnished; and upon another occasion he showed them how false was their pretended reverence for the law of Moses, when they were going about to kill him, an innocent man who had done them no harm. I learn that more than one attempt has already been made upon the life of Joseph, and many devices were resorted to in order to obtain and destroy the plates from which the Book of Mormon was translated. But God caused them to fail of their object; for he gave warning to Joseph whenever the plates were in danger, and he would remove them to another place. Do you

think that your father will oppose your uniting with the church, should the time come when you are convinced?"

"I think not; for he is not a man of strong prejudices, and has never expressed a desire to control the religious belief of his family."

"It is a relief to me to know this, for I would not like to marry you against the wishes of your parents; but once your consent is obtained, Margery, nothing but death will ever part us. And you will be my wife; I feel it in every fiber of my being. I leave you with perfect assurance that when I return I shall claim you as my own."

The strong, brave heart of Margery, which during all their ride had been dwelling on the one thought of Daniel's departure and the uncertainty of the time of his return, broke down completely at this; and lowering her veil to hide the hot tears which sprang to her eyes, she rode for awhile silently by his side. Gaining control of her voice at last, she answered:

"I am searching the word of God, and praying for light and guidance; but I do not feel so sanguine as you do. To me the future looks dark and uncertain. You will mingle with many new friends, and your heart will be so occupied with your work that time will not pass to you on leaden wings, as it will to me; and if I never can believe as you do, then we shall be for ever separated."

"Margery," said Daniel, as he reined his horse

nearer to hers and took her unresisting hand in his, "Margery, be of good courage. It is only very near to the earth that the clouds are hovering. Dear Margery, let me entreat you, lift up your eyes above the clouds, to the mountain tops bathed in the sunlight of God's eternal truth. It is our spirits speaking to each other from behind the prison-bars of these bodies of clay. It is the spirit claiming the companionship of its kindred spirit; and they can no more be separated than the grave could hold the body of Jesus. Clouds may hang low and obscure the sunshine; but in his own due time the Lord will say it is enough, and they will disperse as the vapors of morning before the rising sun. 'Seek and ye shall find,' are the words of our Savior, and I have no more fear that he will not guide you than I have that he will not cause the sun to rise in the heavens from day to day. God only knows how I prize your love. Morning, noon, and night when I kneel before him to thank him for his mercies and to supplicate blessings upon those I love, I thank him for the gift of your love, my Margery, next to the priceless gift of his only begotten Son.

"Nothing but the firm conviction of duty would ever take you from me, nor shall I be long alone; for God has given you to me for a help-meet, and together we shall walk upon life's journey. My mother and sister will be your friends, and for my sake give an added portion of love to what they

have already given you for your own sake; and I know that you will strive to cheer my mother, for this will be our first parting, and her heart is sore, though she bids me go. I have told her of my love for you, and she is ready to welcome you as her daughter. We are nearing the end of our ride. Promise me that you will cheer up and be your own brave self again. With your permission I shall write you frequently, and shall expect to hear from you."

"If father does not object," said Margery; and just then coming in sight of the grove where the people were already gathering for the morning service, nothing more was said of a private nature, and after showing Margery to a seat and caring for the comfort of the horses, Daniel sought his own room, where, kneeling in prayer, he besought the Lord earnestly in behalf of Margery, that in his own time and way he would bring her to a knowledge of the truth.

When Daniel had spoken to Margery of a friend who was to accompany him on his journey to Kirtland, he had not thought to mention to her that he was an elder from a distant town, on his way to Kirtland to report the results of missionary labors; neither had Margery thought to inquire who this friend was, for her mind was too painfully occupied with the thought of their near parting. But when Mr. Clark took the stand, he was accompanied by a stranger. The man was much younger

than himself, of medium stature, light-brown hair, and penetrating blue eyes which seemed to take in at a glance the congregation already assembled; and then withdrawing their gaze, he appeared absorbed in thought and seemingly unconscious of things transpiring around him. His personal appearance was neat, and his countenance prepossessing: but he seemed young for a minister, and Margery found herself wondering if he could be the friend of whom Daniel had spoken, and, if so, whether his faith was the same as Daniel's. She was not long in doubt, for after the opening service, Mr. Clark introduced to the congregation his friend, Elder Browning, and bespoke their careful and prayerful attention to the subject which he would that morning present to their attention.

Elder Browning then came forward and in a clear, distinct, well-modulated voice, read for the morning service, portions of the fifth chapter of Mark, taking for his text the words: "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

Making an impressive pause after enunciating the last question, he again referred to them slowly, deliberately, as though weighing in a mental balance the created universe of God and the soul. There was that about the speaker which from the first sentence spoken, through the entire sermon, held the attention of his audience to its close.

It was not the eloquence of studied diction, for he was not master of that; neither was it learning, for frequent mistakes in the use of the English language showed that he had not been brought up at the feet of any modern Gamaliel; but it was the unstudied eloquence of the message of truth which he bore, the eloquence which is imparted by faith and knowledge of that which we strive to impart to others, the perfect ease and mastery which is felt by him who comes commissioned to deliver his message as one having authority, and not as he who runs without tidings—such eloquence as led men anciently to exclaim, "The gods have come down to us in the likeness of men."

Going back to the morn of creation, he reviewed very briefly the history of man from the time when God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life and he became a living soul; from the time when the Lord looked upon all that he had made and pronounced it very good, down through the swiftly passing ages of man's disobedience, of the sin and misery wrought out by the fall, of God's covenant of mercy to him, and of the bow of promise hung over the sin-cursed world that the seed of the woman should yet bruise the serpent's head; through the ages when God spoke to them by prophets, until the world awoke to hear the message of the heavenly host as with a multitude of voices they sang above the plains of Bethlehem a new song to our groaning, sin-smitten earth:

"Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace; good will to men."

"For a time the earth rejoiced in the presence of the Son of God; but soon she opened her pores to drink in his life-blood, and her sepulcher received his lifeless body. Then was there gloom, despair, and anguish in the hearts of his sorrowing disciples and the burden of their wailing was: 'We trusted it had been he who should have redeemed Israel.' But hark! Sweeter than the song of the angels upon the plains of Bethlehem comes the announcement of the white-robed messengers sitting by the open tomb of Joseph of Arimathea: 'He is risen, he is not here; he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall you see him, as he said unto you.' Again he ate and drank with his disciples, and told them they should be witnesses for him unto the whole world; but charged them to remain at Jerusalem until he should send them the Comforter, who was to bear witness of the truth of their message.

"Oh, with what joy, what gladness of soul, went his disciples forth to witness unto the world those mighty truths concerning the death, resurrection, and ascension into heaven of Jesus, who should save his people from their sins, declaring as they went: 'There are three that bear witness in earth, the Spirit, and the water, and the blood: and these three agree in one.' 'There are three that bear

record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one.'

"But alas! how soon was the earth again left in darkness; and gross darkness covered the minds of the people! The apostles and witnesses of Christ had fallen asleep, many of them sealing their testimony with their blood; and from the very bosom of the church sprang up the seeds of poison and death. False teachers chained the word of God to the cells and desks of their monasteries and churches, and there was in the whole earth a famine for the word of God.

"Pass we on to the days of Luther, Knox, Calvin, Wesley, and a host of others who arose in their own names and in the name of outraged humanity, to vindicate the wrongs of bleeding Christianity. Pass we down the stream of time and search the record of each of these; and turning from our quest, let us confess our disappointment in the result. What are we seeking? We are seeking life and immortality; life for the soul, because we have nothing to gain if we lose it; and if the whole world were ours, it would profit us nothing if the soul were lost.

"'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' Is this the entire message of salvation? Is there not implied in the very terms of this declaration an absolute necessity of believing all that he taught? Did not he who said, 'Repent, and believe the gospel,' say also, 'Except a man be

born of water and of the Spirit, he can not enter into the kingdom of God'? Did not he who said, 'Ye shall be witnesses of me unto the uttermost parts of the earth,' command also that they 'depart not from Jerusalem, but wait for the promise of the Father'? Why this tarrying, this waiting for the fulfillment of the Father's promise? They were his witnesses, but there was another. One of the three witnesses was wanting; and without this witness the confirming, directing, and sanctifying power of the gospel was wanting. 'The blood of Jesus Christ our Lord cleanseth from all sin.' By faith is that blood applied, therefore faith is necessary—we must believe. If, then, we do believe, will we hear him say, 'Except ye be born of water and of the Spirit,' and turn away, not deeming his words of any force or value?

"It is salvation for the immortal soul which we are in quest of to-day. 'To know God, and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent,' says John, 'is life everlasting.' How then shall we obtain this knowledge? Is there a provision, a way by which we may obtain it? 'Depart not from Jerusalem,' ye ministers of God's word, until ye are ready to answer this question. 'Ye are my authorized ministers, my witnesses, but the witness of God is greater than your witness.' Paul, who was taught the gospel by revelation of Jesus Christ, declares, 'No man can say that Jesus is the Lord but by the Holy Ghost'; hence, then, the importance of this

third and last of the witnesses on earth. To this witness pertains not only a part in the earthly record, but also in the heavenly, as witness on earth and recorder in heaven.

"Is there one among my hearers to-day who desires the salvation of his immortal soul? One who desires life everlasting? We say to that one, 'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' We say unto you in the words of Philip to the eunuch: 'If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.' Do you inquire what is this you may do? Again we answer you in the question of the eunuch to Philip: 'See, here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptized?' Yonder is water [and he pointed towards the clear-running stream], and it was into just such a stream that John led the Lamb of God in order to fulfill all righteousness; and I, as one of his servants, stand before you to-day, commissioned to baptize you in his name.

"Neither left we Jerusalem until endowed with power from on high to say unto you as Peter said upon the day of Pentecost: 'Ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost; for the promise is unto you, and to your children.' Have others brought this message to you? Have the followers of Luther, Calvin, Knox, or Wesley ever made you this promise? If so, have you obeyed the call and tested the truth of their words? If you have, then my invitation is not to you, for the witness of God is

greater than that of man; but if you can not to-day say that you know that Jesus Christ is the Son of God because God has given you that knowledge, then why not accept the terms of salvation to-day, test the promise of the Lord, and find him true to his word?

"See from Calvary the atoning blood as it flows from his wounded side. Yonder is the water, and it is his to confer the Holy Spirit. Will you come? Have you ever doubted the testimony of man? Have you ever questioned the life, crucifixion, resurrection, or ascension of Jesus? Then come and in God's own appointed way receive that witness which is greater than the witness of man."

CHAPTER XII

THE PROMISE FULFILLED

The haughty eye shall seek in vain
What innocence beholds;
No cunning finds the key of heaven,
No strength its gate unfolds.

Alone to guilelessness and love
That gate shall open fall;
The mind of pride is nothingness,
The childlike heart is all.

—Whittier.

AT THE close of Elder Browning's sermon, it was announced that, as several had requested baptism, the ordinance would be administered at two o'clock in the afternoon. The congregation was dismissed with a benediction; and, as many of the congregation lived at a distance, they had brought lunch, and now separated into groups, discussing the sermon while enjoying needed refreshment.

Among these was Margery, with her parents and the younger children. They had spread their repast beneath the shade of a drooping elm-tree that stood close by the river just where a graceful sweep of the stream curved the waters toward them and, after forming a crescent, moved on

again, in a straighter line past the place of meeting, until the bushes and trees hid it from sight.

Margery was thoughtful and preoccupied; but her father and mother manifested more of a disposition to talk of the "new religion," as it was termed, than they had ever before done.

"That man believes every word he says," remarked Mr. Boyd, "and I take it he knows the Bible by heart."

"Do you know, Father," answered Mrs. Boyd, "that I am almost persuaded that they are right? How would he dare hold out such a promise to the people, if he is trying to deceive them?"

"I have thought of that, Mother, and I must confess there is one thing that troubles me. You know my experience has never been so clear and satisfying to me as I would like. If this is the gospel of Christ, then it is very different from the gospel we received. When we were convicted of sin, we were invited to the mourner's bench and the prayers of the church asked for us; but the first question asked by the eunuch was: 'See, here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptized?' Philip answered immediately: 'If thou believest with all thy heart, thou mayest.' And the eunuch answered and said, 'I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God.' "

"It seems to me, father," said Margery, speaking for the first time, "that if Philip had been preaching when I was alarmed about the salvation of my

soul, he would not have repeated so many times, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus'; for as soon as the eunuch confessed his belief, he baptized him. I am still on probation. I do not think that I can satisfy my own heart when the question is asked me whether I have experienced a change. Surely, father, if one is the gospel plan of salvation, the other can not be."

"It begins to look that way, Margery, I confess; but it is not well to be hasty. When we see our minister he may be able to make this all plain."

"He can not alter the word of God, father; and Peter told the people to repent and be baptized and they should receive the Holy Ghost. It seems to me that there must be something very positive and tangible about this promise and its fulfillment; for if its witness is greater than the witness of men (and the apostles were but men), then how important that we have such evidence as will make us perfectly sure."

"I think Margery is right," said Mrs. Boyd; "for if to know God and his Son is life eternal, and we can not know that Jesus is the Lord without the Holy Ghost, how necessary then that we are certain we have received it!"

"Father," said Margery, a sudden light flashing into her dark-blue eyes that shed a radiance over her whole face, "like that eunuch I believe with my whole heart that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. May I be baptized to-day?"

For a moment the color came and went in Mr. Boyd's face, and he looked steadily away from Margery, not daring to trust his voice for a reply. Not observing his agitation, she went on. "I never have believed that my heart was changed, and if we must be able to say that we know Jesus is the Son of God before we are saved, how then can I ever be saved; for I do not know it? Only last Sunday I read the account of his resurrection as recorded by Saint Mark, and doubts arose in my mind whether, indeed, he ever was resurrected.

"Do not blame me, father, for you remember his disciples did not believe the women who saw the angels at the tomb, neither did they believe the two to whom Christ first showed himself; but when they saw him, they hailed him with joy. Jesus told them that they should see him, and he showed himself to them; but he also told the Jews that any man who would do his Father's will should know of the doctrine. Until I heard the sermon this morning, I thought I ought to be convinced of many things before I was baptized; but Philip asked but one question of the eunuch, and that question I can answer as firmly and positively as he answered it. I believe, but my soul craves this knowledge promised by Jesus, this witness of God which is greater than the witness of man. I must obey; there is something to be done before I can claim it. Have I your consent to obey the gospel of Christ by being baptized?"

"Upon one condition, my daughter, I will give my consent, and upon that only."

"What is that, father?"

"That if you do not receive this knowledge which shall satisfy your soul, you will confess the mistake you have made, that others may know there is no truth in what they promise."

"I give you my promise that I will, father; but what if I do not find it here? You confess that you do not feel sure of your conversion, though all who know you fully believe you a Christian. I know that I am not sure of mine, and yet the promise of Jesus was that we should know. Oh, father, ought we not to pray God most earnestly that this word may be confirmed? No people on earth offer such terms to sinners as these people."

"They may be offering more than they are authorized to offer. I think if I could see the signs following the believer, the same signs which Saint Mark speaks of, I would then believe."

"But, father, these signs followed belief, and were for the believer, not the unconverted. They were for confirming the believer in the faith, not for creating faith in the sinner; and you remember the parable in which Lazarus tells the rich man: 'If they believe not Moses and the prophets, neither will they believe though one rose from the dead.' Christ was the prophet whom God raised up, like unto Moses; and I believe he will fulfill every promise he has made. Something assures

me that I shall not have any confession to make. There seems to be a power urging me to obey. Believe me, when I came here this morning I had no more thought of being baptized to-day than I had that I should be buried; but when the question of the eunuch sounded in my ears, it was repeated by a voice, seemingly addressed directly to me: 'See, here it water; what doth hinder?' and the answer I made was, in the words of Mary, 'Behold the handmaiden of the Lord!' I will go now and see Mary, for I shall need to make some preparation. I shall not need any help," she said, in answer to an inquiring look from her mother, "for Mary will assist me."

Margery turned toward the path leading by a near way to Mr. Clark's house; and finding Mary alone, she was soon sobbing out her joy in her arms.

"What will Daniel say when he hears of this?" was Mary's first thought; but she wisely refrained from uttering it, and busied herself in assisting Margery to make the necessary changes in her clothing. There was no time to lose, as the people were already gathering at the water; and soon Margery, leaning on Mary's arm, found herself standing in their midst.

Up to this moment the thought of Daniel's possible surprise and pleasure had not entered Margery's mind; but glancing timidly toward the water, she saw him standing, with Mr. Browning,

close to its edge, some little distance apart from the rest. Just as her eye discerned him, he was in the act of starting to join the main body of the people; and as he drew near their eyes met.

For a moment a shade of doubt seemed to hover on his face; but it was followed immediately by a look of gladness and peace, mingled with a tenderness so plainly visible to the eyes quickly withdrawn from his, that in spite of every effort, the heart of Margery throbbed until she trembled lest its beating should be heard. This was but for a moment, however, for the solemn thought of the covenant she was about to make with her Creator, the act of obedience she was soon to render to his law, banished every thought of an earthly nature from her mind.

Swiftly back through the centuries her thoughts sped and she pictured to her mind the scene on the banks of the Jordan, when, pausing in the midst of his labor, the prophet, looking toward the shore, beheld there Jesus for whose coming he had so long watched and waited; and seeing him, stretched forth his hand exclaiming, "Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world!"

Her revery was broken by the clear tones of Mr. Browning's voice as he called the attention of the company, and then gave out the hymn commencing:

"Salem's bright King, Jesus, by name,
In ancient times to Jordan came,
All righteousness to fill;
'Twas there the ancient prophet stood,
Whose name was John, a man of God,
To do his Master's will."

Clear and sweet the music of many voices floated out on the gentle breeze, while the rustling leaves and the waves, rippling against the mossy banks, kept time to the melody. There was a mellow haze in the atmosphere, and just that indescribable tinge of sadness which nature always mingles in the colors of earth and sky when the first breath of autumn stirs in the air.

When the hymn had been sung, with bared heads the congregation knelt in prayer. Not many dry eyes were there as Elder Browning, in simple but eloquent language, implored the blessing of God and the attendant influence of the Holy Spirit upon the exercises of the hour; asking for those who were about to be buried with Christ in baptism, that they might indeed arise to walk with him in newness of life, being henceforth led by that other Comforter, promised by Jesus, who should guide them into all truth; that they might be his witnesses in the world, living and truthful, fully prepared to testify unto all men, even as Job testified, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

When the prayer was ended, Elder Browning,

after having first carefully waded out into the stream until he reached a place of sufficient depth, returned, and taking Mary by the hand, led her out into the water. Standing there, with his hand uplifted to heaven, he repeated: "Mary, having received authority from the Lord Jesus Christ, I baptize you, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; Amen." Then, placing his hand beneath her head, he buried her in the yielding waters, which for a moment closed over her, fit emblem of Christ's death. Then raising her up and wiping the crystal drops from her face, he led her to the shore. Others followed in rapid succession, until some twenty had been baptized; then he dismissed them with the benediction.

An appointment had been announced for a special meeting at three o'clock, and, after a short intermission, during which those who had been baptized improved the time by changing their wet garments for dry ones, they again assembled in the grove. Margery had joined her parents again, but when those who had been baptized were called forward to be confirmed, she took her place with the others in front of the stand. Her face was slightly pale, and her dark-brown hair hung in damp curls about her temples. Her eyes were fixed upon the ground; but her heart ascended in silent prayer to God, asking in Jesus' name that if what she had done was accepted of him, he would, by the power

of his Spirit, manifest that acceptance unto her, that she might know by the revelation of his Holy Spirit that Jesus was his Son and that his gospel is the power of God unto salvation. Nor did she offer the prayer only for herself, but prayed earnestly that each one who had that day been obedient to the command of the Father might receive the witness for himself. When Mr. Clark and Elder Browning advanced and laid their hands upon her head, an indescribable feeling of peace enwrapped her; and when, after a short prayer of supplication for blessings to rest upon her, they added: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost, that it may abide with you and guide you into all truth," the tears coursed down her cheeks, and her frame was shaken as a bending flower in the evening breeze. "Lord, it is enough," was the voiceless response of her heart.

The ceremony of confirming the new members being ended, after Mr. Clark with others had offered prayer and borne their testimony, Margery arose. She was pale but calm; and after relating briefly the conflict she had endured in her own mind and the conclusion to which she had finally come, leading her to obedience, she testified to the witnessing power of the Holy Spirit, and said: "I can now say with Job, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth' "; then suddenly a spell fell upon the entire audience, for, raising her hand slowly, she turned toward where her father and mother were sitting,

and addressed them in an unknown language for a time. Then quietly seating herself, she bowed her head upon her hands and seemed lost in prayer.

Margery Boyd was well known in the neighborhood, for she had been raised there, and was highly esteemed by all who knew her. Possessing an untarnished character and an enviable reputation for integrity and veracity, it was not wonderful that this circumstance should cause a thrill to pass through the heart of the most careless; and when a child, a girl of some ten summers, the daughter of a man who had also been baptized, arose, and turning to Mr. Boyd, gave the interpretation of the tongue, every heart was held in suspense, and every eye fixed upon him.

He was reminded of what he had said to Margery concerning the signs following the believer, and warned to lay aside his evil heart of unbelief and obey the gospel, that God might have mercy upon his unbelief. Thoughts which had entered his heart, but which were known only to God and himself, were revealed, and every refuge behind which he had thought to shelter himself was swept away. He sat pale and motionless, like one summoned to answer at the bar of justice for an offense which he thought known unto none living.

To others the gift of prophecy was given; and to such an extent was the Spirit poured out that the most doubting were constrained to admit, "We never saw it on this wise before."

It was late when the meeting broke up, and many who that morning had met with Elder Browning a stranger, parted from him in the evening as we part with those we love and can never forget. Among the number were Mr. and Mrs. Boyd; and they would fain have had him tarry with them, but his business at Kirtland was urgent and he could not remain.

Again Daniel and Margery found themselves alone, riding towards home through the shady wood where the low, sinking sun fell occasionally across their path, and the squirrels held up their paws and chatted from between them as if they would remind them that they ought to hasten.

Hasten they did not, for what to them was any earthly consideration now in the first hours of their avowed love of each other and adoption into the kingdom of God! Heart spoke to heart, and all their garnered fullness was lavishly poured out.

It is not our intention to intrude upon this first hour of heart's unhindered communion with heart; for it is an hour in which no guest is bidden, nor any made welcome; they are all-sufficient unto themselves, and envy the happiness of none upon earth. Suffice it, therefore, for us, kind reader, that before Daniel parted with Margery that night, he had obtained her father's consent to their union at an early day; but the fullness of their cup of earthly joy did not cause them to forget their zeal and gratitude.

CHAPTER XIII

NEWS OF TROUBLE

Father! for thy holy sake
We are spoiled and hunted thus;
Joyful for thy truth we take
Bonds and burthens unto us:
Poor, and weak, and robbed of all,
Weary with our daily task,
That thy truth may never fall
Through our weakness, Lord, we ask.

—*Whittier.*

THE next morning very early Elder Browning and Daniel were quietly wending their way through the forest toward Kirtland, Ohio. It is not our intention to bear them company, but only to glance briefly at a few incidents happening at this period of time.

When the friends arrived in Kirtland, Daniel was ordained an elder, and the two, after a short delay, proceeded on to Canada, where for some months they labored together. News came to Margery frequently, from Daniel, encouraging and strengthening her, especially when she learned from Mr. Clark that Elder Browning had written him that Daniel held his hearers as though spellbound while he brought forth from the storehouse

of God's word things both new and old as witnessing to the work of God in these latter days. Many times she longed for his company; but she was too brave and true to ever suffer herself to write any but the most cheering words of encouragement and earnest love for the cause so dear to the hearts of both.

We must not forget to mention that a few weeks after Daniel's departure, both Mr. and Mrs. Boyd had united with the church; and they now awaited news from Daniel almost as eagerly as Margery herself. This will not seem strange to Latter Day Saints who may read it, for they will remember how many times their own hearts have burned within them when tidings came to those at home concerning the spread of the work abroad, and how earnestly those workers in the forefront of the battle have been borne up in prayer by those at home.

One morning in early springtime, Mr. Boyd surprised his family with the announcement that he had sold his farm and would immediately begin making preparations for the removal of his family to Kirtland. He also said that it was the intention of Mr. Clark to go at the same time, and they would be joined by quite a number if arrangements could be completed in time. "It is not our intention," he added, "to remain there long, but to push on to Missouri, where many of the Saints have already gone."

Margery was entirely unprepared for this, as her father had not mentioned his plans to any one but his wife, further than to say that he would embrace the first good opportunity of selling his farm, in order to remove to Kirtland; but she did not know that to go farther than this had entered his thoughts. He was a man, however, who once having made up his mind to a certain course, acted with promptness and decision.

The first wild heart-throb of Margery, had it been put into words, was, "Shall I see Daniel so soon?" But this was quickly followed by the thought, "How can I leave this home where my girlhood days have been spent and every rod of forest and field has become endeared to me by sacred memories?" Looking from the window she saw the road over which she and Daniel had so many times cantered their horses together; and there came before her mind's eye a mental vision of her absent lover as she had time and again seen him reining in his horse by the little gate and dismounting all unconscious of the tender gaze so lovingly bent upon him. Tears came to her eyes in spite of her utmost efforts to repress them, and she hastily left the room and sought her own chamber.

Sitting down to strive to recover her composure and adjust her thoughts to the situation as it now presented itself, there came into her heart an indescribable emotion of clinging tenderness, not

only towards the inanimate things of nature with which her own soul had so many times held silent converse, but the peaceful hours of communion which had been enjoyed with those of like precious faith during the months which were past. How many times had they sat together in "heavenly places in Christ Jesus"! Every hour of such communion was treasured away in her soul, and there was not one of that little band of worshipers who did not seem to her as dear as the home band who, morning and night, gathered around the family altar of prayer. What a trial it would be to sever these links, to bid farewell to them, and become indeed a pilgrim.

True, they were not going alone, for her father had said that Mr. Clark and others contemplated joining them; but it would be sundering ties which might never be bound together again in time.

They had been as one family. The joy of one was the joy of all, and no grief or care came to one with which the other did not sympathize. There were no petty jealousies with their mildew blight to contaminate their minds, and the only strife known was the strife of faithfulness, the effort to be first in every sacrifice of self and personal comfort for the good of others.

All this was borne in upon the mind of Margery while sitting there, and a strange, indefinable fear hovered like an unseen presence around her heart, which had it taken form and expression in words,

would have been: "You are now going forth to be tried in a furnace of fire. You will never be permitted again upon earth to find a resting-place like this, a band of God's people so truly one; but from henceforth you must know, as saints of God in all times have known, that you are a pilgrim and stranger upon the earth, and here have no sure abiding-place."

But the thoughts did not shape themselves like this, for it was as the voice of the Spirit speaking to the spirit, and was not understood by the natural man. To Margery it was then only sorrow and regret at the severing of social ties and the sundering of the bonds of church relation with those who had entered upon the work with her, and whose company, whose helpful advice in her spiritual progress, she had learned to prize so highly. Would there ever be in any other place such meetings as they had there enjoyed, when the Spirit of God had hovered over and about them like clouds of incense and they had felt that, were the veil only removed which bounded their natural vision, the presence of the angels would have been discovered?

Other thoughts, arising in their turn, banished these, for the time being at least. It was now the early days of March, and, in April, Daniel and his friend would be in Kirtland to attend the general conference of the church. She wondered if her father contemplated being there by that time. She

had always had an earnest desire to see Joseph Smith and many others whose names had become as household words to her, and she wondered if she would not be able to recognize them among others, from the description given her by Mrs. Clark and also from what Daniel had written. Her thoughts were interrupted by the entrance of her little brother, who handed her a letter which proved to be from Daniel. Her father had forgotten to give it to her upon first coming home, and now sent it up to her.

From this letter Margery learned that Daniel would soon start for Kirtland; and as he, too, was ignorant of the movement contemplated by his father and Mr. Boyd, he told her he had written his father to come to the conference if possible; and he hoped that his mother and Mary would come with him, in which case he felt sure Margery would join them.

"I can not," he wrote, "at this time forecast the future further than this. I want to see you and talk with you of that pathway in life we hope to walk together. To be able to write you is a precious boon, but it is not what it would be to talk with you face to face. My feelings are strongly drawn out towards the land of Missouri. News has reached us that the work there is meeting with strong opposition; and while I would never wish to take you into the midst of trouble, my soul burns with an ardent desire to be in the forefront

of the battle, to be found among those who are ready to proclaim this gospel, even at the risk of life and at the sacrifice of all which makes life dear.

"The difficulty between the brethren and the settlers of that State seems to have originated first in a misunderstanding, growing out of an article published in the 'Evening and Morning Star,' entitled, 'Free people of color,' but this is only used as a cloak to hide their intense hatred of the Saints; and as this hatred is without a cause, except as the wicked always hate the good, they have circulated all kinds of malicious slanders about the brethren, seeking by this means to justify their hatred.

"One would suppose, judging from their own confession, that some strange, new religion had appeared in the world, of which our brethren were the exponents, instead of the religion found in the Bible and taught by the Redeemer of mankind more than eighteen hundred years ago. There have been speeches made by some men of influence, prominent among whom is one Lilburn W. Boggs, calculated to incite the people against the brethren; and since then much abuse has been heaped upon them. Some have been tied up and whipped, while others have been cruelly beaten. All of the people, however, do not behave in this unjust and cruel manner. Many of them are friendly and disposed to deal justly; but I fear this is only the

beginning of troubles, and for this reason I am most anxious to see you; for while I long to be among those who are exposed, to shield if possible, if not to suffer with them, I have not the courage to ask you to go with me, and can not make up my mind to go and leave you behind. When you have read this, consult with your father and mother relative to coming to the conference, and let me know the result."

Margery slowly folded the letter, and then as slowly unfolded it again, reading it carefully from the beginning to the end. When she had finished the second reading, her eyes took on a far-away look as though she would penetrate the veil of the future to inquire what lay beyond. Suddenly this vanished and there settled down upon every feature a look of calm determination, and a steady light burned in her eyes as one whose purpose was fixed and whose hand had been put to the plow never to turn back.

"Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God," Margery repeated; and rising slowly, she went down to make the contents of her letter known to the family.

"Can it be possible that such things are enacted so publicly, without any effort being made by those sworn to see the laws executed, to bring the offenders to justice?" said Mr. Boyd.

"Yes, father, not only this, but the people are

incited to it by officers, occupying high positions in the State. This Boggs, of whom Daniel speaks, is lieutenant-governor, and Daniel believes that it is his intention to work upon the feelings of the people until they will make the effort at least, to drive the brethren from the country."

"Mother," said Mr. Boyd to his wife, "I was thinking as I came along that I would like to go over to Bro. Clark's, and if you and Margery would like to go, I will drive you over."

This was just what Margery was wishing for. She longed to see Mary and talk with her about this change, the news of which had come so suddenly upon her, breaking in upon the quiet of her heretofore uneventful life. Especially was she anxious to talk with her about the removal to Missouri and the determination to which she had come that, if anything prevented her father from going, she would never consent to Daniel's going without her, unless his own family should go at the same time.

Arrived at Mr. Clark's they found them also in receipt of a letter from Daniel, which, being dated a few days after Margery's, contained the additional information that the printing-press of the church had been destroyed by a mob, all of the material being thrown into the Missouri River, and that Bishop Partridge had, with many others, been most cruelly treated by them. In his case, they were not satisfied with tarring his entire person,

but had filled his mouth with tar, which had nearly suffocated him.

A meeting of the citizens of Jackson County, numbering about five hundred, had drawn up a set of resolutions declaring that the Saints must leave the country, and warning them that those who refused to comply would be visited with like treatment to that which had befallen their confederates.

This news was really old, it having occurred in July of the previous year, but it had not reached Daniel (except in the form of rumor) until the time of his writing, which was about one month previous. It will be hard for our young friends who read this to understand how it was that news should travel so slowly in those far-away days. But if they will only recall the fact of the wonderful progress of inventions in the last fifty years, it will not be so difficult for them to understand.

After much consultation and deliberation between the older members of the two families, it was decided to put forth every effort to so arrange business that they might start for Kirtland in time to be there by the first of April. Further than this, they could determine nothing, but after their arrival they would be governed entirely by circumstances.

"It is all very sudden, and seems so strange to me, Mary," said Margery when they were alone together in Mary's room. "I felt as though I must talk with you. I do not believe that I can find

words to express to you just how I feel, especially about the influence which this persecution may have upon the Saints. If they bear it patiently and suffer it gladly as Saints in former times have done, all will be well; but saints of former days had that in their favor which our people have not."

"What is that, Margery, I don't know that I understand you?"

"What are the scars that our fathers both bear? Were they not received in battle while fighting for this same principle which is causing our brethren trouble, the liberty of freedom of thought and speech? This liberty has been bought by the life-blood of many whose sons are to-day numbered among our brethren, and is as dear to the sons as ever it was to the sires. I see how it is, Mary. These western men, like those who oppose us here, are not able to defend their faith in argument against the truth of the gospel, and consequently they are angry and will use every means to harrass and annoy our people. No harm can accrue to us so long as we bear it patiently; but our fathers and brothers were not born under the rule of princes and tyrants, and if the Government does not speedily put a stop to such injustice, such lawless proceedings, I fear for the effect upon the church."

"But, Margery, men who are led by the Spirit of God will know that retaliation is not and can not be a part of the gospel of Christ!"

"Yes, Mary, but if there had never come a time when it was just and right to resist unholy oppression, what of the war which secured the independence of these United States? Would it not have been an unjust war? What of the Declaration of Independence, to the support of which its signers pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor? If this declaration of human rights involved principles of wrong, then these men had no sacred honor to pledge, for they were untrue, disloyal to the government which they should have honored; and though good men even then might have been dragged into the contest, it never could have made the quarrel a just one. If the statement contained in it that to every individual God has given inalienable rights, is a mistake, then our nation is founded upon a false hypothesis and our government is no better than the governments of Europe. If kings rule by divine right, then it follows that the people have no right to a voice in the election of their rulers."

"I can see that your conclusions are just, Margery, but I can not yet see the bearing they have upon this difficulty."

"I pray God we may never see it, Mary, for it would be worse for the church than the bitterest persecution which could rage against it. But do you not see that if our brethren are to be persecuted and driven by the lawless mob, and the Government stands by and offers no protection to its

citizens who have never violated the law, that the time must inevitably come when they will have to protect themselves and their families? It will not be the Government which they will resist, but mob violence; and in doing this, it will be hard to prevent a spirit of retaliation from entering in; and if it should, neither you nor I can estimate the loss it will be to the church."

"I hope the Saints will bear much and long, before they resort to this," said Mary.

"I echo your wish, Mary, with all my heart; but my mind is troubled, and I feel that we shall have much to endure because of our religion, before many years pass away. I do not shrink from suffering, and it is not this which troubles me; neither do I fear that I shall ever deny the faith; but if while we profess and cling to it, we lose the Spirit of the gospel, then, indeed, our enemies have prevailed against us."

"Do not let this trouble you, Margery. If we are humble and faithful, God will strengthen us to resist temptation and to overcome."

"My only trust is in him, and for this cause I feel that if Daniel goes to Missouri, I must go with him."

"I am glad of that decision, Margery, for he will need your restraining influence. He loves his friends and would be far more likely to resent insult and injury to them than to himself."

"That is just the trying point, Mary, and the

one which troubles me. Even a high-spirited man may bear abuse which is heaped upon himself; but it becomes intolerable when compelled to see his dearest friends abused. How think you our fathers could bear to see us cruelly treated before their eyes?——But father is calling. I must go. Come over soon, for I have much to talk with you about."

CHAPTER XIV

WAS IT WISE

God is not dead, nor doth he sleep!
The wrong shall fail,
The right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men.

—Longfellow.

Where truth and right are concerned,
We must be firm as God.

—Guthrie.

T WAS a balmy day, early in the month of April, 1834. The sun shone brightly and warmth was diffused from his beams, penetrating even the dense shade made by the evergreens upon the hillside. The buds had swollen, and many shrubs and trees were clothing themselves with coronals of living green, while the soft carpet of nature's wonderful weaving was

strewn here and there with flowers more beautiful than any that ever came from the looms of art.

The birds sang as they flitted here and there, busy with preparation for building nests and rearing their young. The blue waters of the lake rippled in the sunshine and, stretching away in the distance, lost themselves in blending with the sky; while ever and anon, there came the voice of seamen from some passing vessel, heard in song or in the tone of command, issued hastily as they sped towards port or spread their sails to depart.

Walking slowly along the beach, she leaning upon his arm, are Daniel and Margery. Some days before, their families had arrived in Kirtland and were settled, for the time being, in a small village near to the lake-shore, just beyond the hill which rises abruptly a short distance from where the lovers are walking. They had arrived before Daniel, and this is the first hour of uninterrupted communion which he and Margery have had. There is upon the countenance of each a calm and happy light, but withal in the very step, gesture, and expression, of Margery especially, there is a nameless something, indicating that even in this first hour of reunion, while joy at his presence ripples every wave of her heart's emotion, as the sunshine ripples the blue waves at their feet, there is yet an undertone of sadness, a looking forward to the near future, and a realization of the issues which must soon be met.

"The news which has met us since we came here," continued Margery, "is very distressing. In last October many of the Saints had their houses demolished and were robbed and driven forth without shelter. In some cases, it is said, they resisted this inhuman treatment and, in defending themselves, some two of the mobbers were killed and several wounded. The State militia, under Lieutenant-governor Boggs, was at last called out to preserve the peace; but these State troops were among the most bitter enemies of our brethren, and they saw no hope but by seeking safety in flight. They commenced crossing the river in November. The weather was cold and rainy, and our plundered, half-clad sisters and children were exposed to the bitter elements, without shelter or protection. They are now making homes in Clay County."

"Much of this is news to me," said Daniel, "but I learn that there is a company going up to Missouri very soon, and this is what I wished to talk to you about this morning."

Margery was silent, but her face grew a shade pale and her eyes were downcast, as Daniel continued,

"It has been my fond hope to take you with me and to make our home in that distant region; but I can not ask you to go with me now."

"It is father's intention to start in a few weeks," answered Margery, "and Mary told me that your

father had made up his mind to go with him. They will probably go with this same company you spoke of. But, Daniel," and her voice trembled with the depth of her feelings, "if you go, you must take me with you, for I will never consent to be left behind."

"But, Margery, think of the uncertainty, the danger, to say nothing of the hardships."

"I have thought of all these and have tried not to undervalue them, neither to overestimate my own strength, but the more I have thought, the more I see but the one way opening before us. You will need me, Daniel, and my place is by your side. I shall not shrink, though the furnace be seven times heated. This gospel, this faith, is very precious to me, and if God calls us to seal our testimony with our blood, let us not shrink nor deem it a hard thing. It is what the people of God have done in all ages of the world and, surely, they never had any brighter testimonies to enable them to stand firm than we have had."

"You are right upon that point, Margery; I have never told you how greatly I have been blessed in preaching the word. Many times when, foot-sore and weary, we have asked for entertainment and were refused, the Lord strengthened us that we passed over miles, without heeding them any more than if they had been steps, and often, when defending the faith, passages of Scripture have been brought to my mind, and my understanding

has been opened to discover in them a meaning never seen before; and, when I have needed to refer to any text, my memory has never yet failed me. The Lord has added the confirmation which he promised to those who obeyed, and, altogether, Margery, it is what many have styled it, 'a marvelous work and a wonder.'"

"What you say reminds me of one cause of the hatred felt by the people of Missouri towards the brethren. They can not meet them in argument at all, and this has roused the jealousy of their preachers, who are very active in inciting the people to hostilities. Besides this, they say that our people claim the land as their rightful inheritance, and boast that one day in the near future, it will be given to them by the Lord, and the Missourians will have to give place to them."

"I fear that some of our brethren may have acted with more zeal than wisdom, yet, making all possible allowance for this, they have done nothing to deserve any bad treatment from the people of Missouri. Some have bought and paid for their lands, others have rented farms and paid a stipulated price for the use of them, while yet others have worked as farm-hands, mechanics, or clerks for those who needed their services. You know the peculiarity of our people, Margery. To talk of their faith is more to them than meat or drink. It is something new to the people of the West, and when they saw one company after another arriv-

ing, especially when they saw the country begin, as if by magic, to become like a garden under the careful culture of the brethren, they became really alarmed, their jealousy became fully aroused, and the result has been their forcing the Saints to leave Jackson County. I had heard enough to convince me that this would be the final result."

"I hear that the attorney-general, Honorable Robert A. Wells, is very indignant at the conduct of the people of Missouri, and has written to some of the brethren, offering to help re-establish them in their homes. He advised them to remain in the State and organize themselves into a regular company of militia, and promised, if they did so, that they should have a supply of the public arms."

"I am glad they did not accept the offer."

"Daniel," said Margery, very slowly, but as though weighing each word before speaking, "I wish they had accepted the offer and demanded their rights."

For a moment, Daniel paused in their walk and turned his clear, gray eyes full upon Margery with a look of inquiry slightly mingled with astonishment. She raised her eyes to meet his and although the color mounted to her face, she added, "Don't be astonished at me, Daniel, I think that the brethren should have taken his advice and demanded a restoration of that which was justly theirs and a recognition of their rights."

A puzzled look came for a moment over Daniel's

face, but it was followed by a smile, and as they resumed their walk he said:

"It is evident, Margery, that you were not raised in the belief of the Friends, but I think their belief is in harmony with the teachings of Christ, upon this point, at least."

"I may be wrong, Daniel, but, looking into the future, I think I foresee far more evil to result from their yielding to this wrong, than could possibly happen, if they had resisted it. It is not lawful. These men are violating the law, and is it not the duty of every good citizen to help enforce the law, if called upon by the proper authorities to do so?"

"Yes, Margery; but you surely have not forgotten that Jesus said, 'Put up again thy sword into his place, for they that take the sword, shall perish with the sword.' "

"I remember it, Daniel, but those who were sent to arrest Jesus were sent by parties who, according to the law, had a right to make such arrests, and he was taken before a tribunal which should have been a tribunal of justice, and while it was not such in reality, to have resisted it would have been resisting the powers that be, and this we are commanded not to do. I have thought much upon this subject since your letter, in which you first mentioned these troubles, reached me, and I have tried to solve the question, by reference to the word of God, and, while I may be wrong, I confess

to you that I am not able to see it in any other light."

"I have never looked at it in this light; for the Savior commanded us, 'Resist not evil, . . . love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you, and persecute you.'" (See note.)

"I have read and remember all these, but surely there must be a qualifying sense in regard to the kind of evil which we are commanded not to resist. If there be not, then how is it possible that any advancement can be made towards that which is good? Is not the evil here meant, that which individuals have suffered and most likely will suffer to the end of time, from the injustice of human governments? Connected with the texts to which you have just referred, is the expression, 'If any man will sue thee at law,' and this, to my mind, is the key to the matter. 'The powers that be are ordained of God,' and if they sin, upon them be the wrong; it is plainly our duty to submit; but can it be a duty to submit to a wrong when the officers of the State call upon us to resist it and point out the proper way in which to do so?"

"Really, Margery, I can not answer you. I have never viewed it in this light before, and I would like to examine it in all its bearings, before venturing an opinion with reference to it. Why is it that you have thought so much about it?"

"I do not know, but I have not been able to divest myself of a haunting fear that trouble is to be the result of such a course. As I said, these men are lawless, and having before their eyes neither the fear of God nor man, they will go just as far as they dare go with impunity, and should the time come when our people will tire of being harrassed and driven, they will lose faith in and respect for a government which does not protect its citizens in their rights, and then it will require a double portion of God's Spirit to subdue the feelings which will urge them to render evil for evil. To demand the recognition of their rights in a lawful way is not evil even to those who are the transgressors. Were it otherwise, the very foundation would be swept from under every Christian government upon the face of the earth."

"Yes, Margery, but the Saints will appeal to the Government for redress of their wrongs, and I have too much faith in our Government, not to believe the appeal will succeed."

"Pray heaven it may be effectual and come not too late," said Margery. "One point, just here, I want to ask you about. If called upon by an officer of the State, who, in the discharge of his duty, finds your help necessary, is it not your duty to lend him your help?"

"Certainly it is."

"Then why is it not the duty of every man to help to put down mob violence, which is itself

resistance to the law, and where is the security for life or property, if mob violence is not resisted?"

"You may be right, I will not say you are not, but the Lord will direct in this matter."

"The mistakes of the past can not be undone, and we many times suffer because of mistakes ignorantly made. Had the brethren wished to regain their homes in Jackson County, the law-abiding citizens offered to help them do so, and I fear a grave mistake was made when they failed to accept the offer. These men have violated the law with impunity, and, having gone thus far, they will be strengthened in their lawless course by the fact that neither the Government nor the brethren have resisted the wrong done. They have no sense of honor, justice, or shame, and will not scruple to take every advantage possible, in order to follow up what they have begun, and if the Government does not right this great wrong, this outrage upon her honor, as well as injustice to her citizens, to an innocent, unoffending people, then no one who lives under the protection of the Stars and Stripes ought ever to boast of the liberty to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. When the attorney-general offered them help in order to redress this outrage, I think justice to themselves, to their wives and little ones, to our country, our Constitution, our common humanity, demanded of them to accept the offer."

"Has it occurred to your mind, Margery, that in

this very trouble which the Lord has suffered to come upon the church, he is working out his own purposes, and will eventually overrule it for good? The countless ages of eternity are his, and it is impossible that we should be able to judge, even with reference to this brief span of time, that which will be the ultimate result; how, then, can we judge of the unfolding purposes of God?"

"I see all this clearly, Daniel, and it is well that God does, at all times, overrule; for the wisest and best have found in their time how hard a matter it is to steer clear of mistakes. Even men who at times are inspired of God, when not acting under this inspiration, can only do that which their best judgment approves. I have unbounded faith, also, in the ultimate triumph of right over wrong, and, though we should be entering upon a long night of darkness, God is pledged to the redemption of the pure in heart, and with him they will inherit this earth. The Psalmist has said, 'When the wicked are cut off, thou shalt see it.'"

Before Daniel and Margery returned home, they had fully canvassed the future, and a day for their marriage had been appointed. It was a clear, bright Sabbath in the month of April when Elder Browning united them in the bonds of holy wedlock, and a very happy family wished the young couple a prosperous and useful life.

After the ceremony, they met with the Saints at the house of worship, for they were to start upon

their western journey the coming week, and were not willing to miss a single occasion of joining with the Saints in prayer- and testimony-meeting or of hearing the word of God preached.

As the time for starting drew near, and just as arrangements were all completed for the journey, Mrs. Boyd was taken sick. The company delayed starting for a few days, but finally moved on, leaving the two families to follow.

Mrs. Boyd's sickness proved to be a lingering one, and when she began to improve, it was arranged that Mr. Clark's family should go first and look out a location, and Mr. Boyd would follow as soon as his wife was strong enough to bear the journey, and, as Daniel was anxious to resume his missionary labors, Margery advised him to go with his family and she would remain to care for her mother and come when her family came.

Thus, unexpectedly to both, they found themselves again called upon to separate, and the separation was the more painful to Margery, because she knew that if detained long, many times weeks would elapse before she could hear from Daniel. She would be able to write oftener, as letters could be sent from that direction by brethren going up, but few would be returning, and, consequently, the chances were much against her. But long before Margery became Daniel's wife, she had counted the cost and had formed her resolutions. Before he had ever confessed his love for her, she had

known that it was his intention to enter the ministry, and when she had given him her promise to become his wife, there had gone with it another promise, for Daniel had said:

"Can you, Margery, because of the love you bear me, consent to take upon you the burden, the trials, incident to the position which, as my wife, the wife of a traveling elder, will surely fall to your lot? There will be in it the joy of that hope which reaches within the veil, but very little of that which pertains to time. In the world, the Master forewarned us, we should have tribulation, but in him, peace! Have you counted the cost and do you know that Paul fully understood the matter when he said, 'No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous'? The cup is bitter to the taste of those who drink, and the 'peaceable fruit of righteousness' often seems very far away. 'The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.'

"I can promise you nothing, Margery, only that until death do us part, yes, and through the countless ages of eternity, I will love and cherish you. In life, I will strive to so walk before my God that you may look to me for help in fighting the good fight of faith, yet do I know that in many an hour of weakness I shall turn to you. It is no fairy, joyous picture, but it is a real one, and better we count the cost now than when too late."

"I have counted it most fully," Margery answered. "I believe the Lord knew from the begin-

ning that which was needful for man, whom he had created; and woman, when she fills the place allotted her by her Creator, becomes indeed and in truth a help-meet to her husband. This I desire at all times to be, to supplement your life just as the need may develop. When, weary and worn with its hard-fought battles, you faint by the way, then may God strengthen me to be strength for you, even as a fountain of cooling water in a desert place. When my quicker intuition sees danger where your stronger reasoning faculties discover none, then let me persuade you to move with care until time develops the right way. Let my very weakness be to you a source of strength, my dependence, your power, and my God-given equality, your glory."

There was a mist in Daniel's eyes as he took Margery's hand between both of his and answered with a voice which, despite his utmost effort, trembled as he spoke, "Margery, if ever the time comes when I forget that in the image of God, male and female were created, and that dominion was not given to male, neither to female, but to them then may the Lord forget to answer when I call on him, to hearken when I make supplication unto him. Be my strength, when weary and weak. Be to me like this clinging vine, covering up the rough and unsightly places, twining around the gnarled limbs and storm-scarred body of this giant forest-tree, clinging with a tenacity no storm

can wrench away, and beautifying, as no youth or strength of the tree ever possessed the power to do; chide me when wrong; bear with me when impatient or hasty, and counsel with me when the time for action comes; and then, whatever may come, whether joy or pain, peace or prosperity, plenty or poverty, the smiles of the world or its bitterest frowns, we will triumph"; and because Margery had answered, "God helping me I will," she now persuaded Daniel that, pleasant as it would be to have him remain with her, the path of duty was plain, she to care for her mother and he to be about the Master's work.

Let not the reader suppose that there was no conflict in the heart of Margery. The presence of Daniel was to her as sunshine and dew to the flowers. But the words she had spoken to him in the first hour of plighted troth were not idle words, and when the test came, she remembered them, remembered also her covenant with God, and, remembering, she forced back the tears, stifled every murmur before it reached her lips and said to Daniel, "Go, and the Lord will surely go with you."

There was little of romance in the scene as the covered wagons moved out on the road and Daniel, plainly clad for his journey, walked by the side of the last one. Neither would it have been detected by the casual observer in the quiet bearing, but deft and rapid movements, of the young girl left

in the cottage near the lake shore. But had that observer been gifted with the power to read below the surface he would have discovered beneath that calm and quiet exterior the stuff of which martyrs are made.

Could he have seen the source of that strength, he would have known that, next to a firm reliance upon God, it was drawn from the fact that she had power to infuse into that strong man a portion of the trust and faith which enabled him to say farewell to the bride of but a few short weeks and hasten to carry the gospel to those who had not heard its glad sound.

She knew that, much as Daniel wished to go, a single entreaty from her would keep him with her, but she had promised, "I will be your strength when weak," and no entreaty was made, but doing the plain duty next her hand to do, she left the result with God.*

*NOTE.—As throwing light upon this point, we append below an extract taken from a recent article in the "Forum," by Archdeacon F. W. Farrar, entitled, "Count Tolstoi's Religious Views."

"'Count Tolstoi,' says Archdeacon Farrar, 'believing that the essence of Christ's teaching is love, humility, self-abnegation, the returning of good for evil, it seems to him that the church has made those virtues only necessary and secondary . . Subjecting the sermon on the mount to theological explanations, she has declared it to be the presentation of an impossible ideal, whereas, it is perfectly within the reach of all who will accept it in a childlike spirit. The inmost essence of all Christ's teaching seems to him to lie in the literal obedience to the command, "Resist not evil," whereas the church has sanctioned resistance to evil in every form. But he holds that Christ's words admit of no limitations or exceptions. For instance, Christ said, "Give to him that asketh thee." Was not his meaning perfectly clear? He meant to inculcate the universal duty of charity, of quick generosity, of ready almsgiving. But to what monstrous absurdities do we reduce this lovely principle when we take it literally! Is no request to be denied? Are we to give to a child or a

fool? Are we to give to an oppressor to help him in hurting the innocent? Are we to give a drunkard, who will at once use our gift to reduce himself to the condition of a beast? . . . Again Christ said, "Ask and ye shall receive." Was there ever any Christian who failed to see that the divine promise, so infinitely true in the spirit, is in the letter falsified by all experience? It was intended as a principle and was never meant to be understood in the letter. No Christian asks for any earthly blessing, however intensely he may desire it, without the two expressed or mental reservations, "If it be good for me," "If it be thy will." Paul prayed thrice that the "stake in the flesh" might be removed from him and it was not removed, though something else and something better was granted him. Our Lord himself prayed that if it were his Father's will the cup might pass from him. It did not pass, but there appeared an angel from heaven, strengthening him. . . . [Count Tolstoi will surely admit that in these matters Christ is his own best interpreter]. Thus in the sermon on the mount, immediately after the words, "Resist not evil," which seem to Count Tolstoi to contain the essence of all Christianity, Christ added, "Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." Yet so little did he mean the injunction to be taken literally, when he himself was smitten on the cheek he remonstrated with the offender (see John 18:23). What he meant was the duty of suppressing resentment—a divine principle.

" 'We may now directly test Tolstoi's special conclusions and first his palmary rule, "Resist not evil." We maintain that in not regarding this as a precept of universal, literal, and exceptionless application, the church has not been inventing glosses whereby to avoid a difficult duty; but has, on the contrary, been giving to Christ's rule the exact meaning which he intended. For in the present state of the world, resistance to evil in some form is a primary duty. If Tolstoi attaches no importance to the wielding of the sword of Michael from the armory of God, and to the Lamb going forth to war, he need not look beyond the limits of the gospels. Christ's whole ministry was a resistance to evil. He resisted evil with words, when he "blighted the scribes and pharisees with the flash of a terrible invective"; he resisted it in deeds when he expelled with a scourge of small cords the profaners of the temple; and he resisted it by plain counsel when he said, 'He that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one." It is not in the least the result of cowardice or compromise with the world, (as Count Tolstoi thinks,) that the church sanctions the resistance to evil in the form of war and of civil justice. It is, on the contrary, the result of her belief, that cleaving to the letter would be a violation of the spirit of Christ's command. Yearly the wretched Fellahin of Palestine sow their corn, and yearly the bolder Bedawin reap it. If resistance were possible to them their helplessness would be pusillanimity, not virtue. The meaning can not be as St. Augustine taught us fourteen centuries ago, that destroyers are to trample the world under their feet and the righteous are not to stay them. . . .

" 'The possession of property is perfectly lawful, and the only thing that is unlawful is the wrong use of it. False swearing and blasphemy are forbidden, but the solemn oath of a Christian man before a court of justice is sanctioned by Christ's own example. Anger on just cause and within righteous limits, is perfectly permissible; it is only baseless, cruel, rash, implacable anger which

is eternally to be condemned. Resistance to evil is not only pardonable, but it becomes a positive duty when nonresistance would be nothing but a curse to the offender, to society, and to the world. . . . Will any one aver that there was no nobleness, no fine moral enthusiasm, no inspiring force of a righteous motive in the hearts of the Northern soldiers who marched to war, singing:

"'"Christ has died to make men happy,
We will die to make them free."'"

So writes Archdeacon Farrar, and while we do not indorse all we have quoted, our readers may see that Margery's views in relation to the justice of resistance to evil, have full support from high authority, and such as would never be suspected of favoring what the world is pleased to term "Mormonism." There is a harmony in the teachings of Christ upon this point, the key of which the Christian alone possesses.

CHAPTER XV

MARY'S LETTER

Let him not boast who puts his armor on,
As he who puts it off, the battle done.

—Longfellow.

The tares may flourish,—but the grain is not for death.

—Whittier.

IN OUR last, we left Margery busy with the household cares which, because of her mother's sickness, devolved upon her. The days, as they lengthened in reality, seemed long indeed to her as she waited for news from Daniel; but as a low, lingering fever still confined her mother to her bed, she was thankful for the wisdom of the choice she had made in remaining with her; for in time she saw her patient care rewarded, as the invalid slowly gained strength and was able once more to join her family at the social meal as well as in their hours of devotion.

Letters came from Daniel, descriptive of the country through which they were traveling, and filled with such incidents as might serve to interest her or tend in any way to cheer her spirits. The hope of soon being reunited was her daily and hourly thought, though few who saw her

cheerful, loving attendance upon her mother would have dreamed how much she longed for his companionship and counted again and again the hours of separation. The soft breezes of spring had given place to the warmer ones of early summer, when a letter reached her from Mary, which, as it forms a connecting link in our narrative, we will here in part transcribe. It was dated, "Early June in the wild-wood," and ran thus:

"Margery, Sweet Sister: Should I undertake to describe the scene by which I am surrounded, I feel sure that I never could do justice to it. To-night we are encamped in a grove of timber skirting the borders of a limpid stream, which in its gentle, rippling flow reminds me of the one in which we were 'buried with him [Christ] in baptism' that happy day, which now seems so far in the past.

"If time is measured by events, then indeed it is long since we two entered into covenant, taking upon us the name of the Son and witnessing to God that we would always keep his commandments. Ah! Margery, that is a solemn covenant to make, especially when we remember with whom it is made! I look back at the past, as memory brings it before me, and forward to the future, that realm of imagination, and the question comes to me, 'Shall I always be able to do this?' 'Not in our own strength,' I hear you repeating, as you

have many times said to me, 'but if we daily ask our portion of strength, he will give it daily.'

"This is what I am trying to do, trying to gather the manna each day as it falls, and use it while fresh and sweet; and, Margery, I have thus far never known it to fail. Is it not, after all, the using of it which is the important part? Those who in their eagerness gathered more than was used, found it filled with worms. I have often thought that if from the heart we asked daily, and daily used the portion given, we would grow in grace and in the knowledge of God; but of what value to our bodies is the food we never taste? In like manner the spirit can not grow and receive strength by the bread we ask for, if unused.

"If I pray for the grace of patience and never exercise it; for faith and then harbor doubts and unbelief; for charity, and almost as soon as the breath of prayer has left my lips, take up a reproach against my neighbor; for the poor and the needy, and send them away from my door empty; for the success of the gospel and never give towards the sustaining of the ministry, no, not so much as to pay my honest debt of tithing; for the speedy coming of Christ with his saints, when by the neglect of all those duties I am doing all in my power to prevent that coming, of what avail are my prayers?

"God may hear and place within my reach the power to answer them, but if I do not use that

power, will it not be a swift witness against me in the day of judgment? I sometimes think it were better never to pray, never to ask God for grace to overcome, than to ask, and after receiving, never use. But let me return.

"There is an opening in the woods where we are now encamped, and, as the banks of the stream are high, through it the view opens out over a wide expanse of prairie, covered with the most luxuriant growth of grass, among which bloom the loveliest wild flowers of every shade and hue. As the evening breeze freshens, the grass sways in it like the ripples on the lake; but the waters of the lake never throw back such bright and lovely colors as the flowers give to this prairie sea.

"Away in the distance, where the sky bends down and seems to lift the land to its embrace, the hues mingle and blend till one knows not where the prairie fades from view and the horizon begins. Truly this is a lovely land and goodly. One can almost fancy that the spies would not have far to go for the grapes of Eschol, as he looks at the trees covered with the half-formed bunches of wild grapes, hanging thickly from vines which have crept to the tops of the tallest ones and have there festooned themselves into garlands of verdure, reaching from branch to branch.

"You heard that our people would not be induced to take up arms in order to defend them-

selves from being driven, neither to reinstate themselves in their rights.

"After they left Jackson and settled in Clay County, these mobbers did not feel just as secure as they wanted to feel in regard to their titles to these lands. The guilty conscience, which is ever looking forward to the evil day, whispered to them that sometime they might be called upon to prove their titles, which would be a hard thing for them to do. Accordingly they sent a proposition to the brethren, offering them the government price for their land, but refusing to pay anything for the improvements.

"Of course our brethren could not accept this, and it was finally agreed to refer the matter to some of the citizens of Clay County. These men had no connection with our church, but were men of good standing and much influence in the county.

"They met at a town called Liberty, with thirteen men sent out from Jackson County, and strove to adjust the difficulty. Our brethren were also represented; but after some time the men from Jackson County, seeing that they were not likely to get what they wanted without paying for it, withdrew from the council, and, being very angry, they accused the men of Clay County of sympathizing with our people, and it was only by persistent effort that they were restrained from using knives and guns, which seems to be the best logic they have at command.

"Prominent among this delegation from Jackson County, was a man by the name of James Campbell. In the terrible heat of his anger, this man swore that the war against the Mormons should be renewed, and that he himself intended to kill Joe Smith and 'give his carcass to the buzzards.'

"That night the heavens suddenly gathered blackness, and peal upon peal of thunder shook the earth, while the vivid lightning flashes blinded the beholder, for a moment lighting up the earth and then leaving it in blacker darkness than before. How well I remember it, and how it required all our united strength to keep our tent from being blown away! The rain fell in torrents, and but for the precaution father always takes of digging a trench around the tent, it would have been flooded with water. In a few hours the storm abated, and next morning the sun shone bright and clear, and the birds sang as joyously and sweetly as though there had been no war of the elements, no crash of thunder, or of trees uprooted by the wind or shivered by the lightning's flash; but in that storm, Margery, there perished seven of these lawless men.

"They had embarked in the ferry-boat to recross the Missouri River, and when about half way over, the storm burst upon them in all its fury and the boat upset. Part succeeded in clinging to her until she righted, and then in climbing in, and so were saved, but seven were drowned, and their bodies

floated down the angry waters of the swollen stream, and some days afterwards the body of James Campbell was found lodged on a sand-bar; but so terribly was it mutilated and torn by the sharp claws and beaks of buzzards, that it was almost impossible for his friends to recognize it.

"Our enemies claim that Joseph Smith announced to his followers, 'that he had brought his fate upon himself by his threats against the prophet of the Lord'; but if people were wise they would receive such tales as these with many degrees of allowance, for while there is a temptation to ask, 'Was it indeed retributive justice upon this man?' the Christian knows that it is not in ways like this the judgments of God are meted out. Sin brings its own punishment with it.

"When in the darkness of night, thrown amid the black, angry, and storm-tossed waters, did this man who had profaned the name of his Maker by linking it with terrible threats of evil which he purposed in his heart to bring upon an innocent fellow being, recall the past; and as the light of eternity drew near, and the stern reality of death came home to him, did he regret it? Would he have changed the past? Would he have reinstated those helpless women and children in the homes from which he had helped to drive them? Had life been spared, would he have changed his course, have been a better man? Alas, who can answer!

"Was it retributive justice? 'Suppose ye that

these Galileans were sinners above all the Galileans, because they suffered such things? I tell you, Nay; but, except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.'

"Let us trust, Margery, that our enemies will be the only ones to do this kind of talking, for in this life justice is not always meted out. The wheat and the tares grow together, and John saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God and the testimony that they held: 'And they cried with a loud voice, saying, How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?' White robes were given unto them, and rest, sweet, sweet rest; but even they must wait until judgment precede punishment, for, 'He hath appointed a day in the which he will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance of this unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead.'

"Death is not an unlimited evil, neither is it in any sense the punishment God has in store for the wicked. Many times it comes to the righteous in a sudden, terrible manner, as much as to the wicked; but come to them as it may, or when it may, it comes as a friend, freeing the spirit from its tenement of clay, and giving in exchange for the toil, care, and perplexity of life, rest. 'It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment.'

"But how I have wandered from that which I intended to write you.

"Our trip has thus far been a very pleasant one, and we are now near our journey's end. The stream by which we are now encamped empties into the Missouri a few miles below the point at which we expect to cross it, and unless Providence prevents we will reach our crossing-place in two more days' travel. Yesterday we met with some families, already discouraged, who were returning to the East. They were driven from Jackson County, and, as they expressed it, 'Have had enough of Mormonism.' Already I have opportunity to see that the 'net gathers of all kinds.' The Savior spoke of a class who became offended in times of persecution, and, Margery, there are many such among our people. I know there will none stand, save those in whom the word has taken deep root, and the root itself is being nourished by the ground into which it has fallen. These will bear fruit, and only the fruitful will endure.

"You would be surprised to know what objects of curiosity we have been to many on the way. It is a mystery to me how the most vivid imagination could possibly invent all the stories in circulation about the 'Mormons.' One would think them a newly discovered race of beings, important curiosities, or creatures caught with a lasso from some Indian jungle. And what a comment, what a living witness of the changes which have occurred

since the days when Christ and his apostles were upon the earth, and went about from place to place, preaching this same gospel of the kingdom!

"This would not be so apparent, would not stand in such bold relief, did the churches not, one and all, profess to be followers of Christ and found their faith upon the same word which is the foundation of success. Did they or we profess another religion, holding the religion of Christ as a mistake or an imposition, there would be no room left for astonishment, but as it is, the marvel is that they can not see how far they have departed from the faith taught by Christ. 'To a drunken man the world goes round.' Not being able to see their own departure, they see in us a new and strange sect which by no possible stretch of courtesy can be denominated Christian.

"We are anxiously waiting further news from you and expect that you will join us before fall. Daniel and father have gone on ahead and will meet us at the river, provided they have been successful in finding a desirable location. If we do not meet them there we shall camp and await their return."

We will not follow the letter to its conclusion, but will here briefly (for the benefit of our young readers) throw in a few connecting links between this period and the events which will form our concluding chapters. Mr. Clark met his family at the crossing of the river, and communicated to

them the good news of having found and purchased a place with some improvements already on it. The location he had selected was in Clay County, where the family were shortly settled. Daniel obtained a home near to his father's and in the early fall they were joined by the family of Mr. Boyd, and, for the first time, Daniel and Margery sat together beneath their own roof-tree, and knew in its broadest meaning the truth of the words, "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home." Before long they were destined to know also, that no spot upon this earth is so sacred as to be exempt from pain and trial. Daniel was attacked by sickness, and despite every effort upon the part of friends to alleviate or heal, gradually grew worse, until it became evident to all that unless help came soon, it would come too late.

Through the long watches of the night, Margery sat by his bedside, her heart filled with the wildest apprehensions. Could it be possible that he was to be taken from her, that his life-mission was accomplished and the summons home had come? Silently she ministered to his every want, for the sharp pain tugging at her heart rendered speech almost impossible, but every breath was a breath of prayer, that, if possible, God would not yet press this bitter cup to her lips. From time to time the ordinances of God's house had been administered, but with no apparent effect. Medical aid had been sought, but all in vain, and although Margery kept

her watch alone, the family of Daniel were all there, for their anxiety was too great to suffer them to remain away. As the first dawn of day stole into the room, he said to Margery, "Call father."

Mr. Clark was soon at his bedside, followed by his mother and Mary, not knowing but they had been summoned to bid him good-bye.

"Will you administer to me once more, father?"

"Certainly, my son," he answered, and kneeling by his bedside, the stricken family once more importuned at a throne of grace for the life of the sufferer, after which Mr. Clark anointed his head with oil, and laying his hands upon it, asked God to remove the disease and restore his son to health.

God was pleased to hear and answer, and that morning Daniel took breakfast with his rejoicing family, thanking God for his abounding mercy and blessings.

Three years of peaceful, domestic life followed this event. Much of Daniel's time was given to the ministry, but Margery was happy in the thought that though at home, she was yet a coworker with him; for he never failed to receive from her words of cheerful encouragement, which not only buoyed up his spirit, but incited him to new endeavors in the Master's cause. Hours of discouragement and despondency came to her, as they do to all, but she did not give them a hearty welcome and thus

encourage them to come again, but struggled to bar the door of her heart against the intruders, and when in need of encouragement, counsel, or help, she went to her closet and laid the matter before God.

During these years, hundreds and thousands of the Saints had sought and made themselves homes in Clay and adjoining counties. Towns had sprung up as if by magic, and the fertile acres of prairie land had been turned into fruitful fields, yielding in abundance all kinds of grain, vegetables, and fruit, while the wild honey, found in the woods, garnished almost every table.

Broad lines of distinction were soon drawn between the thrift of eastern settlers and those settlers who had been there before them. The result was that envy was excited in the minds of the early settlers, and they began to cast about for means by which they might get rid of these neighbors, whose industry and thrift was a constant reproach to them.

In addition to this, not one of the Saints was the owner of a slave, for they understood the spirit of the gospel of Christ too well to believe that God ever made one of his creatures to be the bondman of another. It is probable that just here the most serious cause of offense was given. Be that as it may, they were offended, and resolved to once more make an effort to expel them from their homes.

CHAPTER XVI

PERSECUTION

A man can bear
A world's contempt, when he has that within
Which says he's worthy.

—Alexander Smith.

A little while the world may run
Its old mad way, with needle-gun
And iron-clad, but truth, at last shall reign;
The cradle-song of Christ was never sung in vain.

—Whittier.

IT IS not and has not been our intention from the first, to enter into particulars with reference to the troubles the Saints encountered in Missouri, but simply to recount a few events in which the family of Mr. Clark participated. In order to do this, it will be necessary for us to mention in a cursory way, many other things which we shall not undertake to describe. There appeared not long since in the St. Louis "Globe-Democrat" a series of articles from a correspondent signing himself "Burr Joyce," which gives much information upon the history of the transactions in Missouri, from the time the Saints first went there, in 1833, up to the time when they were finally driven out in 1839.

The morning of July 4, 1838, broke like a dream of splendor over the waving prairies and wooded dells of Caldwell County. Very early the citizens of Far West (a town then numbering some three thousand inhabitants) were astir, and soon from the surrounding country, singly, in groups, on horseback, on foot, in vehicles of every description, the people came flocking in; while at intervals the discharge of fire-arms, mingled with the shouts of boys and men, fully indicated, to an American, at least, the character of the occasion. From a magnificent pole some sixty feet high floated the stars and stripes, emblem of liberty and equal rights.

The day had been chosen by the Saints for the laying of the foundation-stone of a temple to be erected to the worship of God. At ten o'clock an imposing procession formed, Reynolds Cahoon being marshal of the day, which, after marching through the town, encircled the temple lot, where an excavation five feet in depth, one hundred and twenty feet long, and eighty feet wide had been made. Here, with appropriate ceremonies, the corner-stones were laid.

Music, prayer, and the reading of the Declaration of Independence followed; after which a stirring oration was delivered to the people. The benediction having been pronounced, the audience separated into various groups; refreshments were spread and partaken of amid laughter, smiles, and tears of joy.

Had a stranger happened there and been a witness of this innocent mirth, of the whole-souled, warm-hearted hospitality extended, even pressed upon all present not provided for, he would scarcely have been able to realize that he was in the midst of a hated, persecuted people, a people driven and plundered of their earthly possessions and who even now felt that at any time this persecution might burst out afresh. Was it ominous of the times of trial so near, that from a clear sky in the afternoon, a vivid flash of lightning struck the erected Liberty-pole, shivering it into a thousand fragments? Was it this, or might it not have been the heaven-dealt refutation of its mockery?

Liberty, what does it mean? If to have one's home invaded in the silent night-watches, to be torn from the clinging embrace of arms enfeebled by sickness, driven out half-clad into the darkness of raging storms and tempests, while the moaning sobs of wife and mother, mingled with the helpless cries of your new-born babe follow you, ring in your ears above the wailing of the storm; if this be liberty, if thus she shelters, thus protects the children whose fathers died for her: then had these people liberty! If to be driven forth from the clinging arms of helpless little ones, bound as a felon, and compelled to stand while men disguised as savages set fire to your house and drag you away, leaving your helpless family to their fate: then had these people liberty!

"It was a mob," you say, "and no government can be held responsible for the acts of a mob."

We grant you this; but when that government is appealed to for redress of such wrongs and they join with the oppressor, what then? These are words of soberness, and to ascertain whether or not they are words of truth we refer you to the state archives of Missouri herself—but to resume.

As the weeks passed by, from time to time rumors reached the brethren of continued outrages, perpetrated by the citizens of Missouri upon the scattered Saints, and there was no feeling of security, especially among those in the settlements farthest from the main body of the church. It was pretty well understood to be the intention of the people of Daviess County to compel the Saints to abandon the homes they had made there with the full consent of the citizens.

If the enemies of the church were united upon no other point they were a unit in their hatred of the brethren, and no falsehood could be manufactured too wild, too base, or too vile for their capacity or belief.

Foremost in circulating many of these falsehoods were the various professed ministers of the gospel of peace. Not satisfied with working upon the feelings of the people, they constantly transmitted false reports to the governor and other State officers, seeking by every means in their power to incite the minds of the people and the

Government against the brethren, and if possible accomplish that which they had resolved upon; namely, to drive them from their homes and beyond the limits of the State.

It may occur to some to ask, "Was there no foundation in truth, for any of these reports?" Let us answer by an examination of the occurrence at Gallatin.

Gallatin was the shire town of Daviess County, and the election was on the 6th day of August. Colonel William P. Penniston, one of the leaders of the mob which had troubled the Saints in Clay County, was a candidate for representative.

He was sure that the brethren would not vote for him, and, if they did vote, his case was hopeless. In this emergency what was to be done? A man who had once engaged in mob violence had no conscientious scruples to stand in the way of doing the same thing upon this occasion.

About eleven o'clock in the forenoon he harangued the people for the purpose of exciting them against the Saints. After exhausting every vile charge in his power to bring against them, and telling the people that they ought not to be allowed to vote, he closed his harangue with what he intended to be an argument beyond the power of any to refute, the very acme of all the charges he had brought against them: "You know they profess to heal the sick, cast out devils, etc., and you know this is a —— lie."

As the legitimate and anticipated result of this, when the brethren stepped up to vote they were met with, "No Mormon ought to be allowed to vote any more than a Negro."

To which one of the brethren replied, "No man ought to be allowed to vote who can neither read nor write."

The answer to this came in the shape of a blow from the butt end of a heavy wagon whip, knocking the brother down. Another brother seized the arm of Richard Welding, the assailant, to prevent his repeating the blow, when he was attacked by five or six of the mobbers, crying, "Kill him, kill him," interspersing their words with blows and horrible profanity.

The brethren had been advised to arm themselves before going to the polls, but they had not done so. They were largely outnumbered by the mob, but defended themselves as best they could, and compelled their assailants to withdraw. In this encounter several upon both sides were severely wounded and two of the assailants were killed. It was claimed by the Missourians that the brethren were the aggressors, but can this claim in honesty be substantiated?

The brethren were determined to vote, let it cost what it might, but the civil authorities counseled them to return to their homes, as they knew the mob would soon return with largely increased force. After holding a consultation they resolved

to go to their homes for the protection of their families. Upon every hand and from every direction they could see squads of men gathering, and they resolved to take their families to a designated spot, where they could stand guard through the night, not knowing what moment they might be attacked. As soon as possible the women and children were collected and concealed in a thicket of hazel-brush, where all night long they lay upon the bare ground, drenched by the rain which fell in torrents.

And this, kind reader, is a fair sample of all the difficulties arising between the citizens of Missouri and the brethren in those early days. We do not by any means claim that the brethren were always right, always wise, or free from boasting. A Baptist minister once remarked to the writer:

"The very tendency of your faith is to make you feel that you are right and all others are wrong, and, consequently, there is great danger of your becoming lifted up in your own conceit."

We saw there was truth in this remark and felt the force of it, but quietly answered:

"For our faith we are not responsible. Christ is the author of that. 'One Lord, one faith, one baptism.' 'He that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad.' But, if we forget that this oneness, this one way, imposes upon us the words of the apostle, 'What manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness,' we will have to learn

by bitter experience, even as Israel of old has been learning for the last eighteen hundred and more years, that, 'It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.' God has no favorites except as men, through their obedience to his commands, recommend themselves to his favor. They who know his will and do it not shall be beaten with many stripes, while those who do not know it, though they have done things worthy of many, shall be beaten with few."

The brethren were but human beings and as such were not only liable to err, but, "Prone to err as the sparks are to fly upward." It is an easy matter to defend the truth when you are in harmony with it, and this may have caused some to be lifted up in the pride of their hearts, in vain conceit, and to have looked upon those whom they could so easily get the better of in an argument, as being in some way less in favor with God than they were.

We say this may have been so, and we believe in a measure it was so, but we are not prepared to say that we know it was. "History repeats itself," and going back to the days of Moses, we read the promises of God through him set before the people upon one hand, if they obeyed the law, and the cursings upon the other hand, if they did not obey, and we question if this mixed multitude who went up to Missouri, were in reality better than their forefathers in the days of Moses.

"If thou shalt hearken diligently unto the voice of the Lord thy God, to observe and to do all his commandments . . . the Lord thy God will set thee on high above all nations of the earth."

Dear young friends, you who are just starting out in the Christian warfare, let us analyze the meaning of this promise. How or why is it that the people who keep the commandments of God will be set on high above all other people?

In the beginning, the infinite wisdom of the Almighty God devised the gospel of Christ. Perfection was the object to be attained, and this could only be reached through obedience to the laws made known in the gospel; hence it would follow as a necessity that he who obeyed those laws would most surely arrive at the goal, or in other words, would be set on high, above all other people.

There is here no shadow of favoritism; for, having our agency, God himself could not place us there, unless we followed out the means, ordained in their very nature to accomplish the result. Of the gospel Paul says, "For therein is the righteousness of God revealed." Humility, long-suffering, preferring one another in love, patience, meekness; everything, in fact, which will serve to make us like the divine pattern, the only pattern, Jesus Christ, the Savior of all men, but especially of those who believe, are the rounds by which we must climb to this height.

The promise of God through Moses was, that if they would observe to do all his commandments, "The Lord shall cause thine enemies that rise up against thee to be smitten before thy face: they shall come out against thee one way, and flee before thee seven ways."

There is another phase of this matter which should receive its due share of attention. "The net cast into the sea gathers of all kinds," and with the guilty the innocent have always had to suffer. It would be no difficult matter to understand that one wrong act seen through a medium so distorted as the flying rumors set afloat by prejudice, hate, and a determination to drive the Saints out of the State, could easily be multiplied into many. To this must be added the most malicious falsehoods which it would seem possible for men of corrupt minds to fabricate, or others like-minded to believe.

That further on, there came a time when the spirit of retaliation, or rendering evil for evil, crept into the church, we do know, and where this spirit exists there is no room for the Spirit of him who said, "But I say unto you, render not evil for evil." But to return to our narrative.

We have seen in the affair at Gallatin that the trouble arose from the fact that the brethren wished to exercise the rights of freemen, and when attacked by a mob, resisted that attack. Had they rejected the counsel of the civil authori-

ties and refused to return to their homes peaceably, there would have been some show of excuse for calling them aggressors, but because they did not stand by and see a mob abuse and even kill their brethren, can any conscientious Christian man charge them with wrong? They had been base cowards to have done this, and we don't believe that cowardice and Christianity are compatible. It would, however, have been wisdom if no reply had been made when the ruffian denied the right of the brethren to vote; but whether a collision could have been avoided by that means is doubtful.

What a lesson may be learned from the fact of the truth, unwittingly uttered by each party, and through what seas of blood the nation waded to the demonstration of the first, "No more right to vote than the Negro." If, indeed, it be true that certain inalienable rights belong to each individual, they can not be denied because of color, but it may yet be necessary to demonstrate the fact that a certain amount of education to enable the individual to exercise those rights intelligently is necessary for the perpetuation of a free government. For ourselves, we believe it is.

Two days after the affair at Gallatin, a wagon stopped at the gate of Daniel's home, and a man rapped at the door. When Daniel opened it, he found a cousin of Margery's there and learned that he had barely escaped with his life, after his

wife had been dragged from their house with an infant two days old in her arms. They had carried her out on the bed and then set fire to the house. As soon as they saw their fiendish work completed, they had hurried on to the next dwelling. In their haste they had forgotten to set fire to the stable, so creeping out of the bushes where he had been concealed, he harnessed his horses and lifting his wife into the wagon, he covered her as best he could and brought her with him.

Margery's cheeks grew pale as she listened, but silently she prepared a bed, while Daniel went with Clayten, her cousin, to bring his wife into the house.

Tenderly and with all the skill in her power, Margery cared for the poor mother and her babe. Many were the thoughts surging through her mind as she strove to cheer and infuse new courage into the heart of the despondent one.

Not a day passed without bringing tidings of some fresh outrage, and one afternoon two of the brethren stopped at the door who had escaped from the hands of the mob after having been tied up and whipped until their backs were raw and their clothing dripping with blood. They had been torn away from their families and dared not return to learn their fate.

CHAPTER XVII

FOR GOD AND LIBERTY

For right is right since God is God,
And the right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

—*Faber.*

IT WAS early in the fall of 1838 that Daniel stood by the gate of his cottage in conversation with a gentleman who had reined in his horse and seemed much interested in the subject they were discussing. Were we to venture the assertion that the troubles then existing between the brethren and the people of Missouri formed the theme of their conversation, we would not be wrong.

"I agree with you fully," continued General Doniphan, the gentleman referred to, "but your people, or most of them, hold peculiar views on this subject, and I am satisfied that your very forbearance has seemed to these lawless men an invitation to more desperate deeds. I make no profession of Christianity, but I think if I ever should, I would be a disciple of Paul."

"Paul suffered many cruel persecutions and thanked God that he was counted worthy to suffer them for Christ's sake," said Daniel.

"But, at the same time he demanded his rights as a citizen of Rome, whenever it was likely to benefit him; refusing even to be taken from prison privately, but demanding that the magistrates who had punished him unlawfully should come and bring him out."

"The name of Rome was a terror to the rest of the world," said Daniel, as his mind took in the force of the argument.

"She knew at least how to protect her citizens in the exercise of their rights," said General Doniphan, "and allowed no man to be punished until he was condemned by law. If this Government does not examine into the merits of the trouble given your people, it will be to her lasting disgrace in the eyes of all right-minded, thinking men. There is always a time, come it sooner or later, when prejudice fades and truth stands forth, and if that time does not come in the history of Missouri,, it will be an exception to the rule.

"I have noticed also that while your ministers counsel forbearance and the returning of good for evil, the most active men in inciting your enemies are men who are professors of religion. I learn that a certain Captain Bogart, a Methodist minister, is traveling among the people with no other purpose in view than to incite them to hostility against those of your faith.

"He assures them that the Government will not interfere; and another preacher, a Presbyterian, I

believe, by the name of Wood, did not scruple to offer as an inducement, that if your folks could be got rid of before the land sales come off, those who were there would be able to secure all the land they wanted."

"Has it never occurred to your mind to draw a parallel between this condition of things and those which existed in the days of Christ?" said Daniel. "Then it was the scribes, lawyers, and Pharisees who were constantly stirring up the minds of the people against him. The common people, for the most part, heard him gladly. 'The poor have the gospel preached to them,' was among the evidences with which he told the disciples of John to strengthen their master's faith. But when the blind leaders of the people came to him he never spared them.

"Their hypocrisy and falsehood were laid bare to the gaze of others and going away smarting under the lash of his justly merited rebukes, they sought revenge by striving to incite the people against him. These ministers have, on various occasions, been made to know that they were no match for our elders in argument.

"One by one they have been compelled to retreat from positions they deemed impregnable, and the result is that while they know we preach only the gospel of Christ, they blind the eyes of the ignorant, and spare no effort to make them think that we do not even believe in Christ; and while we

hold no faith or form of doctrine which the Bible does not authorize and which we can not sustain by the Bible, they incite the minds of the people by crying, 'Joe Smith, Golden Bible,' etc. Truly it is time for Christians to stop and think when they discover that a church which in every respect has followed the pattern as given by Christ and his immediate followers so closely that it is not possible for them to show any difference, yet so widely does this church differ from any and all others now in existence, that they cry, 'A new religion—imposture—deception,' etc."

"I am free to admit that I have thought of these things, but if you will excuse me, the subject of your peculiar faith is not what most interests me. You may remember that when you went to the election at Liberty, I told you that were I in your place I would vote or die, and I confess to you that had I been in the place of your people, I never would have accepted the proposition of being set off in a county by myself. Think of it! Free-born American citizens, sons of men who forsook all to gain a home where they might worship God according to the way of their belief, who bathed the land in their own blood, dedicating it to freedom and equal rights, consenting to treatment no better than that of Botany Bay convicts! I tell you, Clark, it makes my blood boil!"

"But, General," said Daniel, "did you not help in organizing this movement?"

"Not in organizing it, but when I saw that obtaining justice was hopeless and your people were willing, not only willing but anxious for it to be done, I helped in the movement, hoping that perchance they might leave you in peace. It was, however, a vain hope, and it will be the part of wisdom for your people to fill up the ranks of the militia and prepare to defend your homes without delay. Far West will not long be safe, for I learn that Captain Bogart with his patrols is scouting through the country, driving every family out of Daviess County and threatening to make Far West a visit soon. If he does not make his word good in this respect, it will be because he can not."

"I am well persuaded of the truth of this," Daniel answered, "but the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, and yet God many times suffers the wicked, for the time being, to triumph; and I am satisfied that much trouble is before us."

"My parting advice to you is to do all in your power by way of preparing to defend your homes. It is not, bear it in mind, the Government you are resisting, but a lawless mob."

The next day after this conversation, Mr. Clark accompanied by Daniel and one of his brothers went to Far West and were duly enrolled in the State militia. Daily the clouds of trouble thickened. Homeless and plundered fugitives con-

tinued to arrive, each having his own tale of wrongs to tell.

One evening late in October, Daniel came into the house, and finding Margery alone, he said:

"I am summoned to Far West, and the call is imperative, but I can not go and leave you here. I will saddle your horse and take you up to father's. It is nearer town and will be safer there."

For a moment Margery's heart seemed to stand still and her cheek paled to a deathly hue, but controlling herself with a powerful effort she said:

"Do you know why you have been summoned?"

"Yes, Margery, I will not deceive you. Word has reached Far West that Captain Bogart is marching upon us. He expects to be joined by Niel Gillium's band of outlaws, and it is the intention of our general to call for volunteers to meet him before he reaches the town."

There was no need for Margery to ask, "Will you join these volunteers?" for there was that in the face of Daniel which assured her that his resolution was taken, and hastily she put things in order for leaving home, lifting her heart in silent prayer to God for faith and courage to meet the worst.

"Take a few extra garments with you," Daniel had said, "for it may be some time before we return," and then he had pressed her close to his heart, praying God to care for and shield her.

Neither dared trust himself to speak, for a fearful weight of foreboding kept each silent.

We forgot to mention that Margery's cousin had only remained with them a few weeks until his wife was better and had then gone on to his father's, some four miles beyond, thus leaving her and Daniel alone. As Margery passed from room to room, despite her utmost efforts a dull, heavy pain was tugging at her heart and she could not silence the question coming again and again, "Shall we ever return?" Oh, how blessed and sweet seemed now the memory of the quiet hours passed beneath this roof! Hours hallowed by the sweet interchange of soul communion and loving thoughts, hours of worship and praise to the Giver of all good, hours when the death-angel had drawn so near, only to be met by the power of Him who said, "Thus far shalt thou come and no farther." They would never come back, those sweetly vanished hours, and who could say, who could forecast the character of those to take their place? In spite of every effort to force them back, the tears gathered and fell on her cheeks, but she resolutely brushed them away, and tying on her bonnet went to the door, hoping Daniel would be there.

"Are you ready, Margery?" his voice called out of the darkness.

"Yes, I am coming," and hastily shutting the door, she turned the key in the lock and joined him at the gate.

Tenderly he assisted her into the saddle and carefully guided her horse until they were in the main road, when both increased their speed, glad that it was not possible for the other to know how heavy was the heart each bore away.

A short ride brought them to Mr. Clark's. He met them at the gate, and Daniel, dismounting, was going in when his father said:

"Do not wait for that, Daniel, let us hasten on."

"One moment, father, I must see mother just a moment."

"May God bless and keep you, my son, and bring you back in safety, for if I am bereft of either who goes forth to-night, I am bereft indeed," said Mrs. Clark.

"Mother," said Daniel, "be careful of Margery and cheer her up a bit, for she is doubly in need of comfort."

"I will do all in my power, Daniel."

"God bless you, mother, and don't forget to pray for us. Good-bye, one and all," and he hastened out into the darkness.

As he reached the gate two clinging arms closed round his neck, and for a moment Margery sobbed upon his bosom. It was but for a moment, however, for, raising her head, she steadied her voice, saying, "I will be brave, Daniel, and let no thought of me unnerve your arm. The God who witnessed to us that he was the Author of this work, will not forsake you; and if life is demanded,

the cause which is not worth dying for is not worth living for. Prayer will be made for you, unceasing prayer, and the will of God be done."

"It is hard to leave you at a time like this, Margery, but I can trust you that for my sake, for the sake of the hope we both so fondly cherish, you will be brave of heart and hopeful of spirit. Mother and Mary will both cheer you up. Poor mother, she too needs comforting, and in trying to cheer her, you will in a measure forget your own anxiety. Father is waiting. We will come back soon—good-bye."

One lingering embrace and Daniel tore himself away. Joining his father and brother, they were soon galloping briskly toward Far West. As they came near the town they were met by parties coming in from other directions, all pressing toward the public square where the muffled roll of the drum was calling them together.

Shortly after the arrival of Daniel and his father, the call was made for volunteers to make a rapid night march in order to meet the enemy before they should strike camp for their march upon Far West. Among the first to step forward were Mr. Clark, Daniel, and his brother. In a few moments the ranks were full, and the command was intrusted to Captain Patten.

Let it be remembered that George M. Hinkle was at that time a colonel in the State militia, and was the highest in command at Far West when the

news of Bogart's movements reached there. It was under his orders that Captain Patten and his men were acting.

The delay was brief, and soon, armed and equipped as best they could be, swiftly and silently they left the town, and after a long night ride over the prairie, just at the dawn of day they drew near to the supposed neighborhood of danger.

Here Patten dismounted and divided his men into three companies. Fastening their horses to a fence and leaving a few to guard them, they started to reconnoiter the premises of a Mr. Field, where they thought perhaps the mob might be encamped. Not finding them, however, Captain Patten, in a short speech, exhorted them to trust in the Lord for victory and then ordered a march along the road to the ford of the river.

"It was just at the dawning of light in the east and when near the top of the hill which descends to the river, the words, 'Who comes there,' were heard and at the same instant the report of a gun. Young Paterson O'Banion reeled out of the ranks and fell mortally wounded, whereupon Captain Patten ordered a charge and rushed down the hill. At a short distance the camp-fires of the enemy could now be seen, but it was still so dark that little could be seen by looking toward the west, while the mob looking towards the dawning light could see Patten and his men quite distinctly.

"When within about fifty yards of the camp, the

brethren formed a line. . . . The mob formed under the bank of the creek, below their tents, and fired all their guns upon the brethren. Captain Patten then ordered the company to fire, which was obeyed immediately, and for a few moments the whole wilderness seemed one continued echo of the reports of the deadly rifle.

"The watchword, 'God and Liberty,' was then given, and Patten ordered a charge which was immediately obeyed, and the mob was soon put to flight, crossing the river at the ford and such other places as they could get over. In the pursuit, one of the mob wheeled around from behind a tree and shot Captain Patten, who instantly fell, mortally wounded, having received a large ball in the bowels."

Returning from the attack, Daniel's first thought was of his father and brother. Were they safe? For a moment he paused to gaze upon his friend and brother, David Patten, but other hands were lending him help, and with a sharp pain in his heart that the bravest and best should so have been smitten down by the hands of his enemies in the prime of life, his thoughts again returned to his father and with a heavy heart he pressed on to seek him.

The sun had risen during the contest, and his kindling beams lit up the woods and the plain beyond. Swiftly Daniel passed from group to group in search of his father. He soon met his

brother, who, like himself, had escaped unhurt, and joined in the search for Mr. Clark.

"He was close to Captain Patten when he was shot," said one of the men, "and, if I am not mistaken, I saw him fall before Patten did. Perhaps he has crawled to the woods back of us."

A few moments later, Daniel and his brother found him leaning against a tree, pale and bleeding from a wound in his side, but still alive. Together they hastily constructed a litter and carried him to the house of a brother living near, and while Daniel remained to care for him, his brother started for home to obtain means for his removal. In a few moments after his departure, they brought in the other wounded and the dead, until they could consult what should be done. The wounds were staunched and the dead prepared for burial, as well as their means permitted. It was then decided to return immediately to Far West.

The men relieved each other in carrying the dead and wounded, until they were met by teams from Far West, and among them was Mrs. Clark with one for her husband, as she could not remain at home after hearing what had happened.

You who have followed this brief story thus far, know something of the character of some of these men. To the writer the names of David Patten and Patterson O'Banion have been as household words. They were men of God; and if, indeed,

there was or could be any mistake in their thus taking up arms for the defense of their homes, it was a mistake of the head and not of the heart. They were seeking the injury of no one, neither did they desire any man's lands or gold, and fame had long since lost all its attraction for them. The question had reduced itself to this: Shall we quietly submit to see our families driven from their homes, exposed to all manner of hardships, without food or shelter from the storms of winter, or shall we meet these mobbers and let them know they can not do this thing with impunity? After many a conflict, many a debate with science, the issue had been met.*

*We wish to direct special attention to a letter found at the close of this volume, entitled, "Others with the church in an early day"; in which you will find David Patten in a very different role from the sad one here depicted.

CHAPTER XVIII

WHEAT AND TARES

Arise! wilt thou be overthrown
Like one who leaves a base of stone
When some great dome he meant to build?

—G. C. Rankin.

Behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above his own.

—Lowell.

MARGERY remained standing where Daniel had left her until the sound of their footsteps died away in the distance. The sky was clear, the stars shone brightly, and ever and anon from the town came the distant sound of the drum, mingled with the notes of the bugle, now faintly heard, now dying away and lost to the ear.

She pictured to herself the hurried coming together, the painful partings, the hasty march beneath the solemn stars, the encounter in deadly strife, and then—but, falling upon her knees, she closed her eyes, and lifting her heart to God, prayed long and earnestly for patience, strength, and guidance; for the safety of those who were going forth and for their speedy return. Lost in

her earnest pleadings, she took no note of time, till a step near her and the voice of Mrs. Clark, calling her name, roused her to a sense of time and place.

"I am coming, mother," she said, as she rose hastily and, throwing one arm around Mrs. Clark, they entered the house together.

In the large, open fire-place a cheerful wood fire was blazing, for the nights were cool. Drawing a chair into its warmth and light, Mrs. Clark gently forced Margery into it, while she untied her bonnet and unpinned her shawl. Tenderly she smoothed back the soft, brown hair and took the cold hands in her own.

"Oh, mother, don't!" said Margery, as a quick, convulsive sob shook her frame. "I am younger and stronger than you are and ought to be comforting you. I will be calm in just a little while, and then there are so many things that I want to speak to you about."

"We will have the evening all to ourselves, Margery, for I have sent the children to bed, and Mary is down with Sr. B——, whose husband is also away. Sit quietly here and warm yourself, for you are chilled and nervous. I ought to have called you in sooner."

"I ought not to have waited to be called, but, really, I did not know how long I was there, my brain was so busy."

"Margery, you must leave this trouble in God's hands. The path which we can not see, because

the mists hang so low, is all clear to his sight. Let us put our hands in his and walk with firm steps, because we walk by faith."

"You are right, mother, and I will; but there are some things weighing on my mind and I shall feel better when I have talked with you about them."

"Rest quietly until I finish a little work I have to do, and then I will give you all my time."

Margery closed her eyes, and as the heat of the fire penetrated her chilled frame, a sense of utter exhaustion and weariness came over her, and the scenes of the day faded from her recollection.

"Poor child, it is too much for her," said Mrs. Clark tenderly, and, hoping that Margery might in reality be asleep, she moved very quietly about her uncompleted household tasks.

Before they were finished, however, Margery's eyes were following her, and, taking her knitting, (for her busy fingers knew not how to be idle,) she sat down by her saying: "I am ready now to listen to all you wish to say."

"Mother, do you believe in presentiments?"

"That is a hard question to answer, Margery. I do believe that many times God prepares us for the trials which lie before us, even as we at times warn our children when we discover that they are eagerly expecting and surely counting upon events yet in the future, events which we fully realize may never transpire. Our riper experience warns

us of this uncertainty, but our fears are not always well grounded."

"But, mother, if the impression comes from God and really is a warning or a preparation, his knowledge is not limited as ours is and, therefore, we can more surely trust it."

"Yes, if we knew assuredly that it came from him; but as Paul tells us, 'try the spirits,' so ought we to try the impressions upon our minds and see if there is not a natural cause for them. But why do you ask me, Margery?"

"Because, mother, the feeling has taken such a firm possession of my mind, that I shall not be with you long, and that clouds of trouble will darken around and envelop us, like the smoke from a heating furnace.

"Do not think that I fear it or shrink from it, but there is one thing which I do fear, and it is for this reason I wished to talk with you. In the long ago (or to me it now seems oh, so long!) you may remember that I talked with you and with Mary about the possible result of the troubles we are now going through. I then felt that the result would be either to make a purer, better people, a people in whom the dross was wholly burned away, or to make a people who, smarting under a sense of cruel injustice, of unmerited wrongs, would finally retaliate evil for evil. I think, however, that I now see with clearer vision.

"Not all will be purified, neither will all fail in

this furnace of fire. There will be those who will come forth as the tried gold; but, mother, there will be many who will deny the faith and will have only a form of godliness left, and these will bring upon the true Saints such a weight of reproach that they will stagger and go with bowed heads, as men carrying burdens too heavy to be borne."

"My child, the wickedness of those who go out from us can not be charged to us."

"No, mother, but these will not go out; for I have seen the evil overcome the good; not as when the chaff is sifted from the wheat and scattered, but as when the tares choke the wheat. These will bear the name of Saint, and the eyes of the world will be fixed upon them, while the true Saints will be scattered upon the face of the earth.

"It will surely come to pass, though I could not convey to you in words how I know it. This is the church of God, but these are not the people who shall prepare the way for the coming of the Son of Man. The kingdom shall not be given to another people, but, among the scattered ones, will be found the faithful ones with whom God will intrust his work."

"Dear child, I fear you are letting our troubles take too deep hold upon your mind, and much of this is doubtless the result of your delicate health. You need to be surrounded with cheerful scenes and loving care, instead of being so exposed and constantly made anxious on account of others.

But cheer up, for all these things will work out for good, and we have only to submit patiently to the will of God."

A momentary smile was the only answer Margery gave, and then she added:

"Mother, I want you to promise me one thing. When I am no longer with you, watch over Daniel, and warn him of the danger I have pointed out to you; for, mother, I would rather they would bring him back cold and dead to us to-morrow, than that he should ever turn away from the faith."

"Do not fear that, Margery. None know better than Daniel the foundations of that faith."

"Do you remember when the disciples would have called fire from heaven to destroy the enemies of Jesus? He told them that they did not know what manner of spirit prompted the thought. They were following Jesus then and loved him; but notwithstanding this, an evil spirit had power to tempt them by prompting them to render evil for evil. How far it might have led them but for the kindly admonition of the Master, who can say? I do fear for him, mother, and I want you to promise me."

"I will cheerfully do that, Margery, but now you must lie down. It will rest you, even if you can not sleep, and I will sit here, for I can not go to bed to-night."

Margery found herself too weary to resist, and, lying down, she closed her eyes, though not with

any hope of sleeping. Her thoughts wandered to Daniel, and her heart was lifted to God in one unceasing prayer that he might be kept in safety, and that contact with the enemy might be avoided.

Every sound from without was eagerly listened to, and she thought of how many families were yet far away from the town and exposed to the enemy. Hour after hour passed away, a faint line of light appeared in the east, the stars began to pale, and soon the rising sun chased the shadows from corners where they were lurking, and Mrs. Clark, putting out the light, went to the door. Long and earnestly, she scanned the prairie, but nothing was to be seen.

Margery arose, bathed her face and helped to prepare breakfast. Little was eaten by either, though, for the sake of the children, a semblance of cheerfulness was maintained.

The breakfast things were put away, and all had been done which hands dreading idleness could find to do; it was nearing the hour of ten, when the clatter of a horse's hoofs was heard, and they saw Daniel's brother approaching at a swift gallop. Riding up to the gate, he threw himself from the horse, though still holding the bridle in his hand.

By this time Mrs. Clark was at his side, while Margery, faint and pale, was leaning against the gate. "Mother," he said, as he threw one arm about her, "you must be brave. I have bad news

for you, but far worse for others. Father is wounded, three of the brethren are killed, and David Patten is wounded beyond recovery.

"Daniel is not hurt, but is with father at the house of a brother near where the battle occurred. I must ride on to carry the news to Far West, but will be back immediately. Tell Fred to harness our best team and have the carriage in waiting by the time I get back; and, mother, put up something in the way of lunch—all you can spare, for the men have had nothing to-day." Kissing her hastily, he sprang into the saddle and galloped away.

It was now Margery's turn to be collected and brave. Calling to Fred, she told him just what to do, then opening the gate, she put her arm around Mrs. Clark, who was standing as if stupefied, gently drawing her into the house and arousing her faculties by appealing to her for the things necessary to be put up.

It was but for a moment that Mrs. Clark lost her presence of mind, then, collecting her faculties, she directed all things necessary to be done.

"Will you be afraid to remain alone with the children?" she asked of Margery.

"No, mother, but will it be best for you to go?"

"I can not remain; I must get to Father just as soon as possible. Do you have bandages and all things in readiness. I will drive down the lane and George will meet me there."

But George was already at the gate, and, helping his mother into the carriage, he threw the reins of his horse to Fred, saying, "See that he is well fed and cared for, for he has had a hard trip. Good-bye, Margery, and don't be alarmed if we are not here until late, as we will have to drive very slowly. We do not think father's wound is very bad, but he was faint from loss of blood."

"Tell me all about it, George," said Mrs. Clark as they drove rapidly over the smooth prairie road; and he related to her the circumstances as we have recorded them.

They had been on the way but about two hours, when they met the sad procession, and, lifting Mr. Clark carefully into his carriage, supporting him with pillows, they started slowly upon their homeward road, after they had distributed the provision brought with them, which was gratefully received by the hungry men.

Knowing how anxiously Margery would be looking for Daniel, George gave him the reins to drive back, and he joined the other company.

"I think you may drive a little faster, Daniel," said Mr. Clark, "and if I can not bear it, I will let you know." He said nothing to Daniel of the cause of his anxiety, but it was not necessary, for his own thoughts were busy with the situation. "Join us in Far West immediately," were the parting instructions of the officer in command, and Daniel knew that it meant a consultation with ref-

erence to the best means of providing for the safety of those who had been engaged in the battle.

Soon after Mrs. Clark left, Margery saw a body of men enter the graveyard, which could be seen from the window of Mr. Clark's house, and begin preparing for the last resting-place of those who had but that morning been full of life and hope. She stood as though fascinated by the sad sight, while the tears poured down her cheeks like rain. Why had God been so merciful to her in sparing her husband, when others were called upon to mourn with a mourning more bitter than that of Rachel for her children? Then again the thought came to her, "Is this not better than the fate which awaits many another wife and mother whose husband and sons will come home to her to-day? I have seen it," she almost whispered, "seen this awful cloud of blackness and darkness; and I know that the day is coming when they will say the dead are the happy ones. I only wish that it was clearer to my mind, that I understood it better, but it is doubtless wisdom that I do not."

She busied herself in preparations for the return of the family and in providing food in place of that which had been taken away. Shortly after noon, Mary came home, and Margery was glad indeed both of her company and help. Between anxiety, work, and watching, the hours wore away, until, as the sun sank low in the west, Fred, from

his lookout on the fence, discovered the carriage returning.

"O, Margery, what is to be the end of this?" said Mary, unable longer to control her feelings. "Would it not have been better to have waited here until the enemy came, than to have bought this brief respite at such a fearful price? It will be many a day before any one like David Patten will seal his testimony with his blood."

"Ah, Mary, David Patten was indeed a man of God, and thousands will weep for him to-day, but I fear that many will be called upon to lay down their lives and that, too, very shortly, for the sake of the gospel."

Mary did not reply, for looking out of the door she caught sight of the carriage, and calling to Margery, "Daniel is driving," hastened out to meet them.

A sudden faintness came over Margery, and Daniel found her, after he had helped his father to bed, sitting by the table, her head leaning upon her hand, and her cheeks pale as marble.

"Give me a glass of water, Daniel, and then let me go out into the air; I shall be better soon."

Daniel obeyed, and leaning upon his arm, Margery went out into the bright October sunlight, and, sitting down upon a rustic bench, leaned her head upon his shoulder and wept silently.

Daniel did not interrupt her weeping, but drew her very close to him with one arm, and with his

hand gently smoothed the brown hair from her temples, while the sunshine, as it glinted through it, touched it into hues of gold. As Daniel held her there, it required every nerve, every fiber of his being to control the emotions surging in his bosom. But he mastered himself, and when, in a few moments, Margery raised her head, and, wiping her eyes, looked up into his face, he smiled down upon her, and only the sunlight of love beamed from his dark-brown eyes.

"Do not think me weak, Daniel, for oh, it is so good to have you back. So good," she repeated, "but we must not be selfish. I am better now, and we must go in and help mother. Is father very badly wounded?"

"I hope not, but we can not tell until his wound is dressed. Fred has gone to Far West for some one to dress it, and mother and Mary are by him, so stay here for a little time in the fresh air, and let us talk of the future. I am afraid I shall have to leave you, Margery. Father and the brethren think that a demand will be made for all who were in this battle to be given up; and if the demand is not complied with, it will bring trouble upon all those who were not there as well as those who were. There is a chance for us to escape, if we embrace it, but it will have to be done quickly.

"Even as we came along, we met with some brethren who told us that the enemy have sent scouts and runners to all parts of the country,

bearing the most unreasonable account of the affair, and manufacturing the most glaring falsehoods. I do not want to be the means of bringing trouble upon others, neither do I want to fall into their hands."

"That is not to be thought of for a moment," said Margery. "You must hasten beyond their reach; there is no time to be lost."

"But, Margery, how can I leave you here?"

"There will be no danger for me. I can stay here or go to father's, but it would kill me to see you fall into their hands."

"There is danger for you, Margery, and I can not leave until I have made some arrangement for you to go also. You could bear the journey now, but later on the inclement season might be fatal to you, and, if driven from your home here, you would surely die."

Margery opened her lips to say, "They would not do a thing so inhuman," but remembering the case of her cousin, she was silent.

"I am going to town immediately to learn what the brethren will do, and, in the meantime, it will be well for you to gather up a little provision, and before I come back I will have fixed upon some plan for getting you away. Go in now to father, and I will be back as soon as possible. Do not worry, my dear wife, for I have the assurance from the Lord that we shall both be saved out of the enemy's hands."

"Thank God for that, Daniel. My heart is lighter than it has been since you left. Don't tarry here a moment."

"One moment," he said, as he bent down and tenderly kissed her quivering lips. "I tell you, Margery, that notwithstanding all this trouble, if you were only in a place of safety, I could rejoice in God to-day, that he ever counted me worthy to have his Son revealed in me. Yes, Margery, my heart has been so light that, had I been going to the stake, I think I could have shouted praises to his name."

"Then, my husband, why should you not trust me in his hands with the same faith and confidence?"

"I do, I do, but yet I feel these trials and hardships for you as it is not possible for me to feel them for myself."

"What you have told me lifts every cloud from my heart, and you will see me as strong and brave as ever. Go, now, for every minute is precious."

When Margery went into the house, Mr. Clark called her to the bedside and bade her to be of good comfort. "Look upon the silver lining of the cloud and trust God with implicit faith, for all things shall work together for good to them who fear the Lord."

"Surely, dear father, we ought all to be cheerful when you set such an example. Does not your wound pain you?"

"Yes, at times; but my mind is at peace, and the Spirit bids us all be of good cheer, for we shall come through these trials and be saved from the snares laid for our feet. You and Mary must hasten your preparations now, for the brethren will leave to-night, I am very certain."

Margery needed no second reminder, and soon both were busy in preparations for the departure of husband and brothers.

CHAPTER XIX

HAUN'S MILL

All nature holds the promise deep
Injustice shall be downward hurled;
But now all see Nobility
Walks handcuffed through the world.

Grandly she moves with flashing eye,
Honor and chains her lofty choice;
Not either arm she lifts to strike
But all the cowards know her voice,
—*Ella Frances Wellman.*

THE shadows lengthened, the sun went down, and one by one the stars came out, but Daniel did not return. The family were too busy to note the passing hours, and just as the clock struck eight, the sound of horses' feet was heard, and soon Daniel and his brother came in.

Going to Margery, he said: "I have seen your father and it is all arranged that you are to follow me in a few days. In one hour the brethren who are going with us will be here, and, if we are pursued, this early start will put us considerably in advance and we shall, with God's blessing, be able to escape. Pack your household goods and the boys will bring them up here, but do not delay your starting a day longer than possible, as I shall count the hours until I know you are in a place of safety.

"Your mother with the two boys will go with you, and your father will provide everything in his power for your comfort. We will aim to reach Quincy, Illinois, but you will probably be there before us, as we shall have to travel in a circuitous route in order to avoid our pursuers."

"I will carry out all your instructions carefully," said Margery, "and now come, you must not start until you have eaten your supper. The others are waiting for us."

Many things were spoken of as the savory meal was eaten, and many words intended to cheer and comfort each other came from the heart to the lips of each. When the meal was finished, all knelt around the table and Daniel offered a brief, earnest prayer, commending the friends he was leaving to the care of God and asking his presence to go with those who were going. They had scarcely arisen from their knees when the low call of a

bugle announced that the others were in waiting, and hastily the good-byes were exchanged and Margery and her friends were again alone.

Mr. Clark was comparatively comfortable and, worn and wearied, his wife slept by his side, while Margery and Mary retired to another room and soon sought rest in sleep.

And now, kind reader, we wish before going on with our narrative to glance briefly at the condition of affairs at this time, and note the action taken by the State authorities.

Captain Bogart, while commanding a company of Ray County patrols, was driving the Saints from their homes whenever he encountered any. He sent word to Far West that he would be there the next day. A detachment of his men captured four of the brethren and took them into his camp the same day. When this news reached Far West, (which was after dark,) Judge Higbee ordered Colonel Hinkle to send men to disperse the mob and liberate the prisoners. When these men came upon Bogart's company and were fired upon by them, they then attacked and dispersed them, they themselves suffering as heavy a loss in killed and wounded as the others.

Now the question arises, If blame was to be attached to those who were acting in self-defense, what of the aggressors? There is not a school-boy of ordinary intelligence in the land who would not be able to answer this question and present the

matter in a light to show the injustice of the action which was taken.

Messengers were sent out in every direction, calling the people to arms; reports without one particle of foundation in truth poured in to the executive, who without hesitation issued his orders upon the strength thereof, and in less than a week after the band of outlaws had been scattered by David Patten's men, nearly three thousand well-armed men under the command of General Lucas surrounded the town of Far West. These troops were sent there by the command of Governor Boggs with the following instructions:

"The Mormons must be treated as enemies and must be exterminated or driven from the State, if necessary, for the public good. Their outrages are beyond description."

Over against this latter assertion, kind reader, we ask you to place the following from the lips of General Doniphan, as stated in the Kansas City "Journal" in 1881:

"It is true, however, that in an order to me and other officers, Governor Boggs used the expression, 'that the Mormons leave the State or be exterminated,' whereas this order was entirely illegal. I paid no attention to it. In my reply to Governor Boggs I stated to him that I had disregarded that part of his order, as the age of extermination was over. . . . While the Mormons resided in Clay County they were a peaceable, sober, industrious,

and law-abiding people; and during their stay with us not one was ever accused of a crime of any kind."

This is the calm, dispassionate statement of one who had far better opportunities of knowing the Saints than any man not of their faith, connected with the troubles through which they passed. He was an intimate friend of Daniel Clark and stood by him on more than one occasion when the outlaws of Missouri would have trampled upon his rights.

You have looked upon this picture—have seen a band of men, under the direction of officers of the regular State militia move out from their homes to intercept and disperse a mob who were moving upon them, not only threatening them with destruction, but arresting all whom they could reach and threatening them with instant death; and we beg you to bear in mind that this action was pre-eminently one of self-defense. You have seen the result of this, that in but a brief space of time, thousands of armed men have been marched to the rescue of this scattered, frightened band of outlaws, and these people, for this crime, have been surrounded and threatened with extermination: now come with us while we lift the curtain from another scene and let us see whose voice will be raised to cry, "To the rescue!" whose arm uplifted in defense.

OCTOBER:

"The month of carnival of all the year
When Nature lets the wild earth go its way,
And spends whole seasons on a single day."

The 30th of October, 1838, is a day never to be effaced from the memory of the harrassed and persecuted Saints of Caldwell County, Missouri. Most of those who have recounted its horrors in the listening ears of their children have been gathered to their fathers and sleep in peace, but their children who survive them are many, and never while life remains, can time obliterate from their memory the picture stamped upon its walls while they listened and wept.

The morning was fair, and the sun came up in golden splendor from behind a veil of mist which hung low upon the horizon like a fringe to the curtain of clouds bending above it. From among the tall prairie-grass the partridge called to his mate, and the answer came back in notes of shrill gladness from a distant clump of hazel. A murmuring stream, skirted by tall trees and bordered with an underbrush of hazel and other low-growing shrubs, wound its way through the quiet scene. Here a clump of sumac, robed in flaming scarlet, brighter than the burning bush the prophet turned aside to see, nestled closely up to the towering oak robed in crimson, brown, and green, which in its turn threw out its branches to embrace the maple,

standing one vast pyramid of waving gold. Scarcely a breeze rustled the leaves or whispered among the ripened fields of corn, which in rank luxuriance dotting the prairie here and there, witnessed the fact that man had invaded the far-reaching solitude and was an actor in the scene, while the smoke, curling up through the overhanging branches, gave evidence that his dwelling was near.

In this quiet spot a brother by the name of Jacob Haun had erected a mill on the north bank of the stream known as Shoal Creek, early in the year 1836; and here, from time to time, families of the Saints had settled, entered land, erected rude but comfortable dwellings, and planted fields of corn and other grain.

This, with the exception of believing in a God who changes not and of asking the privilege to worship him after the manner the world calls "heresy," was their only crime.

As troubles thickened, they had thought to remove to Far West for greater safety, and indeed had been advised to do so, but in case of doing this, they would be compelled to leave their crops (their only supply of provision for the winter) unharvested, and their homes and all they had at the mercy of the mob. The prospect was not inviting, and besides this they could not believe that, without any provocation upon their part, men enough could be found so cruel, so lost to every

sense of shame, as to attack a hamlet of peaceful families who had never done them any harm. Alas! through what a scene of blood and carnage were they that day to learn "man's inhumanity to man"!

Here we quote from Burr Joyce, the special correspondent of the St. Louis "Globe-Democrat," lest the account in its unvarnished horrors should, otherwise, seem overdrawn:

"BRECKENRIDGE, Missouri, Sept. 27, 1887.

"In the afternoon of Tuesday, October 30, 1838, there occurred in Caldwell County a dreadful incident, generally termed 'The Haun's Mill Massacre.' From official documents and other records, from affidavits of witnesses, and from statements made by actual participants, I have prepared the following account. . . .

"At Jacob Haun's mill, on Shoal Creek, in the eastern part of Caldwell County, about eight miles south of Breckinridge, there had collected about twenty Mormon families. Haun himself was a Mormon and had come to the site from Wisconsin a few years before. He had a very good mill, and clustered around it were a blacksmith shop and half a dozen small houses. The alarm that the troops were moving against them had driven nearly all the Mormon families in the country to Far West for safety. A dozen or more living in the vicinity repaired to Haun's mill, which was

twenty miles to the eastward of Far West. As there were not enough houses to accommodate all the fugitives, a number were living in tents and temporary shelters. A few families, perhaps four, had come in on the evening of the 29th, from Ohio, and were occupying their emigrant wagons. Not one member of the little community had ever been in arms against the 'Gentiles,' or taken any part whatever in the preceding disturbances.

"Word that the militia of the State had been ordered to expel them from the country had reached the Mormons of the Haun's mill settlement, and following this intelligence came a report that a considerable number of men in Livingston County, together with some from Daviess, had organized in the Forks of Grand River, near Spring Hill, in Livingston, and were preparing to attack them. Whereupon a company of about twenty-five men and boys, indifferently armed with shotguns and squirrel rifles, was organized at the mill, and David Evans was chosen captain. It was resolved to defend the place against the threatened assault. . . .

"North of the mill was a body of timber half a mile in width, skirting Shoal Creek; beyond was a stretch of prairie. For a day or two Captain Evans kept a picket post in the northern border of the timber, but on the 28th he entered into a sort of truce with Captain Nehemiah Comstock, commanding a company of Livingston 'Gentiles' from

the settlements near Mooresville and Utica, and the post was withdrawn. By the terms of this truce, which was effected by a messenger who rode between Evans and Comstock, the Gentiles were to let the Mormons alone as long as the latter were peaceable, and vice versa. Each party, too, was to disband its military organization. But on the morning of the 29th the Mormons learned that a company of Livingston militia, a few miles to the eastward, were menacing them, and so they maintained their organization and that night set watches. The latter company was commanded by Captain William Mann, and for some days had been operating at and in the vicinity of Whitney's mill, on Lower Shoal Creek (where the village of Dawn now stands), stopping Mormon emigrants on their way from the East to Caldwell County, turning them back in some instances, taking their arms from them in others, etc.

"On the 29th, at Woolsey's, northeast of Breckenridge, an agreement was reached by the Gentiles for an attack upon Haun's mill. Three companies, numbering in the aggregate about two hundred men, were organized. They were commanded by Captains Nehemiah Comstock, William O. Jennings, and William Gee. The command of the battalion was given to Colonel Thomas Jennings, an old militia officer, then living in the forks. . . .

"Setting out from Woolsey's, after noon on the 30th, Colonel Jennings marched swiftly out of

the timber northwest of the present village of Mooresville, and out on the prairie stretching down southwards towards the doomed hamlet at Haun's mill. The word was passed along the column, 'Shoot at everything wearing breeches, and shoot to kill.'

"All of the Gentiles were mounted, and they had with them a wagon and two Mormon prisoners. Within two miles of the mill the wagon and prisoners were left, in charge of a squad, and the remainder of the force passed rapidly on. Entering the timber north of the mill, Colonel Jennings passed through it, unobserved, right up to the borders of the settlement, and speedily formed his line for the attack. Captain W. O. Jennings' company had the center, Captain Comstock's the left, and Captain Gee's the right.

"The Mormon leader had somehow become apprehensive of trouble. He communicated his fears to some of the men, and was about sending out scouts and pickets. It had been previously agreed that in case of attack the men should repair to the blacksmith shop and occupy it as a fort or block-house. This structure was built of logs, with wide cracks between them, was about eighteen feet square, and had a large, wide door. The greater portion of the Mormons were, however, unsuspicious of any imminent peril. Children were playing on the banks of the creek, women were engaged in their ordinary domestic

duties, the newly arrived immigrants were resting under the trees, which were clad in the scarlet, crimson, and golden leaves of autumn. The scene was peaceful and Acadian. It was now about four o'clock in the afternoon, and the sun hung low and red in a beautiful Indian summer sky.

"Suddenly, from out of the timber north and west of the mill, the Gentiles burst upon the hamlet. The air was filled with shouts and shots, and the fight was on. It can not fairly be called a fight. Taken wholly by surprise, the Mormons were thrown into extreme confusion. The women and children cried and screamed in excitement and terror, and the greater number, directed by some of the men, ran across the mill-dam to the south bank of the creek and sought shelter in the woods. Perhaps twenty men, Captain Evans among them, ran with their guns to the blacksmith shop and began to return the fire. Some were shot down in their attempts to reach the shop.

"The fire of the Mormons was wild and ineffective; that of the militia was accurate and deadly. The cracks between the logs of the shop were so large that it was easy to shoot through them, and so thickly were the Mormons huddled together on the inside that nearly every bullet which entered the shop killed or wounded a man. Firing was kept up all the while on the fleeing fugitives, and many were shot down as they ran.

"Realizing very soon that he was placed at a

decided disadvantage, Captain Evans gave orders to retreat, directing every man to take care of himself. The door of the shop was thrown open, and all of the able-bodied survivors ran out, endeavoring to reach the woods. Some were shot before reaching shelter. . . . The Gentiles advanced, and began to use their rough, home-made swords, or corn-knives, with which some of them were armed. The fugitives were fired on until they were out of range, but not pursued, as the few who escaped scattered in almost every direction.

"Coming upon the field, after it had been abandoned, the Gentiles perpetrated some terrible deeds. At least three of the wounded were hacked to death with the 'corn-knives' or finished with a rifle bullet.' William Reynolds, a Livingston County man, entered the blacksmith shop, and found a little boy, only ten years of age, named Sardius Smith, hiding under the bellows. Without even demanding his surrender, the cruel wretch drew up his rifle and shot the little fellow as he lay cowering and trembling. Reynolds afterward boasted of his exploit to persons yet living. He described with fiendish glee how the poor child 'kicked and squealed' in his dying agonies. . . . Charley Merrick, another little boy only nine years old, had hid under the bellows. He ran out, but did not get far until he received a load of buckshot and a rifle ball—in all, three wounds. He did

not die, however, for nearly five weeks. Esquire Thomas McBride was seventy-eight years of age, and had been a soldier under Gates and Washington in the Revolution. He had started for the blacksmith shop, but was shot down on the way, and lay wounded and helpless, but still alive. A Daviess County man named Rogers, who kept a ferry across Grand River, near Gallatin, came upon him and demanded his gun. 'Take it,' said McBride. Rogers picked up the weapon and, finding that it was loaded, deliberately discharged it into the old veteran's breast. He then cut and hacked the body with his 'corn-knife' until it was frightfully gashed and mangled.

"After the Mormons had all been either killed, wounded, or driven away, the Gentiles began to loot the place. Considerable property was taken, much of the spoil consisting of household articles and personal effects. At least three wagons and perhaps ten horses were taken. Two emigrant wagons were driven off with all their contents. The Mormons claim that there was a general pillage, and that even the bodies of the slain were robbed. The Gentiles deny this, and say that the wagons were needed to haul off their three wounded men, and the bedding was taken to make them comfortable, while the other articles taken did not amount to much. Two of the survivors have stated to me that the place was 'pretty well cleaned out.'

"Colonel Jennings did not remain at the mill more than two hours. Twilight approaching, he set out on his return to his former encampment. He feared a rally and return of the Mormons with a large re-enforcement, and doubtless he desired to reflect leisurely on his course of future operations. Reaching Woolsey's, he halted his battalion, and prepared to pass the night. But a few hours later he imagined he heard cannon and a great tumult in the direction of Haun's mill, betokening, as he thought, the advance of a large Mormon force upon him. Rousing his men from their sweet dreams of the victory, he broke camp, moved rapidly eastward, and never halted until he had put the West Fork of Grand River between him and his imaginary pursuers. He and his men had won glory enough for one day, anyhow! They had not lost a man killed and only three wounded. John Renfrow had his thumb shot off, Allen England was shot in the thigh, and —— Hart in the arm.

"The Mormon killed and mortally wounded numbered seventeen. Here are the names:

"Thomas McBride, Levi N. Merrick, Elias Benner, Josiah Fuller, Benjamin Lewis, Alexander Campbell, George S. Richards, William Napier, Augustine Harmer, Simon Cox, Hiram Abbott, John York, John Lee, John Byers, Warren Smith, Charles Merrick, aged nine, Sardius Smith, aged ten.

"The severely wounded numbered eleven men, one boy (Alma Smith, aged seven), and one woman, a Miss Mary Stedwell. The latter was shot through the hand and arm as she was running to the woods.

"Dies iræ! Bloody work and woeful. What a scene did Colonel Jennings and his men turn their backs upon as they rode away in the gloaming from the little village once all green and peaceful! The wounded men had been given no attention, and the bodies of the slain had been left to fester and putrefy in the Indian summer temperature, warm and mellowing. A large, red moon rose, and a fog came up from the stream and lay like a face-cloth upon the pallid countenances of the dead. Timidly and wearily came forth the widows and orphans from their hiding-places, and as they recognized one a husband, one a father, another a son, and another a brother among the slain, the wailings of grief and terror were most pitiful. All that night were they alone with their dead and wounded. There were no physicians, but if there had been, many of the wounded were past all surgery. Dreadful sights in the moonlight, and dreadful sounds on the night-winds! In the hamlet the groans of the wounded, the moans and sobs of the grief-stricken, the bellowing of cattle, and the howling of dogs, and from the black woods the dismal hooting of owls.

"By and by, when the wounded had been made

as comfortable as possible, the few men who had returned gathered the women and children together, and all sought consolation in prayer. Then they sang from the Mormon hymn-book a selection entitled, 'Moroni's lamentation,' a dirge-like composition, lacking in posey and deficient in rhyme, but giving something of comfort, let us hope, to the choristers. And so in prayer and song and ministration the remainder of the night was passed.

"The next morning the corpses had changed, and were changing fast. They must be buried. There were not enough men left to make coffins or even dig graves. It could not be determined when relief would come or when the Gentiles would return. There was a large, unfinished well near the mill, which it was decided should be used as a common sepulcher. Four men gathered up the bodies, the women assisting, and bore them, one at a time, on a large plank to the well and slid them in. Some hay was strewn upon the ghastly pile and then a thin layer of dirt thrown upon the hay.

"The next day Captain Comstock's company returned to the mill, as they said, to bury the dead. Finding that duty had been attended to, they expressed considerable satisfaction at having been relieved of the job, and, after notifying the people that they must leave the State or they would all be killed, they rode away. The pit was subse-

quently filled by Mr. C. R. Ross, now a resident of Black Oak, Caldwell County.

"A day or two after the massacre, Colonel Jennings started with his battalion to join the State forces at Far West. BURR JOYCE."

"Dies iræ!"—Let us put back the curtain and, "Let the dead bury their dead." Let the wife sit by the still, cold form of her husband, by whose side lies the mutilated body of her murdered boy; let the bride of but a few short months bury her head upon the gory bosom of him whose heart will throb no more when it lies resting there! Let them sleep in peace until the Master shall descend with a shout; for "the dead in Christ shall rise first."

Put back the curtain, and if, in coming time, the questions should perchance arise, "Did the State government of Missouri justify this horror? Was it done by order of Governor Boggs or any subordinate officer under him?" we shall be able to answer only by asking, "Do the archives of Missouri contain any order for a suppression of such outrages? Has any act ever been passed condemnatory of it? Was not Colonel W. O. Jennings sent back to Haun's mill with his command to hold the women and children in subjection and to see to it that they should not be allowed to call upon their God?"

Put back the curtain; but before you let it fall, though you should never know the reason why,

upon this picture write, Approval; but upon that other, Extermination. Let them hang side by side until the day God has appointed in which to judge the world in righteousness, and hath given us assurance of his coming, in that Christ is risen from the dead!

"God's ways seem dark, but, soon or late,
They touch the shining hills of day;
The evil can not brook delay,
The good can well afford to wait."

"Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell."

CHAPTER XX

THE HONOR OF A STATE

The traitor to Humanity is the traitor most accursed;
Man is more than Constitutions: better rot beneath the sod,
Than be true to Church and State while we are doubly false to God.

—Lowell.

THE morning after Daniel's departure broke bright and clear. Long before the dawn of light, Margery and Mary were moving quietly about their household duties. Mr. Clark had rested through the night, and, as it is our intention to follow the events of his life further at this time, we will here say that after a lingering

illness caused by his wound, together with anxiety in regard to his family and the condition of affairs in general, anxiety which his physical condition rendered him less able to resist, he finally recovered so as to be able to ride on horseback, and went to Illinois, leaving the family to follow him. This was done at their earnest persuasion, as his life had been threatened, and the family knew that spies were watching him, and he would not be safe until out of their reach.

The sun had not long been risen when friends from Far West began to drop in, and, of course, the theme of conversation was the events of the last few days, and speculations in regard to the future. Many and wild were the rumors afloat, but, wild as they were, they fell short of the reality.

In the afternoon, the funeral procession of David Patten and Patterson O'Banion wound slowly out of town towards the burying ground just opposite Mr. Clark's, and there amid the sobs and tears of bereaved ones, the discharge of musketry, and the hastily wiped tears of strong men, these loved companions of their earthly pilgrimage were laid to rest.

Brave men of God! What more could they do than to seal the testimony they had borne with their blood? What more than to lay down their lives in defense of the brethren they loved? This, dear reader, is what they did. Loyal to God and

their country, they went at the behest of duty, in obedience to the laws of that country, to defend her citizens from unlawful attack. That these citizens whom they were called upon to defend happened to be of like faith as themselves, constituted the crime. If they had been of other faith all would have been well. The facts in the case arse so obvious that comment seems unnecessary. The State authorities of Missouri were in full sympathy with the mob. They hated the gospel of Christ. Then, as now and ever, it denounced their sins and warned them of judgment to come. They were not willing to acknowledge its claims; they could not reason them away, and hence, as a last report, brute force was used.

What more, we have asked, could they do? Nothing; for they stood in the lot and place ordained of heaven, faithful to the last. Could men do more? Aye, men have, since those days, done more. Nay, they are doing more to-day.

It was not a difficult task for Peter to smite with the sword in the heat of passion, even with the sword the Lord had commanded him to buy; but how long, weary, and tedious had been those hours of watching with this same Master he was now so brave to defend.

It would have been no hard matter to have called fire from heaven upon his enemies, but ah, it was past the strength of Peter's endurance, to acknowledge himself the disciple of that friend-

less, bruised, and bleeding man, arrested as a criminal, and soon to be tried before the highest court of the Jewish nation! Even before a maid servant he quailed and denied all knowledge of him.

Be not, however, hasty in condemnation of him whose courage failed not when the free breezes of heaven were around him, and, as yet, in every test of a mental, moral, or physical nature, he had seen the lowly Nazarene triumph over his enemies, if in this greater trial his courage failed. Poor and humble Jesus was, but what of this? Had he not healed the sick with a word, or a touch of his divine hand; had not the wise and the learned been confounded and utterly routed every time they had sought to ensnare him; had not the devils obeyed him, and the very elements been stilled at the word of his command? Poor, did he say? Had he not power to create and to multiply the fruitage of the earth, to give sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, and life to the dead?

But here was a new phase of his life revealing itself to Peter. This was the hour of his humiliation and suffering, and yet the supreme hour for which the others were but made, the hour when he took upon himself the sin of the world that he might redeem the sinner and reconcile the world to God.

It was one thing to follow this man, when all things were made subservient to his will, and while

there fell from his lips divine wisdom, each sentence of which attested the truth of his divinity, but another, and a very different one, to follow him in the hour of his humiliation, when his judgment was taken away, and when, as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth.

What had he to plead? Think of it calmly for a few moments. For himself, everything; but bear in mind he was not there for himself. Hitherto the works which he had done were the works of divine compassion. "He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised." But this work, this that from henceforth even to the end was to be done, was to bear the sin of another. He took upon him the sin which set the world at liberty; he bore the stripes by which we are healed, and because of this he had nothing to plead.

We said the brethren of those early days bore much, and they did; but we think we are justified in saying that those who, in after-years, embraced the faith, because of their conviction of its truth, and who fearlessly defended it despite all opposition, have borne more; for we honestly believe that the Reorganized Church, even to-day, has to defend the truth from the suspicion, and many times the direct charge of the greatest moral obloquy and odium which ever rested upon the gospel

of Christ from the creation of the world unto the present day.

Men who would not shrink from marching up to the cannon's mouth in defense of truth have shrunk from the name of Mormon as from the contagion of leprosy, have even said, "If I knew you had the truth, I could not purchase at such a fearful price."

If it be a comfort to the champion of the truth to-day to know that this moral sawing asunder is far harder to bear, then surely they are entitled to the full measure of that comfort; for any one who has the moral conviction to stand by the truth when resting under the shadow of this great latter-day apostasy, has in him the stuff of which martyrs are made.

Jesus said to those of old, "Ye shall indeed drink of the cup that I drink of; and with the baptism that I am baptized withal shall ye be baptized." Rejoice then if it be this baptism that we suffer because of the wrong-doing of others. But far better than to suffer as an evil-doer.

Two days after the funeral before referred to, Margery started according to previous arrangement to travel overland to Quincy, where she expected to be joined by Daniel, if she did not find him already there. Many inconveniences attended a journey at that late season of the year, but it was undertaken none too soon, in order to escape detention and trouble upon the road.

On the morning of October 30, it was reported in Far West that large bodies of armed men were approaching the town. The reports proved to be correct, and before night the town was surrounded by more than two thousand armed men. When a flag of truce was sent out to inquire respecting their intentions, the answer returned was:

"We want three persons out of the city before we massacre the rest."

The persons specified, who were Adam Lightner, John Clemenson and wife, refused to go, saying:

"If the people must be destroyed, we will die with them."

The day wore on and the sun disappeared behind the western horizon, but still the attack was delayed. By this time news had reached Far West of the terrible tragedy at Haun's mill, and as the night settled down upon the besieged town, many felt that before another day their fate might be told by others, even as now their own lips grew pale and voices trembled while repeating the dreadful details of that other massacre.

But despite all this mental agony, despite the unknown fate awaiting them, not a murmur of complaint, not a wish that they had never forsaken their comfortable and peaceful homes to cast in their lot with God's people was expressed; but from many a family altar, from many a private circle of prayer, the voice of melody was heard as

they praised God in psalms and spiritual song and committed themselves into his hands.

The condition of Mr. Clark forbade his removal, and all the family who were now left remained with him outside the town. Their fences were thrown down, stock driven off, and their fields of grain destroyed or taken to supply the needs of the mob.

Mrs. Clark, with the bravery of a loving wife and mother, kept all this, as much as was possible, from the knowledge of her husband. After family prayer, she put the younger children in bed, and securing the doors, extinguished the light, when she and Mary took their position by the front window, that, in case of a night attack, they might be in some measure prepared. They could not talk lest the sound of their voices should disturb Mr. Clark, who slept but lightly; and thus, in watching and prayer, the long night wore away.

The first gray dawn found them still at their post, like loving guardians of the sleeping household.

With various emotions of hope and fear, the people in Far West greeted the coming of the day. There was as yet no clue to their fate, and they had little to hope for from the men who were drawn up in largely outnumbering forces against them.

We have no positive facts in relation to the events of the two days following. It is claimed

by some, that George M. Hinkle betrayed the brethren into signing a treaty after he had by stratagem delivered the leading men, among whom were Joseph and Hyrum Smith, as prisoners. This charge we have heard denied. Be this as it may, the ultimate result was that the Saints were forced to submit to the following conditions, embraced in an address of General Clark which he delivered to them on the 6th of November, and which we give below:

"Gentlemen, you whose names are not attached to this list of names, will now have the privilege of going to your fields and providing corn, wood, etc., for your families. Those who are now taken will go from this to prison, be tried, and receive the due demerit of their crimes. But you (except such as charges may hereafter be preferred against) are now at liberty, as soon as the troops are removed that now guard the place, which I shall cause to be done immediately. It now devolves upon you to fulfill the treaty that you have entered into, the leading items of which I shall now lay before you.

"The first requires that your leading men be given up to be tried according to law; this you have already complied with.

"The second is, that you deliver up your arms; this has been attended to.

"The third stipulation is, that you sign over your

properties to defray the expenses of the war; this you have also done.

"Another article yet remains for you to comply with, and that is that you leave the State forthwith; and whatever may be your feelings concerning this, or whatever your innocence, it is nothing to me; General Lucas, who is equal in authority with me, has made this treaty with you —I approve of it—I should have done the same had I been here—I am therefore determined to see it fulfilled. The character of this State has suffered almost beyond redemption, from the character, conduct, and influence that you have exerted, and we deem it an act of justice to restore her character to its former standing among the States, by every proper means.

"The orders of the governor to me were that you should be exterminated and not allowed to remain in the State, and had your leaders not been given up, and the terms of the treaty complied with before this, you and your families would have been destroyed and your houses in ashes.

"There is a discretionary power vested in my hands, which I shall exercise in your favor for a season; for this lenity you are indebted to my clemency. I do not say that you must go now, but you must not think of staying here another season, or of putting in crops, for the moment you do this the citizens will be upon you. If I am called here again, in case of a noncompliance of a treaty

made, do not think that I shall act any more as I have done. You need not expect any mercy, but extermination, for I am determined the governor's order shall be executed. As for your leaders, do not once think—do not imagine for a moment—do not let it enter your mind that they will be delivered, or that you will see their faces again, for their fate is fixed—their die is cast—their doom is sealed.

"I am sorry, gentlemen, to see so great a number of apparently intelligent men found in the situation that you are; and oh! that I could invoke that Great Spirit, the unknown God, to rest upon you, and make you sufficiently intelligent to break that chain of superstition, and liberate you from those fetters of fanaticism, with which you are bound, that you no longer worship a man.

"I would advise you to scatter abroad and never again organize yourselves with bishops, presidents, etc., lest you excite the jealousies of the people, and subject yourselves to the same calamities that have now come upon you.

"You have always been the aggressors. You have brought upon yourselves these difficulties by being disaffected and not being subject to rule, and my advice is that you become as other citizens, lest by a recurrence of these events you bring upon yourselves irretrievable ruin."

The above will give our readers a fair sample of the truth, justice, and clemency to be expected

from men such as those who drove the Saints from their homes in Missouri. Well might they invoke the Spirit of the "unknown God"; for he was indeed unknown to them, though many of their companies were led by men professing to be his ministers.

Were not the events which we are here recording matters of history, it would be deemed beyond all bounds of reason and probability. Nor could we wonder at this, for despite the record it almost exceeds the bounds of belief.

CHAPTER XXI

WAITING TO CROSS

The God we trust is on that shore,
The Faithful One whom we have trusted more
In trials and in woes
Than we have trusted those
On whom we leaned most in our earthly strife,
O, we shall trust him more in that new life!

So not alone we land upon that shore;
'Twill be as though we had been there before,
We shall meet more we know
Than we can meet below,
And find our rest like some returning dove,
And be at home at once with our Eternal Love!

—*Faber.*

WHEN Daniel and his companions rode away, there was time in the silence and darkness for thought and reflection. Turning in his saddle and giving his horse the full liberty of the reins, he watched the light streaming from the window of his father's house until intervening objects and distance hid it from view.

The road for some miles lay over a level stretch of country, and as they rode along, two abreast, each seemed busy with his own thoughts. Daniel

was separated from the present, and living in the past.

How far away in the past now seemed the days of his early manhood, those days when life was all before him; when the love, peace, and joy of the gospel message so filled his own soul to overflowing that he thought all mankind would receive it with joy, if only they could have it presented to them! How soon had his own experience convinced him of his mistake!

Some, indeed, under his ministry had received it with gladness, and even now, as he thought of those sheaves gathered in for the Master, his heart was filled with gratitude; but many had heard it with indifference, neither opposing nor rejecting, acting only as though it was not a matter in which they had the slightest concern; while yet others had opposed it as though possessed by a spirit of hatred to the principle of truth.

Foot-sore and weary he had traveled thousands of miles, at times hospitably entertained, at others refused both shelter and food, but never had he been forsaken. Not an instance could he now recall when the Lord had not stood by him and supplied his every want. What, indeed, if his circumstances now were more trying than any in which he had hitherto been placed? Was not God able to defend him, to protect to the uttermost and cause even the wrath of man to praise him?

Trust and peace settled down upon his soul, and lifting his heart in silent prayer to God, he commended himself and his with all the interests of the work he loved into the care of that God who was able to care for him.

They had ridden some twelve or fifteen miles when word was passed to halt, and in the stillness each plainly heard the tramping of horses' feet approaching them, above which they could hear ever and anon shouts of laughter and snatches of song. This it was which had prevented their own approach from being heard by the enemy (for enemy they were well assured they were).

The moon had not yet risen, though a bright starlight lit up the night. Fortunately, just off the road was a small patch of brush and low-growing trees. Dismounting, they led their horses into its shelter and silently awaited the coming up of the party now plainly to be seen a short distance down the road.

As they passed, the theme of their conversation was the Mormons, and the burden of it the vengeance they would soon wreak upon them. It required trust in God and courage for the brethren to move on, leaving these going directly to their homes, where were the objects dearest upon earth to them. Neither did they remount until each one, kneeling, had asked the blessing and protection of God upon those left behind.

Remounting, they went some miles further, until

warned by the approach of light, they rode into a strip of timber-land and prepared to spend the day, knowing that if they would escape encounters and trouble with the mob, it would not be wise to pursue their journey until night.

When further away the intention was to travel by the most unfrequented roads, and in as straight a line as possible for Quincy, Illinois. Such preparation as was possible in the haste of their departure had been made; but long before the journey was completed their provision was exhausted, and they were reduced almost to starvation, living for days upon parched corn in small quantities, and bark from the slippery-elm-tree, while the only food for their horses was a small allowance of corn and what they could obtain by browsing, and an occasional patch of dry grass. Many times they lost their direction, and after traveling all day, the night would find them but a few miles ahead upon their journey.

The suffering occasioned by these things, however, was small in comparison with their anxiety of mind in regard to those left behind. So great did this become that it was resolved to lay the matter before the Lord and ask him to reveal to them the condition of their friends; and he who never refused to hear the prayer of faith, gave them an answer of peace and an assurance that their families were safe. Comforted by this, they journeyed on.

One morning, just after they had started on their way, the wind which had been blowing through the night increased to almost a gale, and the snow fell thick and fast. They traveled on all day, almost blinded by the storm and chilled by the cutting wind, coming towards night to a strip of timber where they were glad to camp and enjoy the luxury of a fire.

Hunger pressed them and when they lay down upon the bare ground for the night, some of them were much discouraged. They did not then know what they afterwards learned, that but for the storm which seemed so pitiless to them their pursuers would have overtaken them long before night. Though only a few miles behind them, the snow had utterly obliterated their tracks, and vowing vengeance when they should overtake them, they were diverted from the track followed by the brethren and never crossed it again.

Thus, all unknown to them, the Lord protected them. The next morning, after prayer, which morning and night was never forgotten, one of the brethren (we believe it was Samuel Smith, for he was in this company) told them that before night they should be supplied with food, and late in the afternoon they reached the hut or wigwam of a friendly Indian.

The squaw was cooking some wild game, and upon their making their condition known to her, she gave them very sparingly of the broth at first,

and afterwards shared her provision freely with them.

This was the end of their present sufferings; for the next day brought them to Quincy, where the brethren who had preceded them received them and provided for their immediate wants. Of course, the first inquiry of Daniel was for his wife and her friends; but we will take the privilege of preceding him to the house where they had obtained temporary shelter.

Margery was lying upon a bed in one corner of the room very pale, and, but that from time to time her eyes slowly opened and turned towards the door, you would have thought her sleeping. At such times a close observer would have detected an intense look of yearning, longing, in their depths, as though through these windows was revealed the hope which flooded her soul, even as the crimson and gold of sunset floods the evening sky long after the sun has disappeared. Her soft, brown hair was smoothed back from her pure white brow, nestling in wavy folds close to her temples, and one hand, thin and pale, rested outside the cover, in its very position betraying the weakness of its owner.

The furnishing of the room was, as might be expected under the circumstances, of the plainest kind; but all that loving hands could do had been done to give an air of comfort to the surroundings. At a table near the open fire-place, Mrs. Boyd was

engaged in some domestic occupation, while just beyond through a door opening into an adjoining room, you could see, resting in pure-robed whiteness, the outlines of a tiny form, and instinctively you knew that death had preceded you.

It was but a babe lying there, a beautiful, waxen little form, whose soft, brown eyes had only opened upon this new and strange world for the brief space of twenty-four hours, before the lids drooped as if weary, and the fluttering breath came fainter and fainter, until, like a zephyr sinking to rest, it was stilled for ever.

Only a babe! Is there a mother who will read this sentence without comprehending what it means? One who will not realize how large a share of the hopes of Margery lay enfolded with that little form? To others it was but a day old, but to her it seemed such a long, sweet dream, that when it faded away, when its light went out in darkness, she felt that the brightest and best of her own life had gone with it. It seemed so long to her since every thought, every feeling of her soul, had clustered around the fruition of this one hope, that its sudden uprooting tore the fibers of her heart and left her like a forest-tree uprooted by the storm, and she knew that her strength was spent.

The storm would abate and the arms made strong by love would lift her up, but in vain. There was not enough vitality left for the healing

of the wounds. Margery knew that she would soon follow her babe, that the separation would be brief. Knowing this, all her thoughts, all her feelings, turned towards Daniel, and silently but unceasingly she prayed for his coming.

Her senses were intensely quickened. Not a sound, not a step escaped her hearing; and it was this intense longing for his coming which lingered in the depths of her eyes as from time to time she unclosed them in the hope that they might reveal to her what her sense of hearing had not.

Mrs. Boyd went carefully to the bed, and, seeing that Margery was awake, she sat down by her, stroking her hair gently; but her own heart was too full to trust herself to speak. Friends had been with them through the night, and as the morning light came, they had robed the little form in the garments each stitch of which had been set with a heart-throb of love; and when all was done that the hand of friendship could do, they had gone home for a brief season of rest, and Margery and her mother were alone.

"What time is it, mother?" she asked, as unclosing her eyes, she looked up into her mother's face.

"It is almost two o'clock, and nearly time for your brothers to be here."

Margery did not ask where they had gone. She seemed intuitively to know, but taking her mother's hand in both of hers, she said:

"Mother, you must not let what I have to say

grieve you, but rather let it be a comfort to you in the days which are near. Do not let them make any preparations yet for laying my baby away, because I feel so sure that he will rest on my arm and lie near to my heart, that we shall sleep together. Don't let this grieve you," she added, as a convulsive sob shook her mother's frame. "It is not because I would have it thus, but it is right and best that it should be so or God would not suffer it.

"I have for some time had a premonition of this and talked with Daniel's mother about it before I left her. At first it seemed very hard to me, but I thought then that I should have to leave both Daniel and my baby. For his sake even now I wish it had pleased God to have so ordered it, but, mother, he who loves us, who knows the end from the beginning, is better able to judge for us and appoint our ways than we are to appoint our own.

"It reconciles me to going, and I believe when I am gone it will reconcile him to my loss, for he would always have felt such an anxiety lest the baby should not have tender, loving care.

"We have talked so much to each other about this, have formed so many plans with reference to his future, and all this time God was silently, wisely planning for us. I have had an intense longing to see Daniel once more, but this is past, for it has pleased God to assure me that he will soon be here. I saw them coming, and before the

sun goes down he will be with me. And now, mother, you must not grieve, for the Lord is only calling us one by one to the home prepared for us. Those who bid you farewell here will be there to give you welcome; and if we could only realize the blessedness of those who depart we would not weep for them.

"There is in the gospel of Christ that which should make us rejoice and praise his name that he ever counted us worthy to suffer for him. It has been to me a constant joy since I first received and obeyed it, and while it has blessed me in life, it does not leave me in death, but the path grows brighter and clearer as I draw nearer the other shore."

For a time she lay as if absorbed in thought, while Mrs. Boyd withdrew her hand, and, bowing her head upon the pillow, strove to overcome her emotions and check her tears.

The room was very silent, and through the west window the beams of the sun penetrated and fell aslant the bed. Margery stretched out her hand towards them as though she would warm it in their light, then following their rays to the opening where they had entered, she looked out upon the landscape and said: "Mother, though God will soon take me to another and a brighter world than this, this is a very beautiful one, and I am glad that I shall not remain for ever away from it.

"There are upon it so many spots, made sacred

to me by memory, that I feel I shall long to come back and revisit them, even as the traveler, when weary of other lands longs for the brown hills, green meadows, and limpid streams of his childhood's home.

"I remember when I was a child that I used to watch the birds in springtime building their nests in the lilac-bush and under the eaves of our old home. I felt sad when the cold blasts of winter drove them away, but I always believed they would come back with the spring. I feel sure, too, that they did; for when they first came there was such a chattering and twittering among the branches, such a rapid, joyous fluttering in and out as they never made again the same year. So when we come back, mother, how it will move our souls to gladness to revisit the spots we have most loved.

"I can almost fancy even now that I am standing by our yard gate, waiting to hear the clatter of horses' feet bringing my lover to me, and, later on, the music of the running stream. I hear it even now where I was buried into Christ's death and sufferings. Oh! when I shall come back with him I will seek that spot to rejoice and praise his name anew, that, as I was planted in the likeness of his death, I shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection!

"The scene is changed. We have no home now. The birds will return to build their nests anew in the old familiar places, and the stream will ripple

between its mossy banks as in those far away days, but we will go back no more! We are pilgrims and strangers, dependent upon strangers for the roof to shelter us and a spot of earth where we may bury our dead. It is not now a gentle maiden waiting the coming of her lover, but a mother, a mother bereaved of her child, a wife, a dying wife, waiting the coming of father and husband whose heart is to be wrung with anguish and to whose lips this bitter cup is to be pressed. But, mother, its bitterness is all swallowed up in victory, because death leads to immortality and eternal life, since it must precede the power of the resurrection. If trials still await you, bear them patiently; for you shall come forth from them as gold seven times purified."

Again Margery paused, but this time it was in a listening attitude. Soon a bright smile stole over her pale face and her eyes lit up with a glad light. "They are coming, mother," she said. "The boys are coming and Daniel is with them. I knew he would come; for God has never yet deceived me. Dry your tears, mother, and help him to bear up under the terrible blow which is to meet him on the very threshold."

Mrs. Boyd, whose heart was almost breaking, and who, during all this time, had not uttered a word in answer to Margery's rapid, and, as she thought, feverish utterances, was glad to leave the bedside and bathe her tear-stained face. She was

not prepared to believe, as Margery did, that she was going to die.

The physician who had been with her when her babe was born, and who had called again in the morning, had no such apprehension, or if he had, had given no intimation of it.

But, notwithstanding her disbelief in this, some power stronger than herself withheld her from checking Margery in her talk, or making light of her fears, which under other circumstances she would have done.

"If Daniel does, indeed, come soon," she said, as she went to the door, "what can I think, how shall I account for it?"

Upon opening the door she stood face to face with him.

CHAPTER XXII

GATHERED HOME

"On a far shore my land swam far from my sight,
But I could see familar native stars;
My home was shut from me by ocean bars,
Yet home hung there above me in the night;
Unchanged fell down on me Orion's light;
As always, Venus rose, and fiery Mars;
My own the Pleiades yet, and without jars,
In wonted tones sang all the heavenly height;—
So when in death from underneath my feet
Rolls the round world, I then shall see the sky
Of God's truth burning yet familiarly;
My native constellations I shall greet;
I lose the outer not the inner eye,
The landscape, not the soul's stars, when I die."

FOLLOWING the directions received from a friend, Daniel was riding rapidly toward the house pointed out, when he overtook Margery's brothers going in the same direction.

Hastily reining in his horse, he dismounted as they came to meet him, and, grasping a hand of each, he inquired after the family.

"Mother is well and Margery is better," answered the elder of the two, dreading to impart more.

"Better?" said Daniel, "Tell me all, Richard. Has she been very sick, and how is the baby?"

"It is well with the child," the boy answered, unconsciously using the poetic language of another, and thereby conveying the full meaning to Daniel who, without asking more, hastened toward the cottage; but not until the tear-stained face of Mrs. Boyd greeted him at the door, did his mind take in the full sense of impending trouble.

For a moment he stood with his hand clasped in hers, neither uttering a word. The sudden appearance of Daniel was confirmation to the mother that Margery's talk was neither the excitement nor the delirium of fever, and, as he noted the pallor which this brought to her face, his worst fears were confirmed.

For a moment Mrs. Boyd stood irresolute, fearing that his sudden appearance might be too much for Margery, but before she could form any plan or decide what to do in the emergency, Margery's voice reached her ear saying, "Mother, why does not Daniel come in?"

The next moment he was by her bed and her arms were lifted up about his neck. It was but a moment she could hold them there, when they slipped, weak and helpless, down his shoulders and lay by her sides upon the cover; but her eyes undimmed by a tear, filled with a calm and holy light, beamed upon him like stars in a night of tempest, seen between rifts of clouds.

Gently, very gently, Daniel raised her head, while Mrs. Boyd arranged the pillows, and when he laid her down, for the first time she spoke to him, and there was in the very sound of her voice an anthem of gratitude and praise to God for the bestowment of this last mercy for which her soul had plead so earnestly.

"Daniel," she said, "thank God you have come! Oh, I am glad to see you once more, my husband!"

"Margery," he answered, as with soft and gentle touch he smoothed back her hair, "I shall not leave you again until you are strong and well. But you must not fatigue yourself now; close your eyes and try to sleep while I sit by you, and then when you have rested, you will be stronger and better able to talk with me."

For a moment her lips quivered and an expression of pain passed over her face. It was only for a moment, however, when the light returned to her eyes and she said:

"No, Daniel, I have much to say to you, and do not be grieved; I have little time in which to say it. God only knows how earnestly I have prayed for your return, and how thankful I am that you did not come too late."

A spasm of pain contracted Daniel's face and he grew pale even to the lips.

"Margery, do not talk in this way. I can not bear to hear it. Surely God who has listened to our entreaties so many times will not fail to hear

us now. Have you lost your faith in the ordinance of his house?"

"No, Daniel; but I feel that the Lord appoints his own times and seasons, and the life of man is as a vapor. I have for some time felt that this was coming—that, if I lived to give birth to our child, I should not remain long after."

"But, Margery, perhaps you have nourished this feeling into a settled conviction. Let us send for the elders and exercise faith in God."

"Not yet, Daniel; I would rather be alone with you the few minutes I have left me. The elders have been here, and our friends will soon be here again. They have not been away long, and they will return. Then I shall have no opportunity to talk with you. Put your hand here close to my heart. Don't you remember my telling you one time that I felt sure I was troubled with heart disease?

"I thought for some time that I might get better, but for weeks I have felt certain that I never would. I talked with your mother before I left, but I did not tell her why it was that I feared my days were numbered."

"O, Margery, why did you keep this from me? Do you think I could have left you to seek my own safety? Better had I stayed with you, even had it cost me my life."

"Daniel, you must be calm, or I shall not be able to improve the moments God has so mercifully

granted us. I have gained this composure by much and earnest prayer.

"I feared I should not live to bring our baby into the world, but God gave me great faith. Then, when I felt that its little life was ebbing away, such a spasm of pain seized me that, had it not been for the mercy of God, I must have gone first.

"Since then my soul has been lifted without ceasing to God in earnest supplication that he would prolong my life that I might see you once more. Oh, how I longed to see your face once more! But above this, stronger, deeper, and more far-reaching in its intensity was the desire to talk with you of the future. Lean upon God, my husband, and consider for how brief a span this separation is to be, and listen with all your faculties to what I have to say.

"You remember the morning in Ohio when we walked by the shore of Lake Erie and talked of the future of the church? I told you then that I thought a mistake was being made, and I feel sure now that it was a mistake.

"That is past and can not be recalled, neither can the consequences of it be arrested. Let it rest now. But, Daniel, the future is before you and you must meet it.

"It is of this I want to talk, and before I begin, I want to tell you that I know God has revealed some things to me by his Spirit, and these have guided me to judge of others.

"You believe in the Spirit which guides into all truth, and, although I may not be able to tell you how I know these things, trust my knowledge until time reveals the facts to you.

"The troubles of the Saints are not to end here, and when they are driven again, they will not be, as most of them now are, an innocent people. I saw them assembled again, and I saw in the streets of their city and in their habitations all manner of unclean beasts and birds of prey.

"Dark clouds gathered from without, but the defilement was from within; and a voice said, 'These are rejected and forsaken of heaven.'

"But all were not thus. Many walked in the midst of this defilement with clean garments, and I saw these scattered among the people, sifted as it were, one here and one there with bowed heads, and wringing their hands as those having no hope.

"Not so, however, with the others. They formed in close ranks and a great body; and the eyes of the people were fixed upon them so closely that they never saw the fugitives who were flying as for life, one here, another there, and yet others in small companies another way.

"But it was different with the compact body. They seemed to hate these and follow them wherever they went by spies sent out from their number, and, in many cases, I saw them slain by these spies, and, in other cases, dragged back by false persuasions, much against their will.

"And now, my husband, comes the hardest part of what I have to tell you. Among those fugitives I saw you, and I knew that you had not left me behind, but I felt that I was beyond you, so far away that I could neither warn nor help you.

"I saw you terribly perplexed and troubled, and, at one time, I thought your face was set to return. Just then, while you were hesitating what to do, I saw them strike down one who was standing near you; and with that you fled as though determined to escape.

"I saw no more, but this has been with me night and day. I have in the past months, seen with pain the effect which our troubles are having upon some in the church.

"It may be that the disposition has always been there, and that these sad times only reveal it; but, whether this be the case or not, I have seen enough to know that some in the church begin to cherish resentment and would render evil for evil; and worse, if that could be than this, some, because of these troubles, are proving traitors to the best interests of the church and their own souls.

"Like Judas, they desire the contents of the bag, and would not hesitate to betray their best friends. I know not how the trouble which I fear—which I know is coming—will be brought about, but when it comes, the church will be corrupted and it will be no place for honest-hearted Saints.

"Then, my husband, I want you to leave it, and

in the world anywhere, no matter where it may be, maintain your integrity before God and man.

"I do not believe God will suffer his people always to be scattered, neither will he forget you when the time comes to gather them.

"Do not think that it is necessary for you to be with others of like faith in order to maintain your faith and integrity before God. Communion with those of like faith is very precious, but those will not be of like faith. They will depart from the faith and will persecute those who will not subscribe to their wickedness; and it was shown me how hard a matter it is to convince those who themselves were pure, that those were corrupt; for, almost to a man, those who were leading them were defiled from the crown of their heads to the soles of their feet.

"Many of the leaders were strangers to me; I have never seen them, and I did not see either Joseph or Hyrum Smith with them, nor do I remember seeing them at all."

"Have you ever thought, Margery, that it might have been some other body of people that you saw? It would be terrible to think that such events were in the future for this people.

"Our own condition, as well as the condition of thousands of our brethren and sisters to-day, would plead that we have suffered enough for our religious opinions to lead us to expect better things than this in the future."

"I can not solve the mystery, though I have tried hard to do so; but one thing I know, our God is just, and, as he has given us greater light than the rest of the world, we are required to walk in that light; and, as the deepest darkness follows the withdrawing of the brightest light, so, if this light of truth becomes darkened, the darkness will be great.

"Love blinds the eye to many faults, and it is the love which our people have for each other which will in many cases lead them astray. They will think it impossible for men whom they have known as godly, upright, and just, to turn away from the truth and sell themselves to Satan; but it is only history repeating itself, though with a terrible rapidity in this case."

For some moments Margery closed her eyes, as though weary with the excitement and exertion of talking. As she lay thus Daniel marked more plainly the ravages of disease in the thin, pallid face with dark circles beneath the eyes, and, in the flood of anguish and pain which swept over his soul, he forgot all else.

In that moment the church was nothing to him. He was a father bereft, and a husband soon to be bereaved of one dearer to him than his own life. He longed with intense desire for words of strength and comfort from those pale lips, and never did he realize as now what a tower of strength to him had been the love of his faithful wife.

It was the light which had both guided and cheered, and with it would go out from earth all its brightness, all its hope. He tried to pray; tried to plead with God for the life so dear, so necessary to his own, but he could not. The billows went over his soul and he could only say, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

"And now, my husband," resumed Margery, as her eyes were again raised to his face, and her hand nestled into his, "should the time ever come when you feel to doubt the truth of this work, remember the testimonies you have received, and to them add the last one I shall ever bear upon earth; the work is true, and, in his own due time and way, the Lord will establish it never to be thrown down.

"Do not let the thought of the crosses which have met us upon our brief journey ever give you pain. I rejoice in them now, and would not exchange the blessed peace I have had in bearing them for all the world could give me, even should God prolong my life to enjoy it.

"You will miss me when I am gone, but you must lean heavier upon God. It is wisdom that I should go, or he would not take me. Do not think that if trials and hardships had been spared me, my life would have been prolonged.

"We know that he could restore me now, making me every whit whole, if it were his will. The waves are going over you now, but I tell you,

Daniel, for I know by myself, that through faith and prayer you can so submit to God's will that you would not have your own, if you could.

"I want you to think of us, not as lost, not as separated from you, beyond your reach, but think of us as at home, waiting for you, thinking of you and longing for your coming.

"I know not what will be our condition, but it is enough for me to know that God's care will be over us, and that the wicked can not enter there. A home of peace, a place of rest, and the love of God to brighten all its scenes! There we will abide; and when your pilgrimage is finished, we will be the first to meet you, the first to bid you welcome.

"You have not seen our baby yet, and I will rest now for a time while you go and look at him. Oh! he is so beautiful, even in death! I have told mother just what I want done with his little form, and when you see Mother Clark and Mary, give them the curl I severed from his little head and tell them that when you came, the last earthly wish of my heart was granted and I was willing to depart."

Daniel had not asked in regard to the babe. He had supposed it already buried. Every thought, every feeling had been centered in Margery. He felt no desire even now to go, but she had asked him to, and perhaps as she had said, she would rest. Bending down, he pressed his lips tenderly to hers and rose to go.

But Margery knew that when she rested it would be upon the other shore. She would save him the agony of witnessing the last struggle, and, admonished that it was near, she suggested this. Her eyes followed him until the door of the little room closed behind him; then asking her mother to put down the curtain, she awaited the message of release.

Long and earnestly Daniel gazed upon the babe lying as a bud, plucked in untimely haste by some careless hand; but, even while he gazed, his thoughts were more with Margery than upon the little form before him.

The soft, brown hair, clustering in tiny curls about its marble brow, was so like hers, and the contour of the face was like hers, too.

Kneeling in the silence and stillness, he poured out his soul in prayer, wrestling, not for her life, but for the mastery of self, for the power to submit to the will of God.

As he arose from his knees and stood again earnestly regarding the little form, for the first time there swept into his soul a great flood of parental tenderness. Every fiber of his being yearned over the babe, so soon taken from its earth life to the paradise of God.

With this feeling there seemed borne in upon his soul the question, "If my child were living, would it be possible for me to give pain or sorrow unnecessarily to him?" He knew it would not, and,

realizing this fact, self-condemnation came with it.

Was not God the very embodiment of justice and love? Should he trust himself when he could not trust God? Was his love, his justice, his mercy superior to the love, justice, and mercy of God?

He recalled the text of Scripture, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son." Oh, what a thought! Gave him while those for whom he suffered and died were in rebellion against him, rejecting his authority, scorning his mercy, and trampling upon his love.

The reaction was as intense as sudden, and with it there came reproach that he had not been more true to his trust; that he had not sustained and encouraged Margery instead of leaning upon her for help in the hour of their extremity.

He would be strong now, and she should lean upon him. Once more he would have the elders come and administer to her, and, if it was not God's will to spare her, he would say from the heart, "Thy will be done."

Softly he unclosed the door and returned to the room where Margery was. Mrs. Boyd raised her hand in token of silence, believing that Margery slept. Daniel listened but could hear no breathing,

A strange presentiment seized him, and very carefully he went nearer. Still all was silent, and, bending over Margery, his worst fears were confirmed.

He knew then why she had sent him away. Strong in her love to the last, she would have shielded him, had it been possible, from all pain. She had desired that he should remember her as at rest in sleep, and not as passing through the agony of dissolution.

One hand was pressed above her heart, and, upon her face, the closely-drawn lines of pain yet lingered, but a smile hovered around her lips, and the peace in which her soul had triumphed was fast spreading its light over her face.

For a few moments Daniel stood as one transfixed. Again the floods of bitterness surged up, but with a strong hand he shut the door and barred it. He took her hand, yet warm as in life, into his own, but the pulse was stilled. He placed his ear close over her heart, but it had ceased to beat. The spirit had returned to God who gave it; the fitful race of life was ended; Margery was dead. Two days after this, with her babe folded closely to her breast, they laid her away. Surely it requires no vivid imagination to picture a very sorrowful and lonely group as the shadows of the coming night gathered around them.

Wanderers and outcasts from home, with no earthly prospects before them, they had buried their dead out of their sight, but ah! the aching void in their hearts! what should ever fill that?

Daniel would have gone out into the night to wrestle alone with his great sorrow, but the worn,

pale, and patient face of her mother appealed to his heart, and, steadying his voice, he said: "Mother, when you are ready to get a light, we will read from the Bible. I feel that its words will comfort us."

Without answering, Mrs. Boyd placed a lighted candle and the Bible upon the table. Tears were streaming from her eyes and she dared not trust herself to speak.

Daniel opened the book at the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, and, as he read, the words took on a wonderful meaning which they had never had before. There passed before him a long procession of those who through faith had pressed on to inherit the promises of God.

He walked with Abraham to the mount where his faith was tried and sojourned with him in a strange land. He dwelt in tabernacles with Isaac and Jacob, heirs of the same promise, and with Jacob went down into Egypt. He saw the afflictions of the people there and the mighty hand of God stretched out for their deliverance.

He saw Moses refusing to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, and choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season, because he esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt.

With Moses he traveled through the wilderness, and with Joshua went in to possess the land of

promise. Then there passed before him a mighty host, among whom were those he saw stoned, sawed asunder, tempted, scourged, imprisoned, and slain with the sword.

He dwelt with them in dens and caves of the earth, wandered about with them in sheepskins and goatskins, being afflicted, destitute, tormented, while they were tortured to death, not accepting deliverance, "That they might obtain a better resurrection."

Then there opened before him in its broadness and fullness the meaning of the words which before had fallen upon heavy ears: "And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth, yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

There fell a calmness and peace upon their spirits as Daniel read, and after he had offered up thanksgiving and prayer to God, they talked long and earnestly of the future, not the future of this life, but the rest which remaineth for the people of God; and when they retired at a late hour, they felt to thank God that he counted them worthy to suffer afflictions for his name's sake.

In the silent watches of the night Daniel lived over again his last interview with Margery, and every word she uttered, every tone of her voice came to him as a living reality, and he prayed that it might abide with him for ever.

CHAPTER XXIII

Oh, for the death the righteous die,
An end like Autumn's day declining,
On human hearts, as on the sky,
With holier, tenderer beauty shining;
As to the parting soul were given
The radiance of an opening heaven!

—Whittier.

The battle of our life is brief,
The alarm—the struggle—the relief—
Then sleep we side by side.

—Longfellow.

WE PASS briefly over the intervening years until, by the flight of time, we draw near the bloody tragedy enacted in Carthage Jail on the 27th day of June, 1844, which was to prepare the way and make possible the great latter-day apostasy.

Of the causes leading up to this event our pen is silent, save to express the belief that Joseph and Hyrum Smith were betrayed by false brethren.

The Prophet protested against his brother's going with him, for he knew only too well that he was going to his death; but the love in the heart of that brother was stronger than death, and his only answer was, "Joseph, if you go, I shall go with you."

Many now living will remember the morning they rode out of Nauvoo. This place had grown up under the hands of diligent industry and faithful toil, until a city met the eye, where, a brief space before, Nature had reigned in solitude undisturbed. True the dwellings were not palatial, but they were both neat and substantial, while crowning the eminence of a high plateau, in the very center of the city, stood the temple, erected by loving hands, and which should have been dedicated to the worship of God. Alas! alas! how would the faith have been riven from the hearts and the energy from the hands of those toilers, could they have known how soon "not one stone should be left upon another."

As the temple at Jerusalem, from which Christ cast out those who sold doves, was polluted by those who were once the children of God, so was this edifice, which should have been sacred to his worship, polluted by those who had entered into covenant with God to walk in newness of life and obey all his commandments.

It has many times perplexed the mind of the writer to understand how it was possible for this people who had the truth, who knew the way of the Lord, and who time and again were the recipients of his grace and witnesses of his power, to turn so soon from the truth!

While we have contemplated the marvelous rapidity with which the restored gospel won its

way, not only in America, but all over Europe and the islands of the sea, until it numbered its actual converts by the tens and hundreds of thousands, we have asked ourselves the question, But for the apostasy, what would have been the result? We are constrained to believe that millions would to-day be rejoicing in the truth, and yet other millions would be following this grand army for the loaves and fishes.

Success is sooner seen in this world than honest endeavor, and thousands would have flocked to the church for popularity. This is no mere picture of the imagination, but one which the rapid growth of the church, despite every effort put forth to check and crush it, fully justifies.

We said that many would remember the morning when Joseph and Hyrum Smith rode out of Nauvoo. Hands are yet nerved with vitality which that morning clasped theirs in a lingering farewell pressure, and eyes yet look forth upon life and its changing scenes which then were bathed in tears.

But what shall we say of the home-coming? How describe the sad and silent procession which at evening, not many days after, wended its way into the silent city, silent save for the sobs of grief, of questions spoken with bated breath, and the steady tramp of the sorrowing multitude as they pressed nearer and nearer the returning dead?

Not a heart of man, woman, or child but bled that day, and the wail which went up to heaven was more bitter than David's lament for Absalom.

And well it might be, for could the veil of the future have been held back and the people have seen that which lay before them, which was closing in around them, they would have turned away from the spectacle aghast, and like one of old, would have exclaimed, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?"

Let us say to our readers that our stay with the church is about to end. In a very feeble and imperfect manner we have attempted to depict some of the scenes of its early history, and that we have not done them justice, none feels more sensibly than we.

We have treated of one of those unwritten histories handed down in many a family, and only of occurrences which in the main we know to be true. That events many times more thrilling and tragic could truthfully be narrated, hundreds who are yet living can testify.

Our object has been to give a plain, unvarnished statement of facts, and to present to our readers, as far as we were able, the mental and moral qualities of a few of those who embraced the work in its first rise. Had an abler pen than ours essayed the task, it might have found ample scope and abundant material for placing before the world evidences of mental power and reasoning faculties

second to none in the land; but this remains yet to be done, for before uneducated men of God in this nineteenth century, the wisdom of wise men has perished and the understanding of the prudent has been hid, and it will yet be recorded for the encouragement of others.

After the death of Margery, Daniel gave himself entirely to the ministry, never seeming to seek or desire rest. From a distant field of labor he wrote to his mother, "I have found in proclaiming the gospel, a sweet peace and rest which I had never hoped to know again, and often am comforted with the feeling that Margery is near me. Of late, however, I have a great desire to see you all once more, and if Providence does not prevent, I shall make my way toward home, and may be with you by the latter part of summer."

With the waning of the summer months he came —came to find the great change so brief a time had wrought, and remembering the dying words of Margery, he entreated his father to leave Nauvoo and save his family from the evil influences which he was forced to believe were at work for ensnaring the innocent.

"But for her warning, mother, I never could believe what I am compelled to admit; but I have not forgotten the promise I made her, and I will escape from the pollutions of this place. But first, mother, I must see you and father away from here."

Are there any who will read this that will not remember how difficult a task it was to escape from the thraldom of those spiritual tyrants? Daniel did not do this until his own life had been sought, and even as Margery had told him, one was murdered in cold blood by his side, and he was compelled to flee, not daring to turn and look upon the face of the dead.

"By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof. For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song; and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion. How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land? If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

From the time when this touchingly sweet and pathetic poem was written, it has been the admiration of the learned, the comfort of the humble, weary ones of earth, and in the dark and cloudy day of latter Israel's dispersion and captivity, it found a response in thousands of toil-worn and weary hearts. How came they in a strange land, both former and latter Israel? Disobedience had brought them there, and while the disobedient wended their way to a "salt land" with singing and

dancing, it was not thus with the scattered ones, for with heavy hearts they found it impossible to sing the songs of Zion in a strange land.

In a small village situated far up among the hills of Pennsylvania, in an upper chamber, overlooking the windings of a clear, beautiful river, one of those exiles lay dying. It was the early hour of morning, and the eastern sky was faintly tinged with rays of light, growing brighter and brighter as the sun came nearer into view. Daniel, for it was he, lay with his face to the east, gazing upon the view through the open window long and silently. By the bedside sat Mrs. Clark, changed since we first knew her, but with the same deep, thoughtful eyes and placid brow as of yore, though there were lines about the mouth and face betokening much sorrow, lines not there when we met her last.

"Mother, put the curtain further back," said Daniel, "and let us see the sun when he rises; for I shall not live to see him rise another day."

Without replying, she rose slowly and did as he requested, and then arranged his pillows, placing his head in the best position to obtain a view of the distant hill.

"'As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even for ever," he repeated slowly. "There is comfort in knowing that the mercies of the Lord are sure as the everlasting hills. Those distant

hills remind me of the mountains of Jerusalem. I am glad, mother, that my pilgrimage is so near its close; for I long to enter into rest."

"Your faith is firm and unwavering, is it not, Daniel?"

"Yes, mother. I have been tried, but thank God, like Job I can say, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' Precious knowledge! I shall soon test its reality—shall soon pass the river and enter into the city. I regret to leave you and father in your loneliness and old age, but be of good cheer, for the Lord will comfort you; and you, mother, will live to see his work again established in the earth."

"Pray God I may, for then I would be ready to go," she added with great earnestness.

"It will surely be, mother, and there was a time when I longed to live to see it, but of late, since I have been so ill, I have lost this desire, and I now long to depart and be with Christ. Margery, too, and the baby seem to be waiting for me, and the veil is so thin that at any moment I feel as though it would part and let me in."

For a time he lay silently regarding her, for her head was bowed and her face averted. He seemed to realize all that she was suffering, and he longed to comfort her. "Mother," he said, and his voice was very tender, "you have known much sorrow, and many hardships have fallen to your lot, but there is a blood-stained throng standing near the

throne of God, who came up out of great tribulation. For this reason they stand next the throne. All tears are dried there, and there is no more sorrow. Cheer up, mother, for he will strengthen you to endure to the end."

"God bless you, my boy," she said. "You have always been a loving and dutiful son to me, and my heart is torn with pain to think of parting with you now."

"It will not be for long, mother, and now call father, for I have something to say to him while I have strength left."

Mr. Clark came, and for some time Daniel conversed with him in reference to the work of God and the future of the church; then the rest of the family came in, for it was evident the final moment was very near.

But why linger over scenes at once triumphant and painful? Triumphant to him who feels the everlasting arms beneath him, and knows that for him to die is gain; but sad indeed to the little band whose numbers are now so small, where death has so often entered, claiming the brightest and best, the staff and stay of those now far down the vale of life. Called early into the work of the ministry, Daniel had been faithful to the trust imposed upon him. He had fought a good fight and had kept the faith.

In a beautiful spot overlooking the clear waters of the Monongahela they laid his mortal remains

to rest. There let them return to dust in the dark and silent bosom of Mother Earth! Kindly and tenderly she shelters her weary children, waiting with them the final redemption of herself, her sons and daughters from the fall, when he who redeemed them "shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first." "Comfort ye one another with these words," said one of old, and to-day, through the long lapse of centuries, they come down to us heavy with the fragrance of hope, and precious as the oil which ran down upon Aaron's beard. "The dead in Christ shall rise first!" What did not the ancient saints endure in order to obtain this better resurrection!

"They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword; they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented; of whom the world was not worthy; they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth."

How had this family wandered since first we met them, and for what? We answer, for the same hope which had inspired the people of God in all ages, that hope which led them to refuse deliverance from trials by the faithful endurance of which they knew they should obtain the promise. "Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: on such the second death hath no

power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with him a thousand years."

One other page from this history and we close. One year after the death of Daniel, a little handful of Saints were met together in a room in the same village for the purpose of prayer and testimony. It was a calm, peaceful Sabbath day, and a quiet rested upon all animate nature.

Over the little assembly a solemn feeling of awe settled, as they listened attentively to the testimony of an aged man, who, bent and feeble, leaned for support upon the post of a bed from which he had risen to bear his farewell testimony to the truth of the latter-day work. Those were there who knew of the heavy trials through which this aged man had passed, and they listened intently, fearful that a word of his dying testimony might be lost. The evening sun shone in through the open door and rested tenderly upon his white locks, while a faint breeze just lifted them from his shrunken temples. Two are yet living of those who composed that little band, and by them neither the scene nor the testimony will ever be forgotten.

"Gird up now the loins of your minds, beloved Saints, and put your entire trust in God, for the Lord will remember his people, and he will raise up a leader for them and bring back the scattered ones who are now dispersed over the face of the earth. Yea, he will bring them back, and they

shall build again the waste places of Zion which have been thrown down, and with everlasting mercy he will comfort them. As for me, I shall soon be gathered to my fathers, for my hours on earth are numbered. I go to my rest, and my dying counsel to you is, 'Hold fast to the rod of iron.' We have not followed any cunningly devised scheme of man, and our faith has not stood in man's wisdom. Sorrow, dispersion, and weeping may endure for a night, but the morning is near and healing is on her wings. 'Let not your hearts be troubled,' dear wife of my bosom and children whom I love. I leave you in a strange land, far from kindred and home, but the God who spake to me years ago concerning the coming forth of this work, the God who has led me all my life long, has given me assurance that he will be with you, and in his care I leave you. Be faithful in his service and he will never forsake you. I have seen the flock scattered as sheep without a shepherd, but God has his eye upon them and will gather them up, and 'at evening-time it shall be light.' Fear not, beloved Saints, but put your trust in God. Fully realizing that I shall soon appear before him, I have longed with great desire to leave my dying testimony with you. This is God's work. Be faithful to the end and he will reward you with everlasting life. Amen."

The trembling voice ceased, and loving hands helped him to the pillow, and at his request they

sang one of Zion's songs, but their hearts were heavy, and its notes died away in smothered sobs. It was not easy for faith to triumph when hearts were wrung with bitterness, and the last prop and stay of life for some of those was being removed.

Slowly the hours wore on, and one by one the friends sought their homes, for Mrs. Clark desired to be alone with her husband. Darkness settled upon the earth, but the darkness of despair was closing round her heart, and her silent cry to heaven was, "Let this cup pass from me." This was not to be. But again why linger? Rest came to the sufferer and they laid him by the side of Daniel, while the living went back to take up the burden of life anew.

Mrs. Clark now found herself a widow in the midst of strangers, without a home or means of support. Many times she asked herself the question, "Shall I be able to stand and keep the faith?" She had always leaned so implicitly upon her husband that she often felt it would be impossible but that she would falter and fall by the way now that his strong arm was no longer to protect and support her, his counsel to direct and cheer her; but she lived to test and prove the truth of his words who has promised to be "a father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widows," and to know that he will never suffer any to be tempted above what they are able to bear. Though life to her was no flower-strewn path, she lived to rejoice in the reor-

ganization of the church, and to spend many hours in peaceful communion with His people before she passed away from earth; and many are yet living who were strengthened and cheered on their way by her testimonies. Before she entered into her rest, she was permitted to see the crown which awaited her, and died triumphantly rejoicing in her Redeemer.

In her beautiful poem, "The graves of a household," Mrs. Hemans has said:

"They grew in beauty side by side,
They filled one house with glee;
Their graves are sundered far and wide,
By mountain, stream, and sea."

And the description will apply to the family of Mr. Clark. But at the last great day, when "the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout," we are assured "the dead in Christ shall rise first."

Small matter then, where shall be resting "the earthly house of this tabernacle," for he who lived and died to establish this gospel will bring with him those who are his, and then shall all those who have suffered trials and persecution for his name's sake know the meaning of those words, "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

THE END.

OTHERS WITH THE CHURCH IN AN EARLY DAY

HAVING read with interest the serial entitled, With the Church in an Early Day, I thought perhaps you would like to hear a little about some others who were with the church in those days. What I shall write will be in accordance with dates at hand, and in as nearly as possible the same words it was told to me by the one who herself was healed. It was so impressed upon my mind that I could never forget it, and if the "Autumn Leaves" had been printed in her lifetime, I believe she would have written an account of her conversion and the way in which she was healed.

Father Cutler was born February 29, 1788, at Plainfield, Cheshire County, New Hampshire; and about the year 1832 found him with family located in Chautauqua County, New York. Some years previous to this he had been very sick, and the attending physician being unable to help him, he, to all appearances, died. The doctor pronounced him dead, and while preparations were being made for laying out the dead, the grief-stricken wife and mother went out into the dooryard, where she was giving vent to her sorrow, when one of the children came running up to her and said, "Mother, father has revived."

In great surprise she hurried into the house to find her husband sitting on the side of the bed, telling the doctor what he had seen. He declared that his spirit left his body and he went to paradise, but was told that he must return to earth again, as the Lord had a work for him to do, in helping to build up his kingdom, which was soon to be set up on earth again. He was also told that when the true gospel of the kingdom should be presented to him, the Lord would grant him a testimony of it, if he was faithful, and that when the Spirit testified to him of the truth, he should see a heavenly light.

Father Cutler began from that time to recover, and firmly believing in the truth of what had been told him, he was continually looking forward for its fulfillment.

Sometime in 1832 his daughter Lois, who was about twenty years of age, and who had been in poor health for some years, began to decline in health, and the doctors, who pronounced it consumption, said she was in the last stage of that dread disease.

In the latter part of that summer, she was confined to her bed, unable longer to walk about, and continued to grow weaker, as the doctor could do nothing for her recovery. But in the fall a friend of Lois', who had been away from the settlement for some time, returned with glad tidings for her, (as it afterwards proved). This friend, during her

absence, had met with "a marvelous work and a wonder,"—a new religion, as it was called, which though new and strange, was yet the same old gospel taught by Christ and his apostles, and accompanied by the same gifts and blessings promised the believer. This friend had embraced the gospel, and from the fullness of her heart she sought to tell Lois of the latter-day work. Hope began to revive in the heart of the afflicted girl, and as she read in the New Testament of the blessings that followed the believers in those days, she began to wonder if it were possible that God would or could bless believers in this day and age of the world, the same as then.

About the middle of January, 1833, two ministers of this new sect arrived, and, desiring a house to preach in, Father Cutler gave them permission to hold meetings at his house. As the country was new, services were often held at private houses. Perhaps some of our readers will remember those two elders. They were David Patten and Reynolds Cahoon. Meeting was held in the room where Lois was confined to bed, as that was the largest room in the house. The minister spoke of the restoration of the gospel and of the book that was to come forth; and as he told them of the stick of Judah and of Joseph, and held aloft the Bible in one hand and the Book of Mormon in the other, he clapped the two books together, saying, "And they shall be one in the Lord's hands."

Then to the surprise of all present, especially to her own surprise, Lois said, "And I believe it." She was bolstered up in bed with pillows, and had been listening attentively, unmindful of aught else but the sermon, and had no thought of speaking aloud until she had done so. At the close of the meeting, the most of the congregation went home, but some of the young people gathered in the old-fashioned kitchen with Lois' brothers and sisters, leaving her parents and the elders with Lois. At her request the elders proceeded to anoint her head with oil, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and then, laying their hands upon her head, they prayed God the Father, in the name of the Son, to heal her of her afflictions.

Shortly after their prayer was ended, Lois told her mother that she wished to get out of bed, but her mother said, "Lois, you are too sick and your feet are not dressed."

One of the elders said, "Dress her feet and let her get up."

This was done, and she arose and walked across the room as easily as if she had not been sick. In a few moments, she expressed a desire to go into the kitchen, where her brothers and sisters and young companions were; but her mother, who could scarcely believe that she was healed, began to object, telling her it was too cold in the hall through which she must go, and she had not been out of the warm room for so long; but again

the elders said, "Let her go, it won't hurt her."

Throwing a shawl around her, she went through the hall, and as she entered the kitchen door, the young people began to look at her in fright, as though they had seen a ghost; but Lois said to them, "You need not be frightened, it is I. I have been healed by the power of God."

But they were almost speechless with surprise and could scarcely believe their own eyes.

Of course the news flew like wildfire through the settlement, and one of Lois' friends, a Mrs. Fisk, who had been sick for some time, sent word to Lois, "If you are really healed, come and see me."

In a day or two Lois was taken in a sleigh to see Mrs. Fisk, and as the sick woman heard Lois tell of her wonderful recovery, she, too, began to believe, and the elders were invited to hold services at her house that night. They did so, and after the first hymn was sung, and the opening prayer offered, the elder said that before proceeding further they would attend to one of the ordinances of the Lord's house. They then proceeded to anoint and pray for Mrs. Fisk, who was immediately healed, and she arose from her bed and, walking across the room, joined in the singing of the second hymn.

Lois and Mrs. Fisk both gave their names for baptism, which was to be attended to the following Sabbath. Lois was very anxious for her parents to join the church also, but when she spoke to her

father about it, he replied, "I have received no evidence of the divinity of this work, and shall do nothing until I do."

This hurt Lois' feelings some, as it seemed to her that the fact of her being healed ought to be evidence enough to convince her parents.

On Sunday morning as they were making ready to go to the river, her father came in and speaking to his wife, said, "Can you find me some clean clothes? I think I shall go into the water."

Then his aged mother, who sat listening, burst into tears and said, "My dear son, if you are going, I am going too."

This information comforted Lois very much, and as they were going, well wrapped up, in their sleighs to the river where the ice had been cut for baptisms, Lois thought to herself, "Now, here are father and grandmother and Mrs. Fisk, all older than I am, and they will surely be baptized first; so I need not feel at all timid about going into the water."

But as they gathered at the water's edge and offered prayer, the elder who was to officiate said, "The Spirit tells me that Lois is the first to be baptized; and if any of you wish to know the reason, it is because she was the first to believe."

After those four were baptized, then Mrs. Fisk's husband and her hired girl and another person came forward and were baptized also, making seven in all.

This was on the 20th of January, 1833. That evening, after they were confirmed by the laying on of hands for the reception of the Holy Ghost, Father Cutler told the congregation that the night previous, as he was praying to God, the Spirit had witnessed to him of the truth of this work, and that a heavenly light had shone round him in the dark room, until, as he expressed himself, he could have seen to pick up a pin.

Afterwards the rest of the family united with the church and received many blessings.

Lois herself received the gift of unknown tongues, a gift which she enjoyed at times until the close of her life.

Father Cutler and family removed to Kirtland, Ohio, in the spring of 1834, and afterwards to Ray County, Missouri. After there enduring the trials and persecutions in common with the rest of the Saints, they were compelled to leave Missouri in 1839, by the exterminating order of Governor Boggs. They then went to Illinois, and some time after the death of Joseph and Hyrum Smith, moved to Iowa, where he died a firm believer in the work established by Joseph Smith.

Lois and her mother united with the Reorganization in 1875, and she lived a faithful member of the church until her death. Some of her children and brothers, also one of her sisters still live, and know the truth of the things I have written.

EMMA L. ANDERSON.

Sister Emma, we are thankful for this contribution, and we only wish that others of the Saints would follow your example and send to us the testimonies of which they are living witnesses, or the well-attested ones of their friends. One by one they are accumulating, but very slowly, when we remember how many there are who have received. Some hesitate because not being accustomed to the use of the pen they fear to undertake the writing. In a case like this, why not call in the aid of some young Saint, and let him write while you dictate? If but one half the sober, unvarnished truth of the power of God displayed in these last days was recorded, the volume would astonish the world. Why should you not send in the "leaves"—"Autumn Leaves" drifting from this last dispention, when God has established his work upon the earth—his kingdom which shall never be destroyed and shall not be left to another people? Let your testimonies be given to the men and women of this generation that they may be left without excuse and the Saints built up in their most holy faith.

Who that reads the above brief history can not see how it would be possible for Lois and her father to suffer martyrdom rather than deny the truth of this work—the restored gospel? Who that has the soul of a Christian within him, when he reads such plain, straightforward accounts as this, but can realize what such men and women must have suffered when they saw iniquity creep-

ing into the church? What could they do? Where should they flee? They knew God was its Author, for it had come to them in much assurance and in power, the power of the Holy Ghost with signs following the believer. Where should they turn? Blinded, bewildered, not fully understanding the purposes of God, not realizing that the prophets had foretold a second great apostasy from the faith, the marvel is that all did not follow the lead of blind guides. Had not these men, these guides, received the seal of divine approval to their works? Had their words not been confirmed "by signs following?" Unto whom then should they go?

Thank God it was not thus! Many followed the lead of wicked men to the mountain fastnesses of Utah, but more (yes, let the world remember this), far more went every man to his way, and mourned, every man apart from his neighbor. Then began a searching of the word of God such as had not been before. Men and women stood in the ways asking for the old paths, not understanding the dealings of God with them, but never, no, not for one moment, doubting the divinity of the work, never doubting that God had raised up Joseph Smith as an instrument in his hands for restoring the gospel to the earth, translating the Book of Mormon, and helping to establish that kingdom which was never to be destroyed nor left to another people.

"Unto whom should they go?" If this work was

not to be left to another people, who should bear it off for this people?

Could it be done by the professed leaders of Utah, those false shepherds who were oppressing the flock, stripping, wounding, beating them and leaving them worse than dead? Never! The handwriting was upon the wall, and they with their followers were under the curse of a justly offended God, for "cursed is he that trusteth in man or maketh flesh his arm." And yet it shall not be left to another people.

The prophet said: "When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him." The standard was lifted up, and at the behest of the Lord a proclamation was sent forth calling upon the scattered Saints to organize and build up the waste places of Zion.

From that day to this, the work of rebuilding has been steadily going on. That it has been slow when compared with the spread of the work at the beginning, should not in the least surprise any reflecting individual; for everywhere our ministry have gone, they have had to wage a hand to hand contest against the prejudice which has preceded them. They have had imputed to them the bad deeds to those from whose company they years ago separated themselves, while they were yet respectable, compared with what they afterwards became, and all the wreck and rubbish have had to be cleared away before it was possible to preach the

gospel. This will not always be the case, for the time is near when the Lord will cut his work short in righteousness.—EDITOR.

HE THAT BELIEVETH

BY J. F. M'DOWELL

"He that believeth."—These words have racked many a brain, and puzzled the masses. Theologians have floundered upon the rocks of uncertainty. Students have become wrecked upon the shifting sands of unwarranted theories. The populace have depended upon the scholastic, whilst the latter have significantly failed.

No compromise could be found. All creeds were but fragmentary. Life had been promised upon obedience; but what to obey they knew not. The human failed to interpret the divine. The carnal perceived not the spiritual. The darkness comprehended not the light. Strange predicament indeed!

There was a time when the truth in Jesus was understood by many, but discordant elements entered the church and dethroned the spirituality thereof, and the church passed into darkness.

By and by the Nicene creed was formulated and promulgated, as containing the whole truth necessary to be believed. Life and death were held out with the "He that believeth."

It was then, "Believe and be saved"; "Believe, or be damned." These words were made to resound through the Gothic arches, to encircle

Corinthian columns, and re-echo from towering domes with a thundering sound that made the pew occupants quake with fear.

The pulpit or altar had to be recognized as entrenched in an authority that exercised no mistakable influence. The robe, mitre, and all must be heard—"He that believeth not shall be damned!"

Oh, what ponderous words! Those words were caused after a while to mean stake, fagot, sword, torch, rock, pincers, fire, rack, cross, dungeon, thorns, block and tackle, stretchers, etc. It was hell here and hereafter; fire now and for ever. These were the brutal arguments used by a degraded church.

The time came when John Wycliffe translated the Bible into the vulgar tongue. It was well. Others followed. Luther also gave it in his language. That was right. The people must have an open Bible. They ought to read God's word. Certainly every one should read it.

But for centuries it had been virtually lost to the world. Now, after a long lapse of tradition, with a Bible to read, how were the people to know, "save some man teach them," what to believe?

Presently we have the Augsburg Confession of Faith; then the Westminster Catechism; then the Forty-two Articles of King Edward; then we get the Armenian Creed; then the formula of Knox.

While the people are expecting good results to

follow the possession of an open Bible, these creeds intercept them; and each framer claims his creed to be perfeetly correct. Everybody should believe each one or be damned!

All over Europe, upon the proclamation of the creeds and dogmas, were heard the telling words: "He that believeth shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be damned." All cathedrals, churches, chapels, palaces, courts, and temples, echoed the fatal words. But they did not bring peace, nor create good will among men.

In May, 1620, Robinson admonished the Pilgrims, then about to sail for America, thus: "If God reveals anything to you by another instrument, be as ready to receive it as you ever were to receive any truth by my ministry; for I am verily persuaded, I am very confident, that the Lord has more truth yet to break forth out of his holy word. . . . The reformed churches are come to a period in religion. . . . The Lutherans can not be drawn further than what Luther saw; and the Calvanists, you see, stick fast where they were left by Calvin, . . . who yet saw not all things."

Each creed claimed to possess divine authority. Life and death were in their power. Each one strongly antagonized the other. To believe one was to disbelieve all the others. No two harmonized. How then were men to be saved?

By what right were they taught? By what standard were they to be tested? Did Catholicity hold

the right? She claimed it, but her claim was not well founded. A man of that time was placed in the following position: Here he stands, surrounded by the Nicene Creed, Augsburg Confession, Armenian Creed, Westminster Catechism, Edwards' Forty-two Articles, and Knox's Formula, and each one declares to this man with apparently equal force and authority: "Believe, or be condemned! Believe, or be condemned! Believe, or be condemned!"

If he accepts one, it promises him life; while that acceptance implies rejection of the others, which declare, "He that believeth not shall be damned." He finds himself saved by one, and damned by five. There is no mistaking this. These are stubborn facts born of the Reformation.

The authority of these creeds was exercised by the religio-civil officers. European states were stained with human gore, European atmosphere was rank with the fumes of frying flesh; and the vibrations of cracking bones sounded in the air. Desolation lay in their pathway. Homes were destroyed, families disrupted, relatives severed.

And as the states took issue they also decided. England became Episcopal; Germany, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark became Lutheran; Scotland, Wales, and Switzerland took up with Calvinism and Knoxism. Others were divided with Catholicity and Armenianism. Men's consciences were ruled by authority, and not by reason or judgment.

The history of the Reformation is not a clean one. The manner after which men were made to believe was not the Nazarenean method. No peace was found in the Reformation. Discord everywhere existed. The papacy endeavored by every and any means to hold universal power over all men.

Its authority was not to be disputed upon penalty of death. He that believeth not was branded as a heretic. Of such we read: "A heretic merits the pains of fire. . . . Heretics must be burned. All persons may attack heretics or any rebels to the church, and despoil them of their wealth, and slay them, and burn their houses and cities."—Directory for the Inquisition, part 2, chapter 2.

This gives but a faint glimpse at the power once exercised by the church in consequence of the text named.

The same spirit was carried into the Protestant ranks. Burning was the heated argument of the times. It seared the broad brims of our Friends' hats. It became a chord on the Puritanical harp of New England. It chimed in cordially when they manufactured witches at Salem, Massachusetts.

"He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned," served as a sweet enunciation by way of introducing much wifery of David and Solomon, in 1852. It fanned the flames that burned Servetus, Cranmer, Latimer, and hundreds of others.

No man has any divine, human, ecclesiastical, or civil right to preach anything he may choose, fine-spun theories or otherwise, and convey the idea by intimation of speech or gesture that what he says is necessarily appended with, "He that believeth not shall be damned." There is but one, one message divinely authorized to be told to which those words ever can be appended, and that not by way of divine vengeance; but by letting the hearer understand that to be condemned means that his rejection of the message of mercy has been unwise, and that by this rejection he voluntarily assumes to abide the result of his own act, to be assigned to a lower realm hereafter than that of celestial light.

No man's opinion can save or condemn. Opinion is not always a divine decision. Opinion may be right or wrong. Divine decision never expressed an error. It is an embodiment of eternal wisdom; therefore must be right.

"He that believeth."

Herein consists the problem of problems. Believe what? Who shall determine what? To every edict, every bull, issued by pontifical authority, was appended the words, "He that believeth not shall be damned." Every measure adopted by councils or issued from the Vatican contained the horrid sentence. Horrid because that phrase, "shall be damned," was made to present to the auditor pits of flame, demons of fiery eyes,

groans of souls writhing in flame and agony, fallen angels turning over condemned souls with three-tined forks and shoveling on brimstone. This was a picture over the sight of which "he that believeth" should rejoice!

There was no "peace and quietness in the Holy Spirit" in this doctrine. Men were not persuaded. Coercion was the rule. Reason was not in demand. Brute force overstocked the market.

The clergy, feigning wisdom, were naught but ecclesiastical imbeciles. Ignorance stalked through the land with sword, flame, and rack. Superstition abounded everywhere. The people were asked to believe the grossest absurdities. Nothing was too incongruous to be presented and to have asked for it the credence of the populace. The sublime simplicity of gospel word became lost in the mists of the wildest vagaries. Debaucheries of crudest name, licentiousness of most debasing character were indulged in.

Protestantism gave forth an uncertain sound. It held not Saint Peter's keys, nor yet had genuine biblical assent to its divided efforts. Its effort to lead the people from idolatry under pretended Christian sanction was well enough; but her deficient plans of salvation led to confusion and forecast the shadows of possible lawful doubt as to its divinity.

If Protestantism as a system is to be found, existing without divine sanction, then is it of no prac-

tical force so far as its pretended ability to save mankind, and for them gain an entrance into the heavenly kingdom, is concerned.

Its moral phases are well enough in their sphere; but Christianity embraces more than that; and, as Jesus represented it among men, it was a powerful system for good, based upon broad, simple, demonstrable truth and fact. And this should not be lost sight of among theologians of to-day.

If Christianity was once a religious unit, it should be such now. If it existed as being represented by purely one religious organization in which were to be found the unity expressed by the following words, then should it be so now. The words are: "That they all may be one, that the world may believe that thou hast sent me."

Disunity detracted from the force of evidence otherwise to be recognized. Herein is where Catholicity makes a strong point: One church, one faith, one baptism, etc.

She recognizes, even in her darkened condition, that unity was essential to successful claim for divine approval, that God never acknowledges division among his followers, or "believers," and that division always would prove prejudicial to divine interests.

In this respect Protestantism is extremely lame. In a few years past it has been feigning unity; but in it there is no basic principle found, and to the query of the people, "What shall I do to be saved?"

Protestantism to-day can not, or at least does not, answer. If the Protestants are God-authorized men, why do not they intelligently answer this ever, and all-important question? Did the primitive ministry ever hesitate to answer it? And when answering were they ever known to have diversely answered? Not so far as the record shows.

The Catholic Church is right when she teaches that in order to her proper existence as a church she ought to be found in possession of an authority that is immediately divine.

If the Church of Jesus Christ be a divinely instituted concern—which Protestantism largely denies—then her ordinances can not be legitimately administered without a divine call.

Catholicity says: "God has given no revelation direct of his will since the time of Saint John." Rome's only hold then is to the legality of her successorship to Saint Peter. When she lets go of that, then is the Catholic Church a human institution. If human, then she can not deal with divine and eternal spiritualities. This truth and fact all her ecclesiastics keenly recognize. Protestantism has no claim at all. All Protestant divines know well that by direct, divine, revelatory sanction their conflicting systems do not exist.

They all chime in with their foolish mother; and believe what she says is true, that there has been no revelation since Saint John. The mother

laughs at their foolhardiness, and tells them their estrangement from her has left them with no claim for divine recognition in God's religious scheme.

Who, then, shall tell us what to believe in order to secure eternal life? We must believe something in order that we may act. Action, independent of faith, would be unwise. How were we to know what to do without first knowing what to believe? Something should be clearly presented to the world, the acceptance of which by faith would give them to understand that to act upon that faith would be safe, that safety being warranted by enlightened reason, and having clearly the consent of plain Messianic precept and command.

Can Protestantism give this? Something is to be believed, something to be done, else salvation can not be secured.

Believeth what? is a question ever confronting us upon every hand. The sinner, warned of impending future danger, in whose ears the thunder tones of oratorical speech ring with startling force, asks the question. The person who becomes convicted of sin and its terrible consequences as portrayed by a Calvin or an Edwards, asks the same question. The party before whose eyes lurid flames dance their fantastic images wishes to know what he shall believe.

If escape from the power of sin is the chief thought of the convicted one, and if that escape is

to be found in a genuine faith, he must know where that faith may be found and in whom it is to be reposed. Herein attaches all the importance which shall secure to him a full and thoroughly completed assurance that escape is not only found, but has been actually obtained, and the escaping one becomes the happy possessor of the power of liberty.

If a mistake occurs at the inception of this move, all the future hope may be solemnly blighted, and every brightened prospect bedimmed. If there be "One God and Father of us all"; if there be one "mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus"; if there be one hope of our calling, and we "are baptized by one Spirit" into that "one hope," then surely there can be but one answer to the question involved. If but one answer, who shall be the one permitted to give the answer?

We can not now listen either to Catholicity or Protestantism, for neither is recognized in Holy Writ as valid claimants. Primitive Christianity anticipated no such monstrosity of wrangling sects to become representatives of the religion of the Bethlehem Jesus, or the Nazarene Christ.

Christianity, pure and good, was as unpretentious as the village where was born its magnificent Author. It knew nothing of the glittering splendor of towering spires, nor the soft-toned light of stained windows; nor of the subdued, thunder-toned melody of pipe-organs, nor the simpering

giggles of a vain quartette; it knew of, and possessed a power that reached fallen humanity and saved, redeemed, by the grandeur of its own sweet simplicity, human souls stained in sin. O for a revival of the genuine Christian power that sees sin as it is, and God's love to take us from out its galling grasp!

Who shall answer an anxious, inquiring world? The question is legitimate, and the response must be divinely authoritative. Man's opinion savors of no good upon an eternal destiny. God attends to destiny; man attends to the way leading thereto, therefore it is left with him to "seek that he may find." If naught is to be found for which he seeks, why then seek? If no door of life is to open at the "knock," then why knock?

So many answers resound through one's brain that he tires of hearing; for it sounds so much like mere senseless jargon that reason's light seems to have no just claim upon the confusion that so strangely and embarrassingly abounds.

Shall the soul of man be burdened by intricacies of uncertain sound, and so laden with speculative theology and the claims of science as to be lost altogether to the one excellent answer that comes, "not in word only, but in power, and full assurance of the Holy Ghost"? Many are so burdened, but not all. We should never be concerned regarding minor matters, nor let our eyes become dimmed by

the flying dust of glittering theories which rest upon no "sure foundation."

"Go ye into all the world," said Jesus. The broad universality of the commission's command implies universal adaptability and capability, adapted to all classes of mankind, capable of saving all who might strictly adhere to its holy demands.

"And preach the gospel to every creature." The student and inquirer will please notice that that which is to be preached to the "unconverted" is defined as "the gospel." "He that believeth," was to be "saved" upon baptism having been complied with, the act of baptism signifying an acceptance upon the part of the devotee of that which had been preached to him.

The thing preached thus proving a "savor of life," how could an unqualified person deliver such a message? How could an opinion serve the same purpose as could a positive statement of fact? Jesus sent men forth armed with some one or more special facts and truths; one of these was the fact of all facts, the truth of all truths! These men in treating of the work of salvation, had no opinions respecting "the way" of life; they either knew, or knew not. They were either correctly informed, or incorrectly.

The Master who sent them evidently knew what he was to do under the then existing circumstances. The men sent knew what they were to

answer all inquirers after the way of life! This grand absence of opinion, and presence of knowledge, gave potency and glory to the message delivered. Not one of the apostles dare say: "Well, my opinion respecting the question of salvation is this!" With a human soul hanging by the slender and uncertain thread of mortality, where was or is there room for opinion?

Human destiny demands an answer concerning which there can be left no room for doubt. The primitive ministry "spake as one having authority from God"; and so should it be to-day.

If the pulpit is not supposed to be entrenched with an authority believed or known to be divine, religion wavers and becomes contemned, and the pulpit totters, and becomes deposed. It assumes a common level with the lecturer's rostrum, from which mere oratorical effect is displayed, and from which sound the expressions of learned opinion only.

This is an important issue—of eternal significance, and can not be lightly passed by! Our faith must be well directed; some certain objective point kept in view, else harm accrues. When people look upon a man in ministerial garb and think him to be a messenger for Christ to humanity, how happy their souls must be when they truly learn that that man shall teach them what he has not been "taught save by revelation of Jesus Christ."

The formula used by ministers of one certain church in administering the rite of baptism has

always sounded to the writer as of such grand import; and never has he heard it used without the eyes becoming moistened with tears that start at the bidding of a heart, moved by a recognition of that conceded by him and others to be an undeniable and holy truth, that Almighty God has again commissioned men to teach people what to believe unto salvation!

The words are these: "Having been commissioned by Jesus Christ, I baptize thee," etc. Who could be so strangely and daringly forgetful as to use such words before heaven and men, if not "called of God as was Aaron"? Who, professing to "preach Christ and him crucified," could assume such blasphemy? For blasphemy it ever is to him not so called!

We, in the Acts of the Apostles, read that upon the day of Pentecost, Peter spake concerning Jesus and his mission to the world, his death and resurrection and glorification, to become "both Lord and Christ." Upon hearing and believing this statement, and asking what they should do, Peter answered: "Repent, and be baptized every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost."

In the eighth chapter of the same book you may read of Philip and the eunuch. We find this statement made: "Then Philip opened his mouth, and began at the same Scripture [Isaiah

53:7, 8], and preached unto him Jesus. . . . and the eunuch said, See, here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptized? And Philip said, If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest. And he answered and said, I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God." The eunuch was baptized. Now for the words of Jesus: "He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved."

Paul said: "We preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumblingblock, and unto the Greeks foolishness."—1 Corinthians 1:23. "For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ."—1 Corinthians 3:11. "When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory."—Colosssians 3:4. Jesus Christ, his Sonship, Lordship, and Saviorship, are the leading ideas of all gospel truth. The word "gospel" is said to mean "glad tidings." Of what do these glad tidings consist?

1. Man is recognized as living in sin, and sin is destructive to all human interests.

2. Penalty attaches unto all law; hence the infliction for transgression of law, which is sin.

3. All persons dying in a sinful state must pay the penalty.

4. God promises if Jesus Christ be accepted by man, as his Son, and man repent of his sins by forsaking them, and being heartily sorry for having committed them, and be baptized for their remission, his receiving the Holy Ghost of God as the

seal of witness affixed to this sacred act and promise, and that person continuing to live in righteousness thereafter, when he shall die, "shall die in the Lord," pay no penalty for former transgressions; go to no hell or prison, incur no punishment —otherwise so justly due—be eternally freed from future distress of conscience, etc. If this is not "glad tidings" to a guilty soul, what could be? The person who can not appreciate such mercy and love must be of peculiar mind.

Herein consists the preaching of Christ. These thoughts were surely taught the eunuch, else why the question: "See, here is water, what doth hinder me to be baptized?" How could Philip have successfully "preached Christ" without presenting these important facts to him? Such tidings gave him joy! They gave joy on Pentecost. They give the same joy to-day! There were not weeks of serial meetings.

Jesus Christ is the pivotal fact and truth of all the widening truths of Christianity. Humanity requires knowledge of "what must we do." And the first thing of all to such classes, is Jesus Christ! After that they have entered the church, having been "born of God," they can learn more of him. This one truth seems to have been the only test of fellowship, the one chief requirement for admission into the church!

Preach the glad tidings, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." No other tidings than

glad ones! No other man held up to men, save "the man Christ Jesus." Hold him up; let his light shine over a benighted world. Keep him before the people. No other foundation! "No other name given among men, under heaven, whereby we must be saved." No creeds in this plain story of Jesus! No confession—but one: "Whosoever shall be ashamed to confess me before men," etc. Jesus, clothed in his prophetic and historic facts, is the "Lord of all"! If this kind of preaching to the world was acceptable then, why not now?

We do not learn that the apostles preached first, "the divine calling of John the Baptist"; but they "preached Christ and him crucified." Any one becoming "convicted of sin," accepting of salvation's plan through Christ, should never be debarred from the initiatory step of baptism. Any one intelligibly taught, who honestly believes, will ask for baptism at the hand of God's minister.

To the authorized minister of this age has been given these words: "All those who humble themselves before God and desire to be baptized, and come forth with broken hearts and contrite spirits, and witness before the church that they have truly repented of all their sins, and are willing to take upon them the name of Jesus Christ, having a determination to serve him to the end, and truly manifest by their works that they have received of the Spirit of Christ unto the remission of their

sins, shall be received by baptism into his church."

No other test than this. It was the one anciently, it is the one now! All other truth connected with Christianity will grow about the honest heart, so they shall be found "growing in grace and the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ."

While "the whole counsel of God" should be declared unto the church, as the ministers are taught "to feed the church of God over which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers," it should not be forgotten that "meat is not for babes," but rather "the sincere milk of the word."

The great initiatory steps for all sinners to be first taken are the first to be taught,—Jesus Christ in his commendatory, saving office to be the central thought of all. He that believeth this one truth, the concentrated of all the gospel primary facts, and is baptized, shall be saved!

This is not provisional for formularies of concocted creeds, which in themselves contain not even the primaries of the glad tidings, can not in the multiplicity of their contorted expressions, inapplicable to even the parties addressed, be or prove of saving efficacy to any one.

The world is to be saved by obedience; that obedience should be implicit; it can not be implicit without definiteness attaching to the message taught and asked to be complied with. Hence the necessity of one certain way, the way leading unto life, being correctly taught. A way leading from

heaven, can not lead unto heaven. Herein Protestantism is at fault, its answers are multitudinous. Catholicity can not answer, for it is "defiled with the blood of saints and martyrs of Jesus."

Catholicism and Protestantism have each demanded a belief in the whole Bible as essential unto salvation. Saint John Chrysostom in his thirty-seventh Homily on Genesis writes: "Whatever is contained in the Scripture is a doctrine absolutely divine," etc.

Men with such ideas before them are startled, for we are confidently assured that we should decidedly object to many historic narratives being taught or enforced as doctrinal nowadays. Protestantism, breaking away from the gross darkness of Catholicism, was wild in its assumptions. And while denouncing the "mother" as infamous, they, the Protestants, blindly fell in with many of her "errors and gross superstitions."

Although Protestantism claimed to give "the right for private judgment and interpretation" of the Bible, it committed a fatal error by the interception between the "right" extended and the people of its conflicting creeds, compelling the people after all to confine the expressions of their "private judgment and interpretation" to the limited proscriptions of the provisions found in the creeds; causing all who expressed a "private interpretation" contrary thereto to become at once

heretics, and their interpretation an unacceptable heresy! What a dilemma they were in!

But Protestantism had its fatal weakness, division, and after all the "right" became limited unto certain leaders, and the people were unreasonably obliged to accept or abide the consequences. But, as we stated in our first chapter, the populace could not accept all, so every one of them was a heretic in each other's estimation! and no remedy.

If Protestantism recognized Jesus Christ as the Savior, and he said: "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit he can not enter into the kingdom of heaven," that was sufficient for a start. There would have been incipient unity at least.

But it was a sowing to the wind; and it was and is yet a conglomerate system of "every wind of doctrine," and is by the "sleight of men," hence can not be tangible nor abiding.

It is irreconcilably divided, and it has the seed of its own downfall within it; namely, division; and Jesus said: "A house divided against itself can not stand." And his kingdom is never to be thrown down. Having not been especially sent of God, it had no special tidings to deliver.

Protestantism can not save, for "salvation is of God"; and it claims no godsend. It may elevate morally; to save men eternally it can not! It can not answer intelligently the one saving question; and being unreliable there, it is unreliable throughout.

When the primitive ministers were commissioned of Christ "to go into all the world and preach," they were supposed to know what they should preach. They could not consistently go without tidings.

If they had a message to bear, it was a message in the singular number. It was well defined; else they had no right to tell a good story wrong. Life and death—spiritual, eternal—rested upon its proper delivery. It was a message that came with authority.

The authority was not self-assumed, but imposed. The imposer held the divine right to bestow. Because God was the giver of life and dispenser of death (?) the message borne by the ministry carried with it the essence of either. The saving and condemning were resultant upon the personal action of the parties hearing the message. It became a savor of life or death simply as it might be received or rejected; hence its importance.

Re-organized Church of Jesus Christ
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